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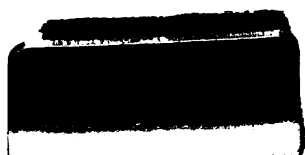
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THE

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GREAT METROPOLIS.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF

**RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LORDS AND
COMMONS."**

2 vols.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

FOURTH EDITION.

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NEW YORK:

**SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, ANN STREET
AND CONDUIT STREET, LONDON**

1837.

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PREFACE.

THE very extraordinary success of the Author's "Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons," has led to the production of the present volumes. If they only meet with a reception half as favourable as his two previous works, he will have abundant reason to be satisfied. The preparation of "The Great Metropolis" has been attended with much labour, as almost every statement in it is the result of personal inquiry or personal observation. In his anxiety to procure correct information on the various subjects he has treated, the Author has, in several instances, visited places, and mixed with classes of men, before unknown to him. It is possible that, notwithstanding all his care to be accurate

in his facts, some errors may have crept into the work ; but he is confident that these are few and unimportant.

He trusts that what he has said about the newspaper and periodical press, will be found to be characterised by a spirit of perfect fairness. To write in that spirit has, he can say with truth, been his anxious desire. His chief object, in that part of the work, has been to point out what appears to him the peculiar excellencies of the various journals.

London, October, 1836.

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THE
GREAT METROPOLIS.

CHAPTER I.

GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS.

Size of the metropolis—Number of its inhabitants—
 Its appearance—Crowded state of the leading thoroughfares—The little interest felt in each other's affairs by the inhabitants—Is a little world in itself—Appearance of the streets at different times—Fashionable districts—Changes in this respect—Often changes its inhabitants—Supposed view of the metropolis from the top of St. Paul's—Difference in its appearance in different places—Is the metropolis of the civilized world.

THE first thing which strikes a person on his visiting London, for the first time, is its amazing extent. In walking through its streets he fancies himself in a vast world of houses, out of which there is no escaping. Let a stranger be

placed in the centre of the metropolis, and take what direction he will, he cannot fail, from the distance he will have to walk before he reaches the outskirts, to be struck with amazement at its enormous extent; but if he starts from Hyde-park Corner and proceeds towards Poplar, even should he take the most direct way,—which is through Oxford-street, Holborn, Newgate-street, Cheapside, Cornhill, Leadenhall-street, Whitechapel, and the Commercial-road,—he will feel himself quite wearied with the journey he has performed, and will be overwhelmed with astonishment at the size of the place, long before he has reached his destination. The distance from Hyde-park Corner to Poplar, by the most direct road, is nearly eight miles. To walk over such an extent of ground amidst the everlasting jostling and interruptions which one has to encounter in the crowded thoroughfares of London, is no easy task. Those who have once achieved such a pedestrian feat, will feel no disposition to repeat it. But it is not in its length only that London is a place of vast magnitude: it is proportionately broad. In some parts its breadth is upwards of five miles, and its average breadth is little short of four miles. Its circumference in 1830 was estimated at thirty miles. Taking into account the great additions which

have since been made to its suburbs, we may safely conclude that its circumference now is not less than thirty-five miles. The area of the metropolis is calculated to exceed 14,000 square acres. It is divided into no fewer than 153 parishes. The computed number of its streets, lanes, rows, alleys, courts, &c. is about 10,000, and it boasts of upwards of eighty squares. It is impossible to tell with any certainty the number of houses contained in London; but the most moderate calculation which has been made represents it as above 250,000. The population is at least 2,000,000.

By the census of 1831, the population of London was given at 1,646,288, as divided into the following districts:—

City within the walls	55,778
City without the walls	66,815
City of Westminster	202,891
Borough of Southwark	77,796
Out parishes in the bills of mortality.	641,052
Parishes not in the bills of mortality.	298,567
Other places not within the new judicial circle	308,389
<hr/>	
Total	1,646,288

This was the population of the metropolis in 1831, and as from 1801 up to 1831, the population had increased at the rate of twenty per cent. every ten years, I am quite justified in assuming that during the last five years it has increased ten per cent., which would give, as near as can be, a population at the present moment of no less than 2,000,000.

The population of the metropolis has nearly doubled itself within the last half-century. To furnish the necessary accommodation for this rapid increase in the population, a great number of new houses are being constantly built. In the year 1830, it was estimated that no fewer than 2,000 new houses were added to the already overgrown metropolis. As to the wealth of London, there exist no data for coming to a positive conclusion; but a conjecture may be made on the subject when I mention that the yearly rental exceeds £7,000,000.

The houses in London are almost all built of bricks of a dark brown colour. The only exceptions are the churches, and some other of the principal public edifices, which are built of Portland and other stone. Generally speaking, the houses are plainly built: no attempt is made at

ornamenting the exterior; neither are they, with few exceptions, commodious. The height does not usually exceed three or four stories, and the rooms are mostly small. The walls are remarkable for their thinness compared with those of the houses in most country towns. One cannot help wondering that with such slender walls the houses should last, as they often do, for upwards of two hundred years.

The exterior of the houses in London invariably disappoints those who visit it for the first time. With the mere appearance of the place, people in the country always associate something that is beautiful and magnificent; and when the stranger sees it he can scarcely credit the evidence of his eyes. Nothing certainly could be more plain and heavy in appearance than the infinite majority of the houses. The principal exceptions are some modern erections in the neighbourhood of Charing Cross, on the north side of St. James's Park, Regent's-street, and the neighbourhood of Regent's Park. The only street which has the least pretension to taste or beauty, is Regent-street. The exterior of its houses exhibits, by means of a certain cement, a very excellent imitation of freestone. Most of the public buildings, however, are hand-

some and majestic, and are chiefly formed of granite.

But though the exterior of the houses in London has nothing attractive, the interior in many instances exhibits great splendour; while most of the shops in the leading streets are done up in a style of elegance, far surpassing anything of which a person from the country could have any previous idea. In some instances, indeed, the splendour of London shops exceeds that of the most magnificent apartments in the mansions of our nobility.

In proceeding along the great thoroughfares of the metropolis, the stranger is astonished at the vast crowds of people he meets. Whichever side of the street he is on, or in whatever direction he looks, he sees nothing on the pavement but a dense mass of human beings, not stationary or inactive, but all proceeding on their respective errands with as much expedition as the crowded state of the thoroughfare will allow. In fact, even when one has nothing to hurry him, it is so much the custom to walk at a quick pace in the crowded parts of town, that he appears to be in as great haste as if he had just received intelligence of his house being on fire. In such places as Lud-

gate-hill, Newgate-street, or Cheapside, you hardly ever encounter a loiterer. You may be stopped in your progress by coming in collision with some one who is going in as great a hurry as yourself in the opposite direction; but you have hardly ever to push any one aside to let you pass, who is proceeding in the same route. Indeed, the great point in dispute, amidst the hosts of pedestrians who throng the pavements, is who can thread his way through the advancing crowds he has to encounter with the greatest alacrity. The Ettrick Shepherd, when in London, in 1832, observed in his own peculiar but felicitous style, "that all the folks he saw in the principal streets, seemed to be in as great a hurry as if Death himself had been following hard at their heels."

Of the crowded state of the leading streets of the metropolis, some idea may be formed when I mention that a few years ago the number of persons who crossed London Bridge in one day was counted, and found to be very nearly 90,000. As Cheapside is a much more crowded thoroughfare than London Bridge, we may safely conclude that the number of persons who pass along it every day is not much under 100,000.

Then there is the middle of the leading

streets: they are so crowded with cabriolets, hackney-coaches, omnibuses, &c. all driving at as furious a rate as if on an unfrequented turnpike road, that you have sometimes to wait a considerable period before you can venture to cross from one side to the other, and then only by making the greatest possible haste. It is really surprising that with the rapidity with which these vehicles drive along the streets, so few accidents should occur. The stranger fancies every moment that some one will be run over, or that some serious accident will take place from their coming in collision. The circumstance of so few accidents occurring, is to be ascribed to the remarkable dexterity of the drivers. They will often drive at the most rapid pace through an open space of no greater breadth than allows their own vehicles two or three inches on either side. But the skill with which they thread their way through the mazes of other vehicles they find obstructing their progress, is still more surprising. Even the omnibuses, the most clumsy and least manageable of all the vehicles which crowd our streets, are often driven in a zig-zag direction, at as rapid a pace as the horses can accomplish, without the slightest accident occurring. The num-

ber of cabriolets, or cabs, as, for the sake of brevity, they are usually called, constantly plying in the streets of London, is about 1,200; that of hackney-coaches about 600; and of omnibuses about 400. When to these are added the carriages, gentlemen's cabriolets, carts, wagons, and other vehicles, at all times on the streets, some idea will be formed of the business and bustle which characterise the leading thoroughfares of the metropolis.

But though the principal streets of London are thus constantly crowded both by pedestrians and vehicles of every description, there are streets in the more retired parts of town, in which there is as little bustle, or appearance of business, as if the houses on either side were untenanted. One may, for example, enter Gower-street, and look nearly a mile before him, without seeing above three or four individuals. The persons who reside in this, and other similar streets, may be said to live almost as much in solitude, while at home, as if the "lone inhabitants of some desert isle!" Nothing can be more sombre or dull than the appearance of such streets. There is nothing to relieve the eye. If you walk on an unfrequented road, you have some variety of scenery to please the eye and divert

the mind: here all is monotony, and that, too, of the least attractive kind.

There is no place in which the injunction, "Mind your own business," is so scrupulously attended to as in London. There is none of that prying into a neighbour's affairs, which is one of the great evils of all small towns. In fact, there is no such thing as neighbours in London,—in the usual meaning of the word. You may live for half a century in one house, without knowing the name of the person who lives next door: it is quite possible, indeed, you may not even know him by sight. So intent is every one on his own business, and so little interested in that of others, that you may, if you please, walk on all fours in the public streets, without any one staying to bestow a look on you. The Irishman in America, who stood in an inverted position in order that he might be able to read a sign-board turned upside down, would not, in all probability, had the circumstance occurred in London, have attracted the notice of a single passer-by.

People in the country have, almost without exception, an impression that one cannot walk the streets of London without personal danger. There could not be a more erroneous notion.

Perhaps there is no town in the world where the safety of the subject is greater than in the metropolis of England. You may walk at any hour, in any part of London, without the least danger of any outrage being offered to you. Property is, also, equally secure: houses are, perhaps, less frequently broken into in London than in any town in the kingdom, considering the comparative population. Whatever robberies of property take place in houses, are, in the great majority of cases, committed either by the servants themselves, or with their connivance. The great security which both person and property enjoy in the metropolis is principally to be ascribed to the well-regulated system of police which is established in it.

Another erroneous impression which is felt in the country regarding London, is that it is an unhealthy place. The fact is quite the reverse. It is one of the healthiest towns in Great Britain, and is by far the healthiest metropolis in the world. It is certainly true that there are particular districts in it, which, from their low, confined situation, are very unhealthy; but these are the exceptions to the rule. Taken as a whole, London, as the bills of mortality and the number of invalids show, is a place of great salubrity.

Various causes are assigned for this. Among these are its gravelly and clayey site, the circumstance of the river Thames running through it, and the width and cleanness of most of its streets.

The annual number of deaths in London is, in round numbers, 30,000. Dr. Clark, in his late treatise on consumption,—incomparably the best work which has ever appeared on the subject,—says, that taking the aggregate population of Great Britain and Ireland, a fourth part of those who die from natural causes, are carried off by consumption. From some statements I have seen of the various causes of death in the metropolis, it would appear that fully this proportion of persons die of consumption. From this fact it appears that this disease is making alarming progress both in the metropolis and in the country; for in Dr. Arbuthnot's time it was calculated, that out of every ten persons who died in London, only one was carried off by consumption. The yearly number of births in the metropolis exceeds that of the deaths by 2,000 or 3,000.

The metropolis, as every one knows, has its fashionable and unfashionable districts. The fashionable districts are in the west end, which

may be said to commence at Charing Cross, Leicester Square, and proceed westward to Hyde Park, and northward to the Regent's Park. The districts eastward of Charing Cross, Leicester Square, &c., are all considered unfashionable, being chiefly the place of residence of men engaged in business, who either are not able, or are unwilling, to live in the same splendour as those in the west end.

It is curious to contemplate the changes which take place in the locality of fashion as well as in everything else. A century has not elapsed since the neighbourhoods of Lincoln's-inn Fields, Covent Garden, Soho, &c., were considered the most fashionable parts of London. It will surprise the modern pedestrian through London, when he is informed that at the beginning of last century, houses in Berwick-street, Greek-street, &c. which are now severally inhabited by perhaps three or four different families, all in humble circumstances, were the town residences of the first nobility in the land. From the parts of the town which I have just mentioned the tide of fashion set in in a westerly direction, in which it continued to flow until a few years ago, when it advanced rapidly towards Regent's Park. The streets, also, most celebrated

for the "shopping" of the aristocracy, have undergone a change. Forty years have not elapsed since Tavistock-street, Covent Garden, was the most distinguished in London for the quantity and quality of the articles which were there sold to the nobility. An aged gentleman has mentioned to me that he recollects quite well seeing it daily crowded with the carriages of the aristocracy, and that times without number has he known £500 worth of articles disposed of, by one shop, in the course of one forenoon. Now it is comparatively deserted: the sight of a carriage in it is quite a novelty. It was supplanted in the good graces of the fashionables by Bond-street, which for many years enjoyed the exclusive distinction of being resorted to by them. Of late years it, in its turn, has lost caste: Regent's-street has been a formidable rival to it, and threatens to distance it still further.

London may be said to be a little world in itself. Everything you want can be there procured, provided you have the means, on an incredibly short notice. There are men of all countries and climes in it. You meet with every variety of human opinion and human character within its vast circumference. There is no other metropolis in the world which can, in

this respect, be compared with it. It is computed that there are, on an average, 120,000 strangers at all times, staying only for a few days, in London. The number of Scotchmen supposed to be in London, is 130,000, being within a few thousands of the population of Edinburgh. The number of Irishmen is computed at 200,000, being nearly equal to the population of Dublin. The number of Frenchmen in the metropolis is calculated to be about 30,000.

It is curious to contrast the appearance of the streets of the metropolis at an early hour in the morning with their appearance in the middle of the day. At three or four o'clock in the morning, there is not a sound to be heard, except when the silence is broken by the feeble voice of the worn-out drowsy watchman calling the hour.* All is hushed, as if the silence of death reigned throughout. Nor is there anything to attract the eye, except a few cabs and hackney-coaches, stationed here and there in the streets, with the horses and drivers equally dispirited from sheer exhaustion. In seven or eight hours

* And even this is only to be heard in the City. In the suburbs, the police do not now call the hour.

afterwards, the pavements of the great thoroughfares are densely crowded with human beings, all busy and bustling, while the street presents to the eye so vast a number of carriages, coaches, cabriolets, carts, wagons, &c., that you are astonished how the drivers manage to move them a step. To the stranger's ears, the loud and everlasting rattling of the countless vehicles which ply in the streets of London, is an intolerable annoyance. Conversation with a friend with whom one chances to meet in mid-day in the leading streets* of London, is out of the question. The one cannot hear a word the other says. Both voices, no matter how stentorian, are completely drowned by the loud and unintermitting clatter caused by the wheels of the various vehicles which crowd the great thoroughfares.

I have often been struck with the circumstance of meeting with so few persons, comparatively, who were born in the metropolis. Take any fifty grown-up individuals with whom you happen to be in company, and the probability is you will not find more than one or two who first drew their breath in London. So very few is the number of those born in the metropolis, compared with those who have come from some

other part of the world to settle in it, that if two persons chance to be speaking about a third, the one is sure, as a matter of course, to ask the other what part of the country he comes from, provided he supposes his friend can furnish him with the desired information.

Perhaps there is no place in the world which so frequently changes its inhabitants as London. They are constantly shifting. It is computed that, on an average, 20,000 people enter it daily, while nearly an equal number depart from it. It is like a great vortex, drawing persons from all parts of the world into it, and, after whirling them about a short time, again throwing them out. One large class of persons come to it on business, and when that is done, return to the country. Others come in quest of employment, and, not being successful in the search, quit it for some other part of the kingdom or of the world. A third class visit the metropolis for purposes of pleasure, and probably remain in it as long as their money lasts, which few men of pleasure find to be any very lengthened period, and then return home, to lament their folly, with the addition, it may be, of a shattered frame to an empty pocket; while there is a very large class of persons who come to it from every

part of the country on their way to the various quarters of the globe, because it has facilities peculiar to itself, for starting to every spot of the habitable world. Supposing a person were to walk up and down Cheapside for a whole day, and it were possible for him to have a perfect recollection of the distinctive features of every human face he saw, he would be surprised, on repeating the task a month afterwards, at the vast disproportion of the persons he had seen before and those who now passed him for the first time.

Two acquaintances may be in London for twenty or thirty years without ever meeting together by accident in the streets. I myself know persons who in their school-boy days in the country were bosom companions, who have been twenty years in town without once crossing each other's path.

Xerxes wept when he surveyed his fine army of a million of men from an eminence, at the thought that in a hundred years afterwards not one of the soldiers who stood vigorous and healthy before him would be alive. The theme was a fitting one on which to moralize, and the tears of that great general were natural and commendable on the occasion. I have often

thought what must be the emotions of a man, whose feelings led him to sympathize with the brotherhood of mankind, and who had been taught to look on his fellow-creatures with the eye of a Christian, were he to station himself on the top of St. Paul's, which is 480 feet above the general level of the metropolis, and look down on the houses and streets within a circle of five miles. The painful and humiliating thought would intrude itself on his mind, that in those houses and streets there were no fewer than two millions of his fellow-beings, and yet that of this vast number, though now as busy and bustling as if this world were to be their eternal home, there will not, in all probability, ere the lapse of a century, be one solitary individual whose body is not mouldering in the dust. London will no doubt be as populous then as now; but its inhabitants will be a race who have not as yet any "local habitation or a name;" who have not, indeed, even an existence.

Standing on the central elevation of the top of St. Paul's, there are other thoughts that would crowd on the mind of the moralist. He would think of the great difference there is in the moral and social condition of the vast assemblage of people residing within the space

which his eye could so easily take in. In one place, he would see the abode of abounding affluence, splendour, and luxury; in another, the habitation of poverty, destitution, and wretchedness, in all their most afflicting forms. That is a house which is the seat of all that is virtuous under heaven; this is inhabited by persons who are capable of every crime which man can commit, and whose lives have uniformly exhibited the most determined opposition to the laws of the supreme Being and the interests of society. But on the moral and social condition of the metropolis, I shall afterwards have occasion to speak at some length.

There is a great difference in the external appearance of different parts of London, as well as in that of the persons you meet with in the streets. At the West-end, you see fine houses wherever you turn your eyes; at St. Giles, George's-in-the-fields, &c., and in the various parts at the East-end, you see all the outward appearances of poverty. Go to Hyde-park, Regent's-park, and the other fashionable parts of town, and you perceive an aristocratic air in the very persons you encounter in the streets. You not only see splendid equipages in every direction, but the pedestrians also partake of the

"gentility" of the district of the town. Even the servants in livery who there cross your path, walk so stiffly and primly, and have such an appearance of self-consequence, that one is in danger of taking off his hat to them before he has time to think what he is about. Nay, the very horses seem to partake of the aristocratic bearing of those to whom they belong. Go, again, into the districts of the town which are chiefly the abode of the working classes, and you see at once a difference not only in the external appearance of the houses, but in that of the persons you casually meet in the streets. It is curious to contemplate the effect which wealth thus has even on one's walking in the streets, and on the personal deportment of mankind.

London is not only the metropolis of Great Britain, but may, in one sense, be said to be the metropolis of the world. It is the great centre of civilization. Here are congregated together from all parts of the earth, the most distinguished men in every branch of literature, science, and art. Its moral and political influence is felt and admitted to the extremities of the civilised world. It yearly thrusts forth its thousands of missionaries to every section of the globe, to advance the great cause of religious,

intellectual, and social regeneration. Some go out professedly on this errand of mercy; others visit the remoter parts of the earth, for purposes of trade and commerce, but contribute essentially to promote the cause of moral and social amelioration by their exemplary conduct.

CHAPTER II.

THE THEATRES.

General Remarks—King's Theatre—Drury Lane—Covent Garden—Miscellaneous observations on the larger establishments—Haymarket Theatre—English Opera House—Braham's Theatre—The Olympic—The Adelphi—New Strand Theatre—Astley's—The Queen's Theatre—The Victoria Theatre—The Surrey—The Garrick Theatre—Other minor houses—The audiences—Damning a Piece—Difference between the past and present state of the theatres, &c. &c.

In a work devoted to "The Great Metropolis," it would be an unpardonable omission, were I to pass over the theatres in silence. They may be said to be the principal source of amusement to all classes of the inhabitants. The highest and the lowest, the most intellectual and most illiterate, evince an equal partiality to them.

The people of London are a theatre-going people, in the largest and broadest acceptation of the phrase. Persons in the country can have no idea of the ardour and universality of the passion for theatricals in the metropolis. It is so powerful with a very numerous class, both in the higher and lower ranks of life, that it must be gratified at any sacrifice, and under any circumstances. It is with those to whom I refer an artificial necessity of their nature. There are thousands of persons moving in the upper ranks of society, whose means are so limited considering their station, that they are obliged to practise the most rigid economy even in what Lord Bacon calls "the affairs of the belly," who nevertheless feel themselves impelled, by the necessity to which I have alluded, to incur a great expense in their attendance on the theatres. They would be perfectly miserable were they to suffer eight or ten days to elapse without witnessing the representation of any new piece which chances to be brought out at any of the leading houses; and as new pieces are almost nightly coming out at one or other of the larger establishments, it will be readily perceived that the amount of expense incurred in the course of the year, by a theatre-going family, must be very

great. The passion for theatricals is, if possible, still greater among the lower orders in the metropolis. To want meals during the whole of the day would be no privation at all to the persons to whom I refer, provided they could only by such privation provide themselves with the means of visiting the theatre at night. Many a hungry belly and ragged back is there among the host of the unwashed in the upper or one shilling galleries of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, and in the sixpenny elevations of the Surrey, Victoria, and other theatres. I believe that more of the youths among the lower orders in London, begin their careers as thieves in order that they may have the means of gratifying their *penchant* for theatricals, than from any other cause that could be named. I may mention as a singular illustration of the strength of this passion for histrionic representation among the lower classes in London, that when any of the houses are expected to be unusually full, they will besiege the doors in great numbers, two or three hours before the time of opening them, in their anxiety to get a good seat. Though the doors of Drury Lane do not open till half-past six, I have repeatedly seen the passage leading to the one shilling gallery crowded with boys and young men of the class

I have mentioned, as early as three o'clock. In the struggle for a front seat in the upper gallery of Drury Lane some years since, a Jew boy fell over, and was killed on the spot.

The number of persons who on an average attend the theatres every night all the year round—Sundays and those other evenings when they are shut, of course, excepted—will, when I mention it, appear incredible to a stranger. It is, in round numbers, about 20,000. The data on which I have grounded my calculation will at once be seen to be correct, when I come to speak of the number the different theatres are capable of containing, and the number which usually attend them. There is no other town in the kingdom in which, after the proper allowances are made for the disparity in the population, the attendance on theatres bears any proportion to this. In Glasgow, for example, which contains a population of about 200,000, there is only one theatre, and not only is it open for only a part of the year, but the average attendance does not exceed five or six hundred.

When a new piece is produced at any of the larger establishments, its merits are the subject of discussion in all parties, both among the higher and the lower classes. In fact, theatricals

generally are a standing topic of conversation in all circles. To be conversant with such matters is considered a most valuable accomplishment; and he who is unacquainted with them makes but a poor figure in London society, however great and varied his intellectual attainments otherwise. Persons from the country, unacquainted with plays and players, often feel themselves very uncomfortably situated in company, owing to the large share of the conversation which is assigned to matters pertaining to the histrionic art.

The successful *début* of a performer on the London boards, in the higher walks of the drama, is quite an era in the history of the metropolis. Not only does every one talk about it, but a great many evince an interest in the circumstance which could hardly be exceeded were it one which personally affected themselves. Who has forgotten the sensation caused by the appearance, at the end of last year, of Miss Helen Faucit? It was hoped, and confidently affirmed by many, that that young lady was destined to fill up the chasm which had existed in the representation of female tragic character, since the retirement of Mrs. Siddons from the stage. How such anticipations are likely to be realized, it is not my province to

inquire, as dramatic criticism forms no part of my plan in this chapter on the theatres and theatricals of London. The *début* of Miss Fanny Kemble, some years since, was another striking case in point. The sensation which her advent created was still greater than that occasioned by the appearance of Miss Helen Faucit. The town was absolutely thrown into a state of excitement when she first performed on the boards of Covent Garden, and there was as general a rejoicing at her success as if she had shed a lustre on the national character, or done some brilliant service to her country. The enthusiasm with which she was greeted night after night by houses crowded to the ceiling, showed the intensity of the public feeling on the subject of her successful *début*. The aristocracy vied with each other in lavishing kindnesses on her: her name was on everybody's lips: you heard it in the streets, in places of public resort, in select parties, and in the family circle. It was, indeed, a "household word."

It is curious to reflect on the sudden descent of some actors, from the heights of popularity to the lowest depths of oblivion. In many instances they have themselves to blame for their misfortunes in this respect, by aspiring at the very highest range of their profession, when

neither nature nor training has fitted them for it. In others, the fault rests with their injudicious friends, who go about privately to work up the public mind to the highest pitch of expectation, by means of what are called "puffs preparatory." And when these candidates for the highest order of histrionic distinction make their appearance on the boards, these injudicious friends are so vociferous in their applause, that, aided by the clapping of hands of that very large portion of every audience who mistake mere rant for real merit, they, for a short time, not only buoy up the minds of the debutants themselves with the hope of immediately taking their stand on the summit of their profession, but even deceive the public. The delusion, however, is never of long duration. Mere mediocrity is sure speedily to find its level; and the probability is, that the unfortunate party falls lower than he ought, because of the height whence he was precipitated. Every season affords one or more illustrations of this; the last few years have furnished many. Who does not remember the *début* of Miss Byron, both as a singer and actress, two years ago? She was applauded to the echo. She "drew" crowded houses; and it was confidently predicted, that in a very short time she would, at least as a vocalist, rise far

above any female performer of the present day. Neither her name nor her singing is ever heard of now. Six months ago she was performing in some obscure theatre in Bishopsgate-street or Shoreditch: since then I have not even heard her name mentioned. But let me guard against doing an act of injustice to this young lady. If she was vastly overrated before, she is proportionately underrated now. She is a good singer, and a more than respectable actress in a certain line of character; and had her friends been but moderate in their praises on her first appearance, she would doubtless at this time have been occupying a very respectable station in her profession. They are the authors of her ruin. Well might she, when they were holding her up as a genius of the first order, have exclaimed—"Save me from my friends!"

A more recent instance occurred in the case of Mr. Denvil. His advent last year at Drury Lane was hailed by a large party of friends as the commencement of a career whose brilliancy would eclipse that of all contemporary performers. He appeared, and was greeted, for a time, with as cordial applause by the multitude, as if he had been the greatest histrionic genius which the present age had produced. But that time was of very limited duration. In six short

months from the period he was in the zenith of his glory, he was performing in some of the lower class of pieces, at one of the lowest of the minor theatres—the Pavilion, if I remember rightly. What has become of him since, I know not. His name, so far as I am aware, has not appeared in the public journals for the last six or eight months. Now, in justice to Mr. Denvil, let me mention that I look on him as an actor considerably above mediocrity; and had not his friends, or his own vanity, persuaded him that he was equal to the higher range of his profession, he would, in all probability, have obtained a permanent and very respectable footing among his brother performers of the metropolis.

The number of theatres in London, of one kind or other, is twenty-two. At the head of the list stands the KING'S THEATRE, OF ITALIAN OPERA. It is situated at the lower end of the Haymarket. It is a majestic building externally, and the interior is fitted up in a style of elegance which has perhaps never been surpassed by any similar edifice in the world. The auditory is in the horse-shoe form. There are four tiers of boxes all round the place, and a fifth, which is interrupted by the gallery. These boxes are all private. Each comfortably contains a party of six; altogether they can accom-

moderate nine hundred persons. Their interior is covered with crimson-cloth; while the wooden division which separates the different tiers, and also the different boxes, is beautifully painted and gilded. The price of admission to the various boxes depends on the tier from which they are selected, the situation, &c. Many of them are taken by the aristocracy for the season, and are consequently paid for even when unoccupied. Of course, however, the party taking a box has the right of giving his friends the use of it whenever he pleases, or of letting it, either for a time, or for the whole season, if he should be so disposed. This is very often done. Supposing, for example, that Lord John Russell were relieved of the toils of office, and were disposed to enjoy the pleasures of the Opera, and that he had taken a box for himself and his lady for the season, but that in the middle of that season circumstances made it necessary or desirable that he should spend some months in the country,—he would, in that case, provided he could not get his box more privately disposed of, and he, at the same time, knew too well the value of money to pay for a box he could not occupy,—go to Mr. Sams, or some other Opera bookseller, and tell him to let it at whatever terms he could procure;—Mr. Sams, or the other

bookseller, being of course allowed a commission for his trouble. Or he would give it to some bookseller at a fixed but reduced price, leaving him to run the risk of disposing of it or not, just as the case should happen. Mr. Sims and Mr. Andrews, and some others, make a good deal of money by speculating in this way in Opera tickets. In other cases they go to Laporte, or whoever chances to be the lessee for the time being, and take a certain number of boxes for the whole season at reduced prices, taking their chance of being able to dispose of them to advantage to some of the aristocracy. Some years, if the performers and the pieces are attractive, and the house is consequently well filled, they make a good thing of it; in bad seasons, they either directly suffer with the lessee, or they are indirectly out of pocket, by not being sufficiently remunerated for the time they lose and the expenses they have to incur in unsuccessful exertions to get the boxes they have taken advantageously disposed of. The late Duke of Gloucester, who was passionately fond of the Italian Opera, used to pay three hundred guineas for his box every season. The same sum is understood to be still paid by the Duke of Devonshire, and several other noblemen.

The ceiling of the house is beautifully finished.

It is highly ornamented by painted figures and devices of various kinds. There are no general boxes as at the other theatres. The pit is usually called the general boxes. It is on a level with the stage, and is frequented by the middle classes. The price of admission is half a guinea. There are two ranges of seats between the pit and the orchestra, to which the price of admission is twelve shillings and sixpence. Within a few feet of the ceiling, at the end furthest from the stage, is the pit, or rather the gallery, though called the pit. The price of admission to that part of the theatre is five shillings. It is chiefly intended for, and is principally attended by, the servants of the aristocracy. It is not capable of containing, with any degree of comfort, more than three or four hundred persons. The pit, or general boxes, can accommodate with ease seven or eight hundred, though when the bill of fare is attractive, and the actors popular, upwards of a thousand have been often known to be wedged into it. The house altogether contains comfortable accommodation for two thousand persons. The nightly receipts average 800*l.*; but on one or two occasions the immense sum of 2,000*l.* has been collected. This has been on the benefit nights of some very popular actors or actresses,

when all the free admissions have been suspended, and when more than the usual price has been paid for some of the boxes, for the purpose of making the benefit, a benefit in a double sense.

The King's Theatre is now solely confined to the representation of Italian operas and ballets. An effort was made, three years ago, under the special patronage of the Queen, to establish a German company, to play on alternate nights with the Italian company; but the experience of a very short time proved the impracticability of the scheme. While the house was crowded on the nights on which the Italian pieces were represented, it was comparatively deserted on those on which the German company performed. The experiment was so decidedly a failure, that there is not the slightest chance of its being again made.

The King's Theatre is the great place, among the metropolitan theatres, of fashionable resort. It is also very largely attended by merchants and others, who do not know a word of Italian. The reason is obvious: there is always a disposition among persons of wealth, however limited their education; and humble their origin, to follow, in such matters, in the wake of the aristocratic portion of society. A

great deal is said about the decline of the legitimate drama in England, and it is quite common to express the deepest regret at the circumstance. Assuredly, the legitimate drama has declined among us with a vengeance; for while the King's Theatre is crowded to suffocation to witness the representation of a ballet by a company of Italians, or an opera in a foreign language, Drury Lane and Covent Garden are all but empty on those nights on which the best plays of Shakspeare are performed. And yet the decline of the legitimate drama is ascribed to those poor unfortunate nights, the proprietors and managers.

The persons who visit the King's Theatre must all go in full dress. Any disregard of this regulation will be inevitably attended by the exclusion of the party, no matter what his rank. Some years ago, it was necessary for gentlemen to have three-corner hats, but that regulation has been departed from, and gentlemen wearing hats of the usual shape are now admitted. It was customary a short time since for ladies and gentlemen to go on levee and drawing-room days to the Opera in full court dress. The display of fashion, when the house is full, is still imposing: on those occasions it was magnificent in the extreme. It was absolutely dazzling to behold.

Between the stalls and the stage of the King's Theatre, is the orchestra. A more effective band than that which is usually to be found at this theatre, is scarcely ever to be met with. Their performances do really afford a rich treat to the lovers of music. Nothing can exceed the effect of some of them.

The pieces at this theatre are usually two: the first being an opera and the second a ballet. An interval of from half-an-hour to three quarters always occurs, during which the audience are amused by the music and dancing. The latter is now looked on as the great attraction of the King's Theatre. It certainly displays a science and a facility of evolution, of which no one who has not seen it can form any conception; but when the dancers are females, it is not the best means which could be employed to inspire notions of delicacy in the minds of those ladies who are among the spectators. How they can, not only witness it without a blush mantling their cheeks, but talk of it in terms of unqualified admiration to their acquaintances of the other sex, must appear passing strange to those who have not mixed in the society of the metropolis. In the provincial towns the favourite style of female dancing at the Italian Opera would not be tolerated for a moment. Every lady would

regard it as a personal insult to be asked to witness such an exhibition. In America, again, where respect for the female sex is carried to a much greater extent than in Great Britain, or perhaps in any other country, the female dancer—even were she Taglieni herself—who would assume the positions and perform the evolutions which are applauded to the echo on the boards of the King's Theatre, would have ample cause for gratitude if she escaped being torn in pieces. Grant Thornburn, the great original of Galt's "Lawrie Todd," went to the Italian Opera one night, when in England, two years ago, and he, with an honest indignation which deserves all praise, says, that "nothing could be more shocking to one's feelings of decency than to see the positions into which the female dancers put themselves. Sooner," he adds, "than consent to make such an exhibition of themselves, the American women would encounter death in any of its forms."

The King's Theatre was built at the enormous expense of nearly £100,000. The rental which Mr. Ebers paid for it some years ago, was £15,000 per annum. It is now, I believe, £8,000. The site is held of the Crown, at a ground rent of £1,560 per annum. It is only licensed for six months in the year. The sea-

season usually commences towards the end of February, and ends in August. The theatre is only open three nights in the week—Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday; but the performances on Thursdays are always for benefits; so that the season usually consists of sixty nights.

The Italian Opera may be said to have been originally introduced into this country in the year 1688, when a company of singers and players arrived from Venice. They did not, however, at first perform in public theatres, but only in the houses of the nobility. Nor did they perform whole operas at once, but only the more interesting and striking portions of them. About the same period, several unsuccessful attempts were made to establish places for the representation of French operas. It was in 1700 that the Italian opera was established in all its glory in England. The first theatre built for its representation, was erected near the site of the present Haymarket Theatre, in 1704. It opened on April 9, 1705. The amount of money necessary for the building was subscribed by thirty individuals, chiefly of the aristocracy, and, with very few exceptions, belonging to the Whig party. It was probably from the latter circumstance that the first stone of the edifice had the inscription of "Little Whig"

written on it;—though what connexion party politics could have had with the establishment of an Italian Opera in England, it is not easy to divine. Each of the subscribers put his name down for 100*l*. It appears, however, that the Italian Opera was not successful for a long period after its introduction into this country; for, in 1720, it was threatened with extinction, from want of sufficient encouragement. In that year, however, rather than see it cease to exist, the sum of 50,000*l*. was collected, chiefly from among the nobility, for its support.

Some of the late proprietors or lessees of the King's Theatre, have sustained great losses by it. Mr. Eber, who was the lessee from 1821 to 1828, states his losses in those seven years at 44,000*l*. The following abstract of the total receipts and expenditure for the year first mentioned, has been given by that gentleman:—

<i>Total Receipts.</i>				<i>£.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Boxes	-	-	-	20,516	1	0
Pit	-	-	-	9,714	12	0
Gallery	-	-	-	1,017	15	0
				<hr/>		
				31,248	8	0

Miscellaneous Payments.

	£.	s.	d.
Engagements for the Opera -	8,634	7	6
Ballet - - - - -	10,678	15	6
Orchestra - - - - -	3,201	0	0
Scenery, Painting, Wardrobes, &c.	5,372	17	9
Lighting - - - - -	1,281	7	11
Salaries of Directors, Secretary,			
Treasurer, &c. - - - -	2,578	0	10
Servants, &c. - - - - -	493	4	7

But Laporte has been much more unfortunate than any of the other late lessees of this establishment. His losses, in 1833, as appeared from the disclosures before the commission of bankruptcy, were 20,000*l*. In the season just now concluded, however, he has been eminently successful. His profits are understood to have been 10,000*l*. or 12,000*l*.

One great source of the vast expenditure of the King's Theatre, is the high terms at which some of the performers are engaged. Catalini, when in the zenith of her fame, received upwards of 5,000*l*. in one season for her services at this theatre, independent of what she obtained by her benefits, concerts, &c. In the short space of seven or eight months, at the period I

refer to, she is understood to have cleared, in one way or other, 14,000*l*.

It will be asked, how is it, when the losses are usually so great, that persons of no capital contrive to get the management of such extensive establishments as the Italian Opera House? And how, above all, do they contrive to retain it for any length of time? The thing is done in this way:—The party becoming lessee writes, immediately on coming to terms with the proprietors, a polite note to those of the nobility and gentry who are known to be permanent subscribers, expressing his anxiety to know whether he is to have the honour of a continuance of their patronage. The Duke of Devonshire, Lord Holland, the Duchess of St. Albans, and a great many others, return him just such an answer as he expected and wished to receive,—namely, a check for the amount of their subscription for the entire season, though it be not yet commenced. He pockets the checks, and showing the letters which accompany them—and which generally contain an assurance that the parties take a deep interest in his success—to his bankers, he triumphantly points to those letters, as affording a virtual guarantee for any advances which they may make to him. The bankers are satisfied that they will be safe to advance

him, as his necessities may require, to a certain amount. He, accordingly, opens an account with them, and is thus enabled to commence the campaign for the season with some spirit. He pays the large deposits which the "stars" require before they will dance a step or warble a note, and also any other ready-money expenses which are unavoidable. Whatever credit he can get, he gladly takes. The nightly receipts aid the liberality of his bankers when once the season is begun, in enabling him to meet the more urgent demands on him in the shape of actors' salaries, and so forth. If the season be successful,—in other words, if his receipts at the treasury exceed the expenditure,—of course all is well: he meets, if a man of honour, his various engagements, and the same parties will be more disposed to make advances to him next season. If, however, the season is a bad one, which, as before remarked, most seasons have of late been, the proprietors, bankers, tradesmen, and all who have had any credit transactions with him, are the sufferers.

In the chapter on the "Higher Classes of the Metropolis," will be found some remarks on the constant struggle which is carried on between the pride and the purses of so many of those moving in the fashionable spheres of life.

They must maintain their dignity; they must keep up appearances, however inadequate may be their means to do so. In no case, perhaps, does this more strikingly show itself than in that of the Italian Opera. The Honourable Miss Singleton, though verging on three score and ten, must have the opportunity of displaying her charms, faded and antiquated though they be, in the Opera House, on every occasion she thinks fit. To be deprived of this opportunity, would be a lowering of her dignity, in her own estimation, far below zero. Her poverty, however, is at war with her pride; she cannot afford the price of a season-ticket. What, then, is to be done? How are her notions of dignity to be maintained without betraying the scantiness of her pecuniary resources? She falls on this plan:—She engages a whole box for the season, with the view of disposing of it to others, as people sometimes let houses to sub-tenants, on such terms as will enable herself to sit rent-free, and, if possible, pocket something by the transaction. She can boast among her acquaintances of some spirited young nobleman with plenty of money at his disposal. She says to him, "My Lord So-and-so, you intend, of course, to go to the Opera this season."

"Most certainly, Miss Singleton; I mean to do myself that pleasure."

"You have not yet, I presume, provided yourself with a bone* for that purpose."

"Not yet, madam."

"Then, perhaps, as I have got a spare one to dispose of, you will oblige me by taking it from me."

"Miss Singleton," says the young nobleman, giving a most gracious smile, and making one of his politest bows—"Miss Singleton, I am perfectly delighted at the thought. Nothing, I assure you, could afford me greater pleasure." And so saying, the youthful aristocrat immediately gives her a check for the amount. She disposes of another sitting, or two sittings, according to circumstances, in a similar way. But how is she to make up, or nearly make up, for the sittings she retains for herself? She does it in this way:—When there is a drawing-room, or any great attraction announced, and it is expected there will be an unusual demand for boxes, she hastens in the

* The Opera admissions are all bones; they are a little larger than a penny, and have on one side the words "Opera for 1836," or whatever the year may be, and on the other, the name of the party originally taking the particular box.

morning to Mr. Sams, or any other bookseller in the habit of selling opera tickets, and says she wishes to dispose of her—"The Hon. Miss Singleton's"—box for that evening. After a good deal of huxtering about the terms, she asking one sum, and the bookseller refusing to give more than another which he mentions, she at last accepts his offer. He lets the entire box for that night to some party: they make a point of taking possession of it the moment the doors are opened. A short time after the performances have commenced, the young scion of nobility knocks at the door of the box. It is opened. He puts his glass to his right eye, and asks if the Hon. Miss Singleton is there. He is told by the party she is not. He makes a gracious bow, takes the glass from his eye, and hurries down to the pit, taking it for granted that the Hon. Miss Singleton had so far presumed on his good-nature, as to send some of her own particular friends to her box that night; which, by the way, he considers a very great compliment to himself. Or possibly his associates are congregated in the pit, and he never looks into the box at all. Such is the way in which old maids with limited means, in the fashionable world, keep up their dignity.

In the case of married ladies, again, they are

often engaged to balls, routs, &c. They consequently know in the morning that they will not require their box in the evening, and therefore go to Mr. Sams, and offer it to him for a certain price. He will not give the sum asked. The married lady, determined not to take less, quits Mr. Sams, and goes to Mr. Andrews. The latter will not, perhaps, give so much as Mr. Sams offered. That is provoking: she is mortified, and returns to Mr. Sams, saying, "Mr. Sams, you may have it at the price you offered." Mr. Sams, perhaps, takes it; perhaps not; just as caprice, or his own notions of self-interest, suggest. If he refuse to give her what he at first offered, she comes down to lower terms, and in this way lessens her opera expenses, while she gets credit for having a box of her own.

DRURY LANE THEATRE next claims our notice. The first theatre called by this name was built by Sir William Davenant, and another gentleman, in virtue of letters patent, granted, in 1660, by Charles the Second. The last house was burnt to the ground in 1809, and the present was erected in the following year. The expense of the building was nearly 300,000*l*. It is an immensely large house, and it is in the form of a parallelogram. The length from east to west is 237 feet, exclusive of the scene-rooms, &c., which ex-

tend ninety-three feet further at the eastern end. The breadth from north to south is 151 feet. It is intended to accommodate 3,060 persons; but 5,000 have, on various occasions, been crammed into it. It is built in the form of a lyre, or horse-shoe, and is beautifully finished in the interior. It has three tiers of boxes, above which are two galleries. The price of admission to the lower gallery is two shillings; to the higher, one shilling. The price of admission to the pit is three shillings and sixpence. The first tier of boxes is called the dress circle; no one being admitted into it who is not in full dress. The second and third tiers are open to all who choose to pay, whatever be their dress or their character. These two tiers of boxes are the parts of the theatre patronised by those nymphs of the *pavé* who are able to pay for admission, which is understood to be much more moderate to them than to the public generally. The price of admission to the boxes is seven shillings: all the boxes are the same in this respect. There are various private boxes in each of the two upper circles, which generally let for the night at 2*l.* 2*s.* 0*d.* There are also sixteen family boxes, which let at various prices, according to circumstances.*

* The proscenium boxes are eight in number, and

The relative proportions of that part of the theatre which is called the auditory, or the place set apart for the spectators, will be understood from the following statement:—

	Persons:
The dress circle of boxes is made to accommodate	234
The first circle	196
The second circle	480
Private boxes	160
Private family boxes	96
Proscenium boxes	64
Stalls	130
Pit	800
Lower gallery	550
Upper gallery	350

Making, as already stated, a total of 3,060

Large, however, as are the dimensions of the present theatre, they are much more limited than were those of the last. It was capable of accommodating, with ease and comfort, 3,600 persons.

The amount of nightly expenses to the pro-let at four guineas each. The boxes are all lined with deep crimson paper, and the top of the fronts is stuffed with green silk.

prietor varies with circumstances. Some pieces having a greater number of *dramatis personæ* than others, are of course represented at much greater expense. In other cases, again, the proprietor is subjected to a great addition to his usual expenditure, when, from the want of attraction, or other causes, he is compelled to "star" it,—that is, to engage the services of some of the most distinguished histrionic characters of the day. Of course, in all such cases, he calculates that the increase in his receipts will more than counterbalance the additional expense he incurs. Some seasons the average nightly expense has not exceeded 180*l.*: last season, owing to the exertions of Mr. Bunn to protect himself against the effect of the reduced prices of the rival establishment, the nightly expenses of Drury Lane were understood to be 280*l.*

What is called a full house, at full price, brings to the proprietor's exchequer about 400*l.* On several occasions, the amount of money collected at the doors has been between 500*l.* and 600*l.* On the night of Mr. Elliston's benefit, some years ago, when he was lessee of the theatre, the house was more crowded, perhaps, than it ever was before, or has been since: the money then drawn was within a trifle of 900*l.* On that occasion, however, all the free list admissions were sus-

pended, which, as will be understood hereafter, must have made a very great difference in the receipts. The late theatre, when full, drew 826*l*.; and when crammed, 1,200*l*.; but then its boxes accommodated 1,828 persons, being a third more than there is sitting-room for in the present. On one occasion, namely, on July 21st, 1794, when the performances were for the benefit of the wives, widows, and children, of the killed and wounded in Lord Howe's victory, the receipts at Drury Lane Theatre were 1,350*l*.; and on Mr. Kean's first benefit, though then performing at a salary of only eight guineas per week, the amount of money collected at the doors, including some donations, was 2,000*l*.

Mr. Bunn, as I have already intimated, is the present proprietor of Drury Lane Theatre. He holds it, from year to year, at the annual rental of 8,000*l*.^{*} Some years ago, the rental was 11,000*l*.; but it was found that on these terms no man would, in the present state of theatricals, be fool-hardy enough to take it. As it is, the proprietor has not yet found it a profitable speculation. What the amount of losses at this theatre has been within the last few years, I cannot state with confidence: report says that

^{*} Since this was written, Mr. Bunn has renewed his lease for three years at 6,000*l*. per annum.

Captain Polhill's losses for the last four years,—for though the house was in Mr. Bunn's name, he was, until lately, the real proprietor,—have been 80,000*l*. This I know, that on some occasions, within the last fifteen years, the receipts, for one season, have been less than the expenditure by 30,000*l*. So much, however, is theatrical property what is called a matter of lottery, that on one or two occasions, the gains have, in the course of a season, been about 20,000*l*. One of the most successful seasons, perhaps, which Drury Lane ever had, was that of 1815-16, when Kean was in the zenith of his reputation. The aggregate receipts for seven consecutive nights, on six of which he appeared as "Sir Giles Overreach," and on the other as "Bertram," were 3,984*l*., making an average of 599*l*. each night.

The constitution of Drury Lane Theatre is somewhat singular. The original shares were 500*l*. each; but as it was found, after a short trial, that the speculation would prove ruinous to the proprietors, and would eventually shut up the theatre itself, if a larger number of shareholders were not procured, it was agreed to create a given number of additional shares, at 100*l*. each. Each of the old shareholders were entitled, in virtue of a bond granted to them by the late Mr. Whitbread to that effect, to one

shilling and three-pence,* and a free admission for one person, on every night of performance. It is erroneously supposed, by some persons, that the proprietors, at the same time, unconditionally guarantee that the number of nights on which there shall be performances every season, shall not be less than two hundred. They only do so, on the condition that the committee succeed in letting the theatre, in which case they take care to exact a rent from the lessee, which will enable them to pay the shareholders the above sum every night for two hundred nights. Between this and the produce of the free admission, those shareholders who have purchased their 500*l.* shares at 180*l.*, which many of them have of late years done, get at the rate of eight per cent. interest on them.

As the number of these shareholders is between three and four hundred, that number of persons, exclusive of others who obtain free admissions, is in the theatre every night, without adding one sixpence to the treasury. As the admissions to which I refer are transferable, many

* Since this was written, a meeting of shareholders has been held, and it was agreed, as the theatre could not be got let on the same terms as before, that they should accept of one shilling per night.

of those possessing them dispose of them for the season at the rate of from 4*l.* to 5*l.* The 100*l.* shareholders, though they purchased their shares prior to the building of the present house, have never yet received a farthing of interest for their money; and there is little prospect of their ever doing so, as the rental is required, and more than required, to pay the sum guaranteed to the holders of 500*l.* shares.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE is the great rival of Drury Lane. It is so in situation, as well as in size, and in the number and character of the performers; for its locality is within one hundred yards of the other. The present house was built in 1809, the previous one having been burnt to the ground on September the 20th, 1808. The expenses of the edifice are said to have been 300,000*l.* Of this sum, 50,000*l.* was raised by subscription, in shares of 500*l.* each: and from the sale of the materials of the old house, and the sums recovered from the insurance offices, the proprietors obtained 180,000*l.* The Duke of Northumberland advanced 10,000*l.* to Mr. Kemble, by way of loan; while various handsome donations were given by noblemen and others to the previous proprietors, to enable them to rebuild the house. Among these donations was 1000*l.* from George IV.

The exterior of Covent Garden is much more tastefully finished than that of Drury Lane. The same may be said of its interior. It is remarkably chaste and lively in its appearance. In size, however, it is not quite so large as its rival. The auditory is in the horse-shoe form. The breadth at the front of the stage is fifty-one feet two inches, and the depth from the stage to the front of the boxes is fifty feet nine inches. Like Drury Lane, it has three tiers of boxes, each tier containing twenty-six public boxes, exclusive of an equal number, taking all the tiers together, of private boxes.

Covent Garden is fitted up so as to contain 2,800 persons. Of this number there is room for 1,200 in the boxes, 750 in the pit, 500 in the lower gallery, and 350 in the upper gallery. On several occasions, however, the number of persons in the house has varied from 3,500 to 4,000. The greatest number it was ever known to contain was 4,255. That was on December 3rd, 1823, when George IV. was present. The receipts on the occasion amounted to 971*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Osbaldiston became the lessee of Covent Garden Theatre at the beginning of last season, and the very first thing he did was to reduce the prices—which were formerly the same as those of the rival establishment—to four shillings

for the boxes, two for the pit, one-and-sixpence for the first gallery, the second remaining the same. This reduction was resolved on, in the hope that there would be such a permanent influx of persons into the theatre as would prop up its falling fortunes. The experiment has proved a failure. For some little time the novelty of a reduction in the prices of admission to the extent of nearly one half, had the effect of filling the house; but it soon began to present an appearance not much better in point of numbers than before the reduction, while, in point of respectability, it was much worse. Mr. Osbaldiston, I presume, is aware of his error now; but it is, I suspect, an irretrievable one. To attempt a recurrence to the old prices would be the height of folly; the performers would have to play to empty seats, if indeed the circumstance did not lead to a row immeasurably worse than the celebrated O. P. one in the same theatre in 1811.

Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres are called the winter houses. They are usually open nine months in the year. They generally begin the season in October and end it in July.

Of late years a great change has taken place in the character of the pieces at these theatres. The legitimate drama, as it is called, has been in a great measure supplanted by mere showy

pageants. Spectacle is now the only thing that will draw houses. In fact, it is now beginning to be considered a species of vulgarity of which no lady or gentleman of refined taste should be guilty, to be present during the representation of any of Shakspeare's plays. Everything must be sacrificed to the senses of seeing and hearing. There must be "scenes," and there must be sound—the more "furious" the better. Hence, all those "melo-dramatic" pieces, in which there is the greatest noise and "most to be seen," are sure to meet with the most extended patronage. Horses, dogs, and other quadrupeds are now, at certain seasons, among the most popular "performers." For some years past, Mr. Bunn has had an arrangement with Mr. Ducrow, of Astley's Theatre, for the use of a part of his stud. Horses prance and gallop, and carriages drive about, on the boards of Drury Lane, as if in the streets. What would Shakspeare think were he suffered, to use his own words, "to revisit the pale glimpses of the moon" some winter's night, and see such a piece as "King Arthur, or the Knights of the Round Table," in the course of representation at Drury Lane? It is well for the world that the vitiated taste which now prevails in theatrical matters did not exist in Shakspeare's time. Had such been unhappily

the case, we should, in all probability, have never heard that such a person existed. He would have been one of those to whom the observation of Quintilian applies—"How oft the greatest genius lies concealed!" Not one of his matchless pieces would ever have had what he himself calls "a local habitation and a name." And if there be a latent Shakspeare of the present day; one of surpassing dramatic genius, he is inevitably destined to remain concealed so long as the existing false dramatic taste prevails.

The spectacles which have of late been the great attraction at both the winter houses, and which have so much diverted them from the ostensible purposes for which they were built, are got up at great expense. The preparations for "King Arthur, or the Knights of the Round Table," which was produced at Drury Lane in the season of 1834-35, cost Mr. Bunn about 1,200*l.*, besides the very heavy expense he nightly incurred in its representation; while the gorgeous opera, "Gustavus the Third," got up a short time previously for Covent Garden, is understood to have subjected him—for Mr. Bunn was then the proprietor of that theatre also—to little short of 2,000*l.* before it was exhibited to the public. These spectacles are got up with great magnificence, and on a very extensive scale. The number of supernu-

meraries alone called in to aid the effect, is on some occasions as great as fifty. The number of persons who appeared in the scene of the masked ball in "Gustavus the Third," when that pageant was first brought out, was said to be 240.

The salaries of first-rate actors—of whom, however, there are none belonging to our country at present—are very high at both of the large houses. Kean had, on various occasions, 50*l.* per night at Drury Lane, exclusive of his right to a benefit,—which was always worth 500*l.* to him; but that was nothing to what Madame Malibran's terms are at the same theatre. How will it startle the uninitiated when I mention, that her engagement in May and June of the present year, was at the rate of 125*l.* per night, with, in addition, a right to a benefit worth 500*l.* or 600*l.* or more! In what astonishment would "Ben Jonson" and "William Shakspeare," hold up their hands could they by possibility hear this intelligence! These celebrated men were both players as well as play-writers, and their salaries never, so far as can be ascertained, exceeded eight shillings and sixpence per week. That of the best performers of the seventeenth century is not supposed to have been higher than fifteen shillings weekly.

Mr. Macready is at the head of the tragic performers of the present time, and Mr. Farren stands foremost among the representatives of comic characters; but neither of these gentlemen is first-rate in their respective departments. In tragedy, the place of Kean is not likely to be soon filled up. He far outstripped all the performers of tragedy which have appeared since Garrick's time, and perhaps in one respect he excelled all his predecessors as well as contemporaries. I allude to the singular fact of his having been able, by some mental process which it is not easy to comprehend, to throw his whole soul so completely into the character he sought to represent, that he did actually, for the moment, divest himself of all consciousness of being aught else than the real person whose feelings and conduct he was portraying. One striking illustration of this was afforded by the circumstance of his suddenly becoming as pale as death, and of his hair standing on end, when he came to any scenes of surpassing horror.

The usual amount of salary which Messrs. Macready and Farren severally receive per week is 30*l*. There are a few others who get as high as 20*l*. The weekly salaries of third-rate performers vary, according to circumstances, from

seven to ten guineas. There are shoals of other actors and actresses who are engaged at from two to five guineas.

The leading actors and actresses, or stars as they are technically called, are treated, in the theatre, as gentlemen and ladies of the first class. They would not on any account, and are not expected to, mix with the common herd of performers, but have rooms set apart for themselves. A *prima donna* has always an excellently furnished apartment off the stage for herself. She claims, among other articles of furniture, two sofas as an indispensable point of etiquette. She has also her own waiting-maid, who is as close in her attendance and obsequious in her manner as if the actress were the first lady in the land. The conventional distinction between a *prima donna* and a second-rate actress, when in the theatre, is, that while the former has two sofas in her apartment, the latter has only one.

Of the variety of scenes, dresses, machinery, &c. at the large houses, some idea will be formed when I mention that the estimated value of these articles at each establishment is from 40,000*l.* to 50,000*l.*

I now come to what are called the Minor Houses. And first among these the HAYMARKET

THEATRE deserves to be noticed. The house which existed before the present one, was built in the year 1720. With that house were mixed up many interesting associations. In 1733, the celebrated Cibber seceded from Drury Lane, and commenced operations in the Haymarket. In the following year, Fielding the novelist, opened this theatre with a company whom he advertised as "The Great Mogul's Company of Comedians." In 1747 Foote opened it on his own account, having previously performed there as one of Macklin's company, a well known character of that period. Foote retained possession of the house for a much longer period than any previous lessee. In 1776 he transferred his interest in it to Mr. George Colman for a life annuity of 1,600*l.*, but as he died in the following year, Mr. Colman obtained the property for 800*l.* In 1805 the latter sold a part of it to Mr. Morris, his brother-in-law, and to Messrs. Winston & Tahourdin, for 8,000*l.*

Several actors and actresses who afterwards rose to distinction, made their *début* at the Haymarket theatre. Among the number were Foote, Palmer, Jack Bannister, Mathews, Elliston, Liston, Young, Terry, &c. and Miss Fenton, (who afterwards became the Duchess of Bolton;)

Mrs. Abingdon, Miss Farren, (the present Countess of Derby,) Mrs. Gibbs, Miss Wilkinson, &c.

The old house was pulled down in 1820, and the present one was opened on the 14th of July of the following year. The expenses of the building were under 20,000*l.* It is a remarkably neat and comfortable little house, with two tiers of boxes, and is capable of containing about 1,500 persons with comfort. It is a summer house. The season usually begins in April and ends in October. The prices are five shillings to the boxes, three to the pit, and one and sixpence to the gallery. Formerly there was no half price; but Mr. Morris—who is now sole proprietor—made the experiment of a second price, which has been tolerably successful.

The pieces performed at this theatre are mostly of a light kind, though licensed to perform the legitimate drama. The company are usually efficient in comedy. It confined itself until last season to pieces purely English, and never admitted anything in the shape of spectacle. In this respect it was singular among the other establishments. Last season, however, Mr. Morris imported a number of foreign dancers, and got up *ballets*, &c. It is doubtful, I

believe, whether the additional attendance made up for the vast increase in the expense.

The entrance to the pit of the Haymarket theatre is not in its favour. It is by the descent of a flight of stairs. When the rush is great, either at the opening or at half-price, persons are often crushed to a very inconvenient degree. The entrance to the pit of the previous theatre was also of a similar kind, and was on one occasion the cause of most disastrous consequences. I refer to the visit of George the Third and Queen Charlotte, in the year 1794, when the rush to the pit was so great that fifteen persons were killed, either through suffocation or from being trampled upon.

There is no theatre in London in which the leading actors change so seldom as in this. Most of them, indeed, may be considered fixtures. Mr. Farren until last season had a sort of local habitation on its boards. What the cause of his secession was, I have not been able to learn. Messrs. Strickland, Webster, Vining, Buckstone, &c. are names quite familiar to the theatre-going public, for years past, in connexion with this house; so are those of Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Humby, Mrs. Tayleure, and several other female performers of celebrity.

The ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE, New Wellington Street, Strand, is, perhaps, the most elegant theatre in the metropolis. The previous house was burnt down in 1832, and the present one was erected in 1834. This, like the former building, is the property of Mr. Arnold, whose father became the proprietor of the late house in 1795. It is capable of containing about 1,800. It has two tiers of boxes. The lower one is the dress circle, and the front row is in the form of a balcony. Admission to the latter was originally six shillings, while the price of the other boxes was five. The rate of admittance to the pit was three shillings, and to the gallery, two; but, as I shall presently state in detail, a change has been made in the prices. Mr. Arnold, when he opened the present house, did so with the avowed purpose of diverting public patronage from foreign performers and foreign music, to English histrionic and musical talent. He chiefly grounded his hopes of success on the effectiveness of his orchestra in the performance of the best pieces of our native composers. And certainly no one could, in this respect, have made more spirited exertions. Everything in his power was done by him to vindicate the claims of English music. For a time, matters promised well. His success in the season of 1834 was decided. Barnet's opera of

the "Mountain Sylph," attracted crowded houses for sixty or seventy consecutive nights. On no occasion, during all that season, did the pit, to use his own expression, fail him. But whatever were Mr. Arnold's gains that year, his losses in that of 1835 more than counterbalanced them. What the cause was of the English Opera House losing all its attractions so suddenly, and quite unexpectedly on the part of the public, I cannot tell. Some ascribe it to the fickleness of public taste; others to the want of the requisite enterprise on the part of the proprietor. I attribute the reverses of the theatre to the combined operation of both causes. But be the cause or causes what they may, it is said that Mr. Arnold's losses in the first three months of the season of 1835, were upwards of 4,000*l*. It is certain they were so great as to induce him to shut up the house in the middle of the season. It was some weeks afterwards opened by the company, who were thus suddenly and unexpectedly thrown out of bread; but their success was no greater. The reduction of the prices to less than one-half of what they formerly were, was then, as a last desperate expedient, resorted to, in the hope of filling the house; but neither was it successful. The company continued to perform for some

weeks, under these disheartening circumstances, when the theatre again closed for the season. It was re-opened in April of the present year, as a speculation on the part of the company, with occasional periods of success; but, on the whole, the season must be considered a failure. The house was but indifferently attended, though the prices were lower than when it first opened; admission to the boxes being four shillings; to the pit, two shillings; and to the gallery, one shilling.

In July last, Mr. Bunn, while it was yet uncertain whether he would procure a renewal of his lease of Drury Lane on such terms as he would be inclined to give, became lessee of the English Opera House, at a yearly rental of 3,500*l*. Whether he will retain both houses, is, as yet, uncertain.

BRAHAM'S THEATRE, in King-street, St. James's, is the last built of any in town. It is fitted up in the very best taste: it vies, in this respect, with the English Opera House. Some persons, indeed, are of opinion, that if there be any difference in the elegance of the style of the interior, it is in favour of Braham's. It only took about four months in building. The expense was nearly 30,000*l*. It opened in January of the present year. For a fortnight, the novelty of the

thing attracted—what the play-bills of the small theatres in the suburbs call—“ numerous and brilliant audiences ;” but after the lapse of that short period, the performers had for some time to play to empty benches. The second six weeks after the opening of his theatre, Mr. Braham lost a considerable sum ; but a new piece, called “ Monsieur Jacques,” was produced at the end of that time, which being interesting in itself, and the principal character, Monsieur Jacques, being represented by Mr. Barnett with an effectiveness with which, perhaps, no French character was ever before represented by an Englishman, the tide of good fortune again set in in favour of this theatre, and Mr. Braham found that by the end of the season to which his licence extended, namely, April, his previous losses were converted into profits to the handsome amount of 4,000*l*.

The chief ground on which, independently of its excellent local situation, Braham's Theatre rests its pretensions to public patronage, is that of the shortness and lightness of its pieces. Hence it takes to itself the name of the Vaudeville Theatre. It is not a large house. It has two tiers of boxes, a pit, and a gallery. The price of admission to the boxes, is five shillings; to the pit, three; and to the gallery, one shilling. The house is fitted up to accommodate

1,200. Mr. Braham is himself one of its greatest attractions. At the end of the season for the representation of English pieces, it was let for two months to the French Company, under the auspices of Mademoiselle Jenny Vertepre, who performed the previous year in the English Opera House. The French company met with considerable success.

Braham's theatre is, from its locality, chiefly frequented by the fashionable world. The boxes are often full, while the pit and gallery are comparatively empty. On some occasions in March last, the lower or dress circle was almost exclusively filled by the nobility and their immediate friends.

The OLYMPIC THEATRE, in Wych-street, Strand, was originally intended for Equestrian feats, and not for the representation of strictly dramatic pieces. It was built by Mr. Astley, after whom the well-known theatre at the Surrey side of Westminster Bridge is called. The house was then designated the Olympic Pavilion. Astley some time afterwards sold his lease to Mr. Elliston, whose success in it was, for some time, but very limited. At last he produced a piece called "Rochester," grounded on a well-known anecdote of Henry V., which met with some of the most favourable receptions of

which any piece ever produced at a metropolitan theatre could boast. Mr. Elliston himself played the hero, Rochester, and Mrs. Edwin the heroine, the Countess of Lovelagh. The piece was represented for nearly one hundred nights in succession, to houses crowded in every part; and it attracted the rank and fashion of the West-end to a theatre which had before been considered among the very lowest in town. Some time afterwards, Mr. Elliston produced "Giovanni in London," which also met with the most decided success. That gentleman was in a fair way of making a fortune, when, in an evil hour, he disposed of his lease in the Olympic, and became lessee of Drury Lane Theatre. His entire ruin was the speedy result of his new speculation. In 1822-3, the Olympic Theatre fell into the hands of Mr. Egerton, by whom it was managed for some time with tolerable success. Eventually it passed into the hands of a succession of speculators, all of whom are understood to have lost considerable sums by it, until, in 1832, Madame Vestris became the lessee. Since that time it has, almost every night of performance, been crowded in all parts. The average annual profits which this favourite actress has derived from her speculation, are said to be about 4,000*l*. Notwithstanding its being in one of the

dirtiest and most disreputable neighbourhoods in London, the Olympic is most fashionably attended. The grand attraction is Madame Vestris herself. Liston is, undoubtedly, the next greatest. But the *corps dramatique*, though few in number, is very effective as a whole.

I know of no house in London which is so generally fortunate in its choice of pieces as the Olympic. You scarcely ever have to submit to the infliction of a dull one. They are always short as well as lively; it is but seldom that one occupies more than an hour in the representation. Four pieces are usually performed every night. Another very commendable regulation in the administration of the affairs of this theatre, is that the performances are always over at eleven o'clock, or a little after. In some of the other houses they often draw their slow length along until half-past twelve, and sometimes till within a few minutes to one. On any other than a Saturday night this is a matter which may, with propriety, be left to be settled between the proprietors and the public; but when the performances on Saturday nights—as they do in the cases referred to—trench on the sanctities of the Christian sabbath, the case is one which loudly calls for the interference of the proper authorities. What can be the cause of the

Bishop of London's remissness here? Can it be that he is ignorant of a fact which must prove so revolting to the mind of every person who reverences revealed religion? His Lordship's predecessor was not so neglectful of his duty. The Bishop of London, in 1805, gave notice to those proprietors in the practice of breaking in on the sabbath morning by their protracted performances, that if the curtain did not fall before the clock struck twelve, their licences should be withdrawn and the houses shut up. This was a species of logic which commended itself to the minds of the offending parties, though mere moral considerations had not the slightest effect on them.

The Olympic Theatre is capable of containing from 1,000 to 1,200. It has only one tier of boxes, with two or three on either side of the gallery. The price of admission to the boxes is four shillings, to the pit two, and to the gallery one.

The ANDERSON THEATRE, formerly the Sans Pareil, is on the right-hand side of the Strand, as you go westward. It lies half way between Exeter Hall and Charing Cross. It was built in the year 1802, by Mr. John Scott, an oil and colour merchant. His daughter, Miss Scott, not only laid the first stone of the building, but,

after it was opened, wrote several pieces for representation in it. Mr. Scott afterwards sold it to Mr. Rodwell and some other parties, for 25,000*l*. The new proprietors gave it the name of the Adelphi, and managed it with considerable success. Mr. Rodwell died in 1824, and in the following year his executors disposed of the property to Messrs. Yates and Terry, for 30,000*l*. In 1828, the pressure of adverse private circumstances obliged Terry to withdraw from the concern, when the late Mr. Mathews became the partner of Mr. Yates. Under the joint management of these two gentlemen it continued until the death of the former in 1835, when his executors having determined on disposing of his interest in it, Mr. Yates also agreed to dispose of his. The property was not long in the market. The Messrs. Bond at once came to terms, which I have heard, though I am not sure the statement is correct, were 40,000*l*.

There is no theatre perhaps in the world in which pieces have had so lengthened a run as in the Adelphi. It was at this theatre, during the management of Mr. Rodwell, that the celebrated burletta of "Tom and Jerry, or Life in London," was produced. So great was its success, that it was not only acted three hundred nights—a thing I believe unparalleled in the

annals of the stage—but some sort of imitation of it was got up in almost every minor theatre in town. The proprietors of the Adelphi cleared about 20,000*l.* by the speculation. Under the proprietorship of Messrs. Terry and Yates, an adaptation of Cooper's well-known nautical novel of "The Pilot," was brought out at this theatre, which was performed upwards of 200 nights. "Grace Huntley" also—a piece in three acts, founded on a story in "The Amulet," by Mrs. S. C. Hall—met with distinguished success in 1834. It was, I believe, performed seventy or eighty successive nights, independently of its frequent representations at various intervals since that time. "The Last Days of Pompeii," and several other pieces, have likewise been eminently successful.

The Adelphi is a very uncomfortable theatre. There is only one tier of boxes, which is awkwardly divided by a passage. If you are seated in those farthest back you have to stoop down, owing to the lowness of the ceiling of the gallery at the front, before you can see the faces or heads of the performers on the stage. The boxes are, besides, uncomfortable from the way in which they are laid out. The whole appearance of the interior of the house is heavy and dull; and but for the general excellence of the

pieces, the celebrity of the leading actors, and the convenience of the situation, it would never have met with the success which has characterised it under its several proprietors during the last fifteen or sixteen years. I have not heard what the gains of the Messrs. Bond have been since the property came into their hands; but Messrs. Mathews and Yates are understood to have averaged from 3,000*l.* to 4,000*l.* clear profits per annum, during the years it belonged to them. It is said the property has again passed from the Messrs. Bond to the hands of Mr. Yates.

The Adelphi season commences in October, and ends in April. During the interval, or at least for a considerable part of the interval, the late Mr. Mathews treated the public to his "At Homes," "Annals," &c. And for weeks in succession, did this gentleman, by his own singularly varied powers of amusing, attract as crowded houses as when all the *corps dramatique*, headed by Mr. Yates, used their combined exertions to merit public patronage. Mr. Mathews' line was peculiar to himself: he had no predecessor worthy of the name: it is doubtful if any one will ever supply his place.

The principal performances at the Adelphi Theatre consist of melo-dramas, burlettas, comic

sketches, farces, &c. The greatest attraction, among the players, which it has had for many years, is the celebrated John Reeve, who has just returned to it from the United States of America.

The Adelphi, for some time past, has got up a greater number of spectacles than any of the other minor theatres,—Astley's of course excepted. And it must be admitted, when due allowances are made for the limited size of the stage—so limited that the dressing-rooms are of necessity in the area—that they have been, for the most part, got up with great effect.

The price of admission to the boxes is four shillings, to the pit two, and to the gallery one shilling. The number of persons the house can conveniently contain is 1,500, though upwards of 2,000 are often found to be within its walls.

There is another theatre in the Strand. I allude to the NEW STRAND THEATRE, nearly opposite St. Mary's church. It was for many years celebrated as the place in which Miss Kelly "performed." That lady, like Mr. Mathews, had no rival in her line, which was to personate, in language, dress, appearance, and manners, almost every variety to be found in the human character. When she retired from public life, Mr. Rayner, the proprietor, endea-

voured to obtain a licence from the Lord Chamberlain to perform the usual dramatic pieces; but all his efforts, until February last, were unsuccessful. In the interim it was opened several times by various companies, in defiance of the law, but the event always speedily proved that the Lord Chamberlain was too strong for the party who had the temerity to enter the lists against him. Messrs. Jerrold and Hammond entered into an arrangement with Mr. Rayner in April, by which the theatre fell into their hands. They carried it on until the end of the season with a fair measure of success. The pieces represented are chiefly short, and they have, with very few exceptions, been clever and lively under the present management.

The New Strand Theatre is the smallest respectable theatre in town. Formerly it had no gallery; but one capable of accommodating 500 persons was erected last year. The price of admission to the boxes is three shillings, to the pit one shilling and sixpence, and to the gallery one shilling. It is not capable of containing more than 800 persons with any degree of comfort. It is a compact, good-looking little house.

ASTLEY'S THEATRE, situated, as formerly mentioned, near Westminster Bridge, differs from

all others in the character of its entertainments. First there is a sort of melodrama, in which the spectacle part is got up with extraordinary effect. You will sometimes see twenty or thirty horses, some of them single with riders, and others yoked in twos and fours in carriages, chariots, &c., prancing and galloping about on the stage as if in Hyde Park, or any other open space. Battles are often fought on horseback as well as on foot in Astley's, and they frequently give a singularly faithful representation of what has actually occurred in the scenes of action to which they point. The acting, however, if so it must be called, is usually of the most indifferent kind. No popular histrionic performer ever treads the boards of Astley's. After the first piece, which generally lasts until near nine o'clock, a series of equestrian feats are performed in a circus made for the purpose in the middle of the theatre. The evolutions which are gone through on these occasions are truly wonderful: the spectator would have previously pronounced them impossible. And equally astonishing is it to witness the sagacity and docility displayed by the horses. This part of the evening's entertainments occupies about three-quarters of an hour, when the whole is finished by a nondescript sort of afterpiece.

Astley's is a never-failing source of amusement to young people, and is always most numerously attended by the juvenile members of families. It is pleasant to look around this theatre, and see hundreds of youthful countenances glowing with delight, as they witness the extraordinary feats of horsemanship which are performed within the ring, and the imposing spectacles exhibited on the stage.

Astley's Theatre is large and commodious. It is capable of containing 2,000 persons without an undue pressure. Upwards of 2,500 have on many occasions been known to be in it. The prices are, to the boxes four shillings, to the pit two, to the gallery one shilling. The present house was built in 1804, by Mr. John Astley, who had been originally a private soldier in the 15th, or Elliot's own light horse. It was while in this capacity that he acquired that expertness in horsemanship which led him to exhibit his equestrian feats in public. He commenced his equestrian career on the site of the present house in the open air, but with a pent-roof house for the audience, so as to protect them from rain. This was about the year 1777. Mr. Astley, in the course of his time, erected more theatres perhaps than any other man that ever lived. Including those he built in Paris,

the entire number was nineteen. He died in 1814 at Paris, in the seventy-second year of his age. His son succeeded to his amphitheatre at Westminster Bridge, as well as his other property; but singularly enough died, in 1821, in the same house, chamber, and bed, as his father. The house is rented at 1,000*l.* per annum. Mr. Ducrow and Mr. West are the present proprietors. The property is one of the most profitable of the kind in town. In 1834 the profits were said to be about 5,000*l.*, though the season only begins at Easter and ends in September. It has made many happy hits in the *spectacle* way. One piece of this kind, "The Battle of Waterloo," exhibited a good many years ago, was performed the whole of one season, without the intermission of a single night—a thing unprecedented—and a part of the two following seasons. A run of one hundred nights is not uncommon at Astley's.

The QUEEN'S THEATRE, Tottenham-street, Tottenham-court Road, is one which has undergone various changes of name as well as vicissitudes of fortune. At first it was called the FITZROY THEATRE, and then the REGENCY THEATRE; afterwards it went by the name of the TOTTENHAM STREET THEATRE; at another period it was called the WEST LONDON: now it is designated

THE QUEEN'S. It was originally intended for concerts and other musical entertainments. It was used for two seasons, soon after the peace of 1815, for the representation of French plays. The usual pieces of late have been burlettas, melo-dramas, farces, &c. About two years since, after having ruined several proprietors, and been often shut up for want of any one sufficiently adventurous to engage in the speculation, it was taken by the Messrs. Bond, who re-fitted it up in a very elegant and comfortable manner, at considerable expense. They then opened it, ostensibly under the entire management of Mrs. Nisbett, and with a much more effective company than had ever before graced its boards, when, notwithstanding the raising of the prices of admission to double the previous prices, a very successful campaign was commenced, which lasted for five or six months. After that time it was again subjected to a series of reverses, which ended in the secession of "the fair widow" and her two sisters. Of late, it is understood to have been one of the worst theatrical speculations which has, for some years, been made on a small scale. The price of admission to the boxes is four shillings, to the pit two, to the gallery one shilling. It is only a small house,

and is incapable of containing more than 600 or 700 persons with any measure of comfort.

The VICTORIA THEATRE is situated in Waterloo Road. It was originally called the COBOURG THEATRE, after Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg, now the King of Belgium. The foundation stone was laid by a proxy of his Royal Highness. It was opened on Whit-Monday, 1817. For a time it was successful; but matters soon began to assume a gloomy aspect. Eventually it passed into new hands. The second lessee did not long retain possession of the property: it was soon transferred to other parties. Circumstances obliged the latter parties to relinquish it: others, however, undeterred by the reverses of those who preceded, were soon found to engage in the speculation, but with no better success. The Coburg, in fact, in the course of a few years, acquired an unenviable notoriety for changing hands. After being for some time closed, it was re-modelled in the interior, and fitted up in a very superior manner in 1832-3, when its former name was changed to that of the Victoria Theatre. It is a well-built and elegant-looking house, both externally and in the interior. It has only one tier of boxes, but it is divided by a passage; the front

being the dress circle. The admission to the latter is three shillings, to the other boxes it is two; to the pit it is one shilling, and to the gallery sixpence. The theatre is very large. The gallery alone is capable of containing 1,200 or 1,400 persons; it is the most commodious gallery of any theatre in London. The house altogether can contain 2,000 persons with ease. Upwards of 2,500 have been known to be in it at one time. It has not been more successful of late years than formerly. Since it changed its name in 1832, Mr. Davidge, Mr. Glossop, and other lessees, have severally lost large sums of money by it. The pieces generally performed at the Victoria are melo-dramatic spectacles, burlettas, farces, &c. But on several occasions the legitimate drama has been represented, and in some instances with great effect. Some years since the proprietor was subjected to a heavy fine for acting one of Shakspeare's plays,—the prosecuting party being the lessee of Drury Lane. I shall afterwards advert to the exclusive right which the larger establishments have to perform the regular drama in the metropolis.

The Victoria Theatre has been the means of introducing to the public several performers of merit. It was at this establishment also that

Stanfield, the most celebrated painter, in his peculiar walk, of the present day, was first brought into notice. The Victoria has, likewise, acquired some distinction from the circumstance of Mr. Peter Borthwick, M. P., whose name is well known to the public, having made his *début* on its boards as Othello, in Shakspeare's tragedy of that name, two or three years before he was chosen the representative of the borough of Evesham. So decided a failure was the hon. gentleman's *début* that he never again, so far as I am aware, appeared on the boards of any theatrical establishment. But though his failure must have been doubtless mortifying at the time, there can be no question he now regards it as one of the most fortunate incidents in his life, as it compelled him to seek for some other means of earning a livelihood, and paved the way for his being sent on a tour through the country, in 1832-3, by the West India interest, as the advocate of their cause; which again, as it afforded him an opportunity of developing his talents as a public debater, was the means of his being returned to Parliament under the auspices of a well-known Tory baronet.

The SURREY THEATRE is in the immediate vicinity of the Victoria. It is situated in Blackfriars Road, near the Obelisk. The first house

was built in 1779, but was burnt down in 1805. The present house was erected immediately after the destruction of the other. Formerly it was called the Royal Circus, having been built for burlettas and equestrian exhibitions; but in 1809, Mr. Elliston, afterwards of the Olympic, and eventually of Drury Lane, became the lessee, when he converted the "ring" into an extensive pit. Since then burlettas, comic sketches, &c., with occasional tragedies and comedies, have been the entertainments at the Surrey. Mr. Thomas Dibdin was for a considerable time proprietor; but it turned out unprofitably for him, though Mr. Elliston, his predecessor, cleared a considerable sum by the speculation. The theatre afterwards fell into various hands; most of whom lost considerable sums by it; while the pieces were, with few exceptions, remarkable for their stupidity. It may be right to add, they were as badly represented. Of late, several very successful pieces have been produced at this theatre. "Black Eyed Susan" had a "run" of nearly one hundred and fifty nights; "Poll and my Partner Joe" has been nearly equally fortunate. These, in fact, are the sort of pieces which are best suited to the taste of the dramatic geniuses of the classical neighbourhood in which it is situated. It is

said, that for some years past large sums have been realised by the proprietors of this theatre. It is at present in the possession of Mr. Davidge, who succeeded Mr. Osbaldiston, the lessee of Covent Garden Theatre. The pit is, perhaps, the largest of any house in Europe; when crowded it contains about 2,000 persons. The nightly average expenditure is 60*l*. On benefit nights, when the houses are good, the money taken at the doors is from 100*l*. to 120*l*.

The remaining theatres are so small and unimportant that they may be disposed of in a few words.

SADLER'S WELLS is situated at the south of Islington. It is one of the oldest theatrical establishments in the metropolis, having been originally built in the reign of Charles II. For more than a century it has been celebrated for the excellence of its pantomimes. It was also popular for many years, in consequence of the low humour of the elder Grimaldi. It is likewise noted among the lower classes for the supernatural and horrible character of its pieces. It is a neat little house, and is capable of containing about 1,500 persons. It has not proved a profitable speculation to the proprietors lately. In the course of last season Mr. Osbaldiston, the lessee of Covent Garden, became the lessee

of Sadler's Wells, at a yearly rental of 1,200*l*. Its affairs have been conducted with spirit since it came into his hands. The prices of admission are, to the boxes two shillings, to the pit one shilling, to the gallery sixpence.

The PAVILION THEATRE is situated in the Whitechapel Road. It was built soon after the destruction of the Brunswick Theatre, in 1825. It is a small house, capable of containing no more than 1,200 persons. The prices of admission are the same as those of Sadler's Wells. It has some celebrity for low humorous pieces, and occasionally imports for a week or a fortnight one or two of the stars of lesser magnitude from the west-end theatres. Mrs. Honey graced its boards for two or three weeks last season. It is a sort of refuge for the destitute. It is proverbial for affording an asylum to those aspirants at the higher order of histrionic distinction who have "come out" in the larger establishments without success.

The GARRICK THEATRE is a near neighbour of the Pavilion. It is in Goodman's Fields, and is famed for its being the house in which Garrick made his *début* on his arrival in London. This was in 1741, and the character he assumed was Richard III. It is a small theatre, but very neatly fitted up. There is room in it

for 600 or 700 persons, though it can but seldom boast of so numerous an attendance. Its prices are the same as those of the Pavilion and Saddler's Wells.

There is another theatre in Bishopsgate Street, which was built about two years since. It is quite a small affair. As yet it has made no noise; so very little, indeed, is known of it, that, perhaps, not one out of twenty of the theatre-going public of London is aware of its existence. In Milton Street, in the City, there was another theatre under the name of the CITY THEATRE, but last year it was converted into a Mechanic's Institution, through the week, and a Dissenting Chapel on Sundays. It was the property of Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, of Stratford, who, from first to last, lost a good deal of money by it. It changed its lessees, on an average, once every three months, for the last four or five years. There is a neat little theatre, called the CLARENCE THEATRE, in the neighbourhood of King's Cross, New Road; but it is hardly ever open. The MINOR THEATRE, in Catherine Street, Strand, has also been shut for three or four years past. There are two or three other small houses in the outskirts of the metropolis, but they are undeserving of notice.

The winter houses, and the leading minor

theatres, invariably bring out pantomimes at Christmas, which usually have a six weeks' run. In Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres these are got up with very great expense. The cost of preparing those of 1828-29, was as follows:—

	£
Drury Lane	1,870
Covent Garden	1,426
Adelphi	500
Surrey	600
Gobourg (now the Victoria)	400
Pavilion	100

The pantomimes are a great source of attraction to young people; and as they are always brought out on "Box-night," when there is something in the pockets of the lower classes, the galleries of the various theatres are, on those occasions, crowded to suffocation; and a more motley appearance was never assuredly presented than that which then graces the various galleries. The railing on the front seat exhibits a goodly array of all sorts of second-hand apparel. It would do the heart of a Jew old clothesman good to see it. It has the appearance of a pawnbroker's shop: bonnets broken in the crown, or without any crown at all; caps "all tattered and torn;" shawls which

were once of various hues, but which are now, for the want of the application of a little soap, all pretty much of one colour; hats, coats, waistcoats, &c. &c., are all fastened to the railing along the whole front of the upper gallery. Then there are "the gods" themselves—the name by which they have always been called since Garrick delivered one of his celebrated prologues, in which, when apostrophising that portion of the audience in the immediate neighbourhood of the ceiling, he exclaimed,

" And you, ye gods ! to merit never blind—
A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind."

A very large proportion of "the deities" on such occasions consists of chimney-sweep apprentices, who are by far, considering their limited means, the most liberal patronisers of the drama. A considerable number of their sootships are always to be seen in the front seats, where their black frontispieces oddly contrast with their tusks and the whites of their eyes, which are displayed to great advantage on such occasions. There is also a fair sprinkling of bakers' apprentices on box-night, who are sure to be seen sitting cheek-by-jowl with the youthful knights of the soot-brush. A large number of those who people the upper regions of the house appear in

their shirt-sleeves: their coats are doffed because the heat of the place has become intolerable. Others are swearing and fighting; while cries of "turn him out!" "turn him out!" "order, order!" "silence there!" assail your ears from all quarters. It were impossible, indeed, to witness a more uproarious scene than that invariably exhibited on such occasions. The unlimited play which the "divinities" give their lungs on these nights often, in fact, has the effect of entirely drowning the voices of the actors on the stage. The truth is, that they claim a prescriptive right to be as noisy as they please on box-night, and all efforts to preserve order would be perfectly useless.

Has the reader ever seen a piece, on its first production, condemned? or, to use theatrical phraseology, "damned,"—in any of the larger establishments? No one who has not witnessed such a scene can form any idea of it. The audience, on such occasions, are in a perfect hubbub. Mr. O'Connell, even when in his most violent and most forcible moods, never produced so much "agitation" in any assemblage of the "finest pisantry in the world," as is exhibited in Drury Lane, or Covent Garden, when a new piece is undergoing the process of utter "damnation." The great majority of the audience seem

to make the matter a personal one. They feel as if some insult had been offered to them individually by the luckless wight of an author, and the scarcely less unfortunate proprietor of the theatre. They will in such cases rise from their seats, and express their indignation, not only in loud hisses, groans, &c., but by the most violent gestures. But perhaps a better idea of a scene of this kind will be afforded by the following account of a particular one which was exhibited last season at Covent Garden, and which I drew up immediately after its occurrence.

The piece was called "The Fortune of War; a National Military Operatic Drama." What the incidents were, it would have been impossible, under any circumstances, from the sheer stupidity of the piece, to discover; but that impossibility, if there be not an Irishism in the expression, was rendered still more impossible from the manner in which it was received. It is questionable if ever an "Operatic," or any other drama, was more unmercifully damned. The first act—it was in two acts—had not proceeded far when symptoms of the coming storm of disapprobation began to manifest themselves. The audience in different parts of the house commenced the scene by faint hisses. In a few minutes afterwards the consummate clumsiness with which the leading

military evolutions—which, by the way, constituted the staple of the piece—were performed in one of the scenes, called forth a burst of condemnation from all parts of the house. A more awkward squad than the histrionic troops was never exhibited either on the stage or on the parade; none of them seemed capable of making a single tolerable movement. At one time they were all mingled together, French and English, in glorious confusion; at another, they all rushed, some in one direction, and some in another, off the stage, without any reason which the audience could perceive for their sudden exit. For the next minute or two the stage was entirely deserted; neither Frenchman nor Englishman, nor any other man, was to be seen or heard. The audience—and really it was no wonder—now began to lose all patience, and cries of “Off, off!” resounded from all parts of the house. If these cries were louder and more general in one part than another, it was in the second and third tiers of boxes. The uproar had by this time become so great and general that not one word of what was said on the stage, with one or two occasional exceptions, was heard. The first act, however, was eventually brought to a close without the audience offering an absolute interruption to the piece. But the second had no sooner commen-

ced than the yet more stupid and clumsy evolutions of the troops—all of the actors on one occasion appeared as soldiers—raised the indignation of the audience to so high a pitch, that the cries of "This is an insult to us!" "Give us back our money!" and "Return us our tin!" "Off, off!" &c. became so loud and general, that it was found impossible to proceed with the piece. In the midst of the deafening uproar and confusion, Mr. Wallack, the stage-manager, came forward to address the audience, but he was for some time assailed with such a volley of hisses and yells that his efforts to make himself heard were altogether ineffectual. Cries of "Hear him, hear him!" at last proceeded from several parts of the house, which had the effect of partially restoring order. Mr. Wallack then commenced thus:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I most respectfully appeal to the liberal part of the audience,"—(Here Mr. Wallack's voice was drowned amidst the storm of hisses which again proceeded from the galleries and the pit,)—"I have every reason to believe and think that"—(Renewed uproar which prevented his completing the sentence.)—"Ladies and Gentlemen, will you hear me? Will you allow the piece to proceed?" (Shouts of "No, no!" from all parts of the house, with one or two faint cries of "Yes, yes!")

A pause then ensued in Mr. Wallack's address owing to the deafening noise which prevailed in all parts of the theatre. At length he again endeavoured to procure a hearing:—"If you will not allow me"—(A voice in one of the corner boxes—"The military evolutions are most shameful.") Mr. Wallack—"In answer to that gentleman in the corner, I beg to say that I have done my duty. I have done everything in my power to make the representation of the piece as efficient as possible. Ladies and Gentlemen, I am no soldier, though I now appear in the character of one; but I repeat, that in getting up this piece I have done my duty."

A voice in the boxes—"None of you have done your duty, except Mr. Daly."

Another voice—"The men can't move a step." Cries of "Off, off!" Hisses and yells were here renewed in all parts of the house. So great was the confusion that about five minutes elapsed before anything was said or done on the stage. At the expiration of that time, the actors or troops again presented themselves, and made another attempt to proceed with the piece.

A voice in the upper boxes—"Don't make fools of yourselves any longer." (Loud laughter.)

Another voice—"You should shut shop at once." (Renewed laughter, mingled with hisses and yells.)

The curtain here fell. Whether it should have done so in the natural course of things, or whether it was dropped intentionally, because it was impossible to proceed, I have not the means of knowing. In a few minutes afterwards it was again raised, and for a very short space the piece was allowed to proceed with less of uproar and confusion, though the hisses and derisive laughter were still to be heard in every part of the theatre. The awkward evolutions of "the military" began, however, to be again repeated, and the displeasure of the audience became once more as loudly and unequivocally expressed as before. Still, amidst all their dissatisfaction at the extreme stupidity of the piece, and the equally stupid way in which it was got up, there was something so excessively ludicrous in the marchings and counter-marchings of the troops, some of whom carried children on their backs, that the audience could not refrain from mingling loud bursts of laughter with the yells and hisses which greeted the performers from all directions. Cries of "Cut it short!" "Down with the curtain!" "We want no more of it!" "Off, off!" &c., were once more heard from all quarters. The performers now simultaneously, and all of a sudden, disappeared from the stage, and the performance was consequently at a

stand-still. When the troops re-appeared, they were assailed with tremendous hisses, mingled with laughter. "Have you nearly done yet?"—"Off, off!"—"Give us back our money!"—and other cries of a similar kind, again became as loud and general as before. The voices of the performers were completely drowned amidst the tremendous uproar which now prevailed in every section of the house. One of the actors, at this part of the performance, carried a long stick in his hand, when a person in the second tier of boxes shouted out at the top of his voice, "You had better all cut your sticks!" (Loud laughter.) The actors here again quitted the stage abruptly, in a mass, amidst roars of laughter which convulsed the house. After the lapse of a minute or so, they re-appeared on the stage, but were met by deafening cries of "Shame, shame!"—"Go to bed!" and universal hissing and yells. The same sort of acting, if so it must be called, and the same hissing, hooting, and yelling, on the part of the audience, were kept up for about ten minutes longer, when, passing over various intermediate incidents in the piece, the last scene occurred, and the curtain dropped amidst yells and hisses, and marks of disapprobation, which it is impossible to describe.

On the fall of the curtain part of the audience

quitted the theatre, but the great majority remained, and raised a tremendous clamour for Mr. Wallack, in order that he might apologise for the insult, as they called it, or explain the circumstances under which it had been offered to them. Mr. Wallack resisted the call for about five minutes, but finding the clamour continue to increase instead of diminishing, he made his appearance. He was received with tremendous hissing, which prevented his speaking for some time; but at length the cries of "Hear him, hear him!" becoming general, order was sufficiently restored to render him audible. He then began thus:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I appear before you to know your pleasure, and—" (Here he was interrupted by deafening yells and hootings, mingled with cries of "Why insult us with such a piece?"—"Why not apologise at once?"—"Why outrage the public with such trash?") Other such questions proceeded from all parts of the house.

Mr. Wallack—"It is perfectly impossible for me to answer such a multitude of questions at once. Ladies and Gentlemen, I am come here to know your pleasure, and—"

A gentleman in one of the side boxes here interrupted Mr. Wallack by observing that the

military evolutions were most disgraceful : and that they ought not to have been exhibited before any audience.

Mr. Wallack—"I have nothing to do with the military evolutions. If I had had my own way of it—" (Here Mr. Wallack spoke with peculiar emphasis)—if I had had my own way of it, Ladies and Gentlemen, this scene of confusion would not have occurred,—(Loud cheers,)—I should have substituted common sense for nonsense. (Tremendous cheering.) Ladies and Gentlemen, allow me most respectfully to inform you that this piece is withdrawn." (Renewed cheering.) The audience then peaceably retired.

What a striking contrast do the larger theatrical establishments of the present time present to those of Shakspeare's days ! The price of admission to the boxes of the Globe Theatre, Bankside, Southwark, in which the Bard of Avon performed, and in which most of his best plays were first brought out, was one shilling, and to the pit and gallery sixpence. The prices of admission to the other theatres, which might be considered the minor houses of that period, were, to the boxes twopence, and to the pit and galleries one penny. The theatres of those days had thatched roofs in the inside as well as the outside : they were so small that twenty pounds was

deemed a prodigious sum to receive in one night. The audience in the pit had to stand, there being no seats to sit on. There was no scenery to please the eye, or give effect to the representation of the pieces; and the only stage the actors had to tread on, was a rough floor, strewed with rushes. One piece only was performed at a time, and the hour of commencing was twelve at noon. The performance was usually over between three and four o'clock.

A very considerable proportion of the audience in the boxes of the London theatres are admitted free. I have already mentioned the circumstances under which many persons have the right of free admission to Drury Lane. In addition to those who thus visit this establishment every night free of expense, there are many others who obtain their admissions as the friends of the lessee or of some of the leading performers. The daily newspapers also, and the leading weekly ones, have transferable season tickets of admission for two persons to all the theatres. The leading writers for the stage have likewise permission to visit the theatres gratuitously whenever they choose.

There is no profession in the world so arduous and precarious as that of the stage. Both the mental and physical powers of the actor are

constantly on the rack. It is only by the most severe and unremitting exertion that he can hope to attain any measure of distinction; and the same exertion is necessary to preserve it. Audiences are very capricious and very ungrateful: the least thing—the slightest defect in acting, offends them, however meritorious the actor's previous performances may have been. The most distinguished success for a lengthened series of years is no extenuation, in their estimation, for one night's failure. Our actors are in exactly the same predicament, in this respect, as the greyhound in the fable that was severely beat by its master, because it failed to catch the hare for the hundredth time, though it had been successful in the chase in the previous ninety-nine cases.

Few, even of our popular actors, ever realise a moderate independence. I know of none of those of the present time who have done so, with the exception of Mr. Braham, Mr. Farren, Mr. Liston, Mr. Macready, and two or three others. The great majority of the third and fourth-rate actors, and almost all at and under mediocrity, have to maintain a constant struggle with pecuniary difficulties; some of them, indeed, with starvation itself. How many, even of those actors who, in the meridian of life, were

popular in the highest degree with the theatre-going public, have, when overtaken by advanced years, been doomed to encounter all the horrors of want!

The writers for the theatres are numerous; but only a few of them have obtained much celebrity. Mr. Sheridan Knowles stands nearly alone in tragedy; indeed it is doubtful whether any one has equalled him since the time of Shakspeare. Mr. Sergeant Talfourd's tragedy of "Ion," and several tragedies by Miss Mitford, Miss Baillie, and the late Rev. Mr. Maturin, possess great literary merit; but they are not well adapted for representation. In comedies and farces, the names of Poole, Theodore Hook, Planche, and Reynolds, are well known. In light pieces generally, Messrs. Moncrieff, Peake, Leman Rede, Jerrold, Buckstone, and Thomas Dibdin, are the most successful.

The rate of remuneration for dramatic pieces varies according to circumstances. A popular writer will sometimes get thirty or forty pounds for a piece which occupies an hour and a half in the representation, though frequently the half of that sum is not given. A very general practice is to give the author a small sum for the piece, say ten or twelve pounds in the first instance, and then allow him a guinea for every

night it is performed after a limited number, say twelve, of representations. Unless where some such arrangement is made between the author and the manager, the proprietors will sometimes realise a little fortune by a successful piece, while the unfortunate author has only pocketted a few pounds by the labour of his brains. The proprietors of the Adelphi Theatre, it was understood, cleared, in the course of a few years, 25,000*l.* by "Tom and Jerry," while Mr. Moncrieff, who adapted it from Pierce Egan's "Life in London," only received a mere trifle for his trouble. The inadequate remuneration which play-writers receive for their labour, may be inferred from the fact, that though Thomas Dibdin has, from first to last, written nearly three hundred pieces, of one kind or other, for the theatres, the great majority of which have been very successful,—he has not been able, as he stated some time since, to save anything of what he had thus earned. Some successful pieces produce a large sum to the authors, from their publication. Messrs. Cramer and Co., the music-sellers in Regent-street, gave Mr. Bunn 1,000*l.* for the "Maid of Artois."

One great ground of complaint which writers for the theatres had, until lately, was that they had no copyright in the pieces they produce. Within

a few weeks after the production of a successful piece in any of the leading theatres in London, it was brought out at almost every theatre in the country; while not a farthing was given, by the proprietors of the latter establishments, to the author, however great the amount of profits they derived from it. They have always managed these matters better in France. There an author gets a certain sum for his piece before it is produced, and then a small sum every night it is acted. This applies not only to the theatre in which the piece was originally brought out, but to every theatre throughout the country in which it is acted. An office is established in the various large towns, for the purpose of collecting the sums which thus become due to a successful dramatic writer; and in some cases the aggregate amount is very large. In 1828, Mr. Scribe, the most popular dramatist in France, received, in this way, about 5,000*l.* for his works.

No theatre can be opened in that part of London within the jurisdiction of the Lord Chamberlain, without a special license from his lordship having been first obtained. The license never, in any case, except in those of the two larger establishments, exceeds the period of six months in one year. This power of preventing the opening of theatres without the

sanction of the Lord Chamberlain, is vested by the legislature in his lordship with a view to afford due protection to the three patent theatres.

No new piece can be produced at any of the metropolitan theatres, without having been first submitted to, and approved by, the dramatic censor. Mr. George Colman, son of the celebrated dramatist of that name, is the gentleman who at present fills that office. The object of subjecting all theatrical productions to this ordeal, is to prevent anything appearing which may be immoral or obscene. I express no opinion at present on the question of whether the tendency of our dramatic representations be immoral or otherwise: that is a point on which I know a diversity of sentiment exists. But I do not see how any person of well-constituted mind can question the propriety of having those passages expunged from theatrical pieces, which either contain manifestly indelicate allusions—which profane the name of the Deity—or speak irreverently of divine things. Notwithstanding the careful surveillance of Mr. Colman, it is unhappily too true that passages of a very improper kind often escape, and disgust the minds and shock the feelings of every virtuous person who hears them spoken. What would be the pro-

bable magnitude of the evil, were dramatic authors allowed unbounded license of expression, will be at once inferred by those who have some idea of the loose notions on the subject of morals, which several of the modern writers of theatrical pieces entertain.

CHAPTER III.

THE CLUBS.

Brookes'—White's—Boodle's—The Carlton Club—The Reform Club—The Athenæum Club—The Clarence Club—The Oxford and Cambridge University Club—The United University Club—The Oriental Club—The Travellers' Club—The Union Club—The United Service Club—The Junior United Service Club—Remarks on the United Service Clubs—The Wyndham Club—The late Westminster Reform Club—Miscellaneous Observations.

THE Clubs of London is a subject which occupies much of the attention of the middle and upper classes of metropolitan society. They undoubtedly exercise a very considerable, though it may be an imperceptible, influence over the minds of persons belonging to those classes. Almost every man of any note is a member of one or other of these clubs. Some are members

of two or three of them. Mr. O'Connell, for example, is a member of three—Brookes's, the Reform Club, and the Clarence Club. A constant interchange of sentiment on all important topics of the day takes place among the members of the leading clubs. "The clubs say so and so," is an expression we hear every day of our lives. Few, however, but the members themselves, know anything, beyond the mere name, of these associations. They may be divided into two classes—those where some private person engages to furnish the members with certain conveniences, on their paying him a certain sum as entrance-money, and a specified annual subscription. These clubs are called Subscription Clubs. The other class of clubs are those in which a certain number of gentlemen join together, build or rent a house for themselves, engage servants, and procure everything they eat and drink at the price charged by the tradesmen. The latter class of clubs is by far the most numerous.

Of the Subscription Clubs, excluding of course Crockford's, which will come in more properly under the head "Gaming Houses," BROOKES'S is the most noted. It was established by a Mr. Brookes, keeper of a respectable hotel in St. James's Street, where it still is. It dates

its origin as far back as 1770. Brookes engaged to give the members the use of his house—to supply them with a certain number of newspapers, periodicals, &c.—to provide them with servants—and to furnish them with dinners on certain terms, which are so moderate that on every such dinner the landlord loses from three to four shillings. He further left it to the noblemen and gentlemen who first joined the Club to frame any rules and regulations they thought proper respecting the admission of members, and other matters connected with the reading-room. A committee was accordingly appointed for that purpose, when they came to the resolution, that, in order that no party obnoxious to any individual member should be admitted, the election should be by ballot, and that one black ball should exclude the candidate for admission. Since then the terms of admission have been changed: it is now, as in all the other Clubs, a regulation in Brookes's that there must be one black for every ten white balls, to secure the rejection of the candidate.

Among those who were the founders of this club, were the late Earl Fitzwilliam, the Marquis of Cholmondeley, and the Duke of Queensberry. It was, and still is, composed of men of liberal politics. George the Fourth, when

Prince Regent,* Fox, Sheridan, and almost all the other most distinguished Whigs of the latter part of the last century, were members of Brookes's. To be a member then was deemed an honour of no ordinary kind. Care was taken that the members should consist of the choicest spirits and most celebrated men of the Whig school of politics. It was also an aristocratic club. At that time no man who had not a certain *status* in the fashionable world was admitted. A good deal of this spirit was kept up for the first twelve or fifteen years of the present century. Alderman Wood was not admitted, until after twelve years persevering application, though he had been part of that time twice Lord Mayor; the ground of his exclusion was that he was a city man. Mr. Combe, of the great brewing-house of "Combe, Delafield, and Co.," was also excluded, because he was a tradesman. All traces of this aristocratic spirit, however, have long since died away. Men of respectability, and of liberal politics, are now admitted on their first application.

When Brookes's was originally established, and

* The late King, when Prince Regent, was admitted without being balloted for; the only instance of the kind, in the history of the institution, on record.

for many years after, it was a great place for gambling: Many a hundred thousand pounds have been lost from first to last there. It was the leading place in the metropolis for gambling, until eclipsed by Crockford's. In 1799 enormous sums were lost and won at Brookes's. That year no fewer than four pigeons made their appearance, so well feathered, that it was supposed their united fortunes were not much short of 2,000,000*l*. In less than twelve months neither of them had a farthing. One of them, a young nobleman, was obliged within a year of his *début* as a gambler in Brookes's, to borrow eighteenpence of the waiter to pay for the carriage of a present of game, which had been sent him by a friend in the country, who was not aware of his altered pecuniary circumstances.

Since the establishment of Crockford's, however, there has been hardly any gambling in this club. The gamblers all resort to the great hell, "a little higher up," as the waiters say.

The terms of admission to Brookes's are twenty guineas, and the annual subscription is ten guineas. The number of members is at present, or was in August last, 575. Though the name of Brookes is still kept up, the house has for many years belonged to Messrs. Page and Halse

WHITE'S CLUB, St. James-street, is one of

the oldest in London. It and Brookes's are rivals. Its constitution is essentially the same, and the terms of admission in both are twenty guineas, and the yearly subscription ten guineas. In the first instance, as in Brookes's, there was a good deal of gambling in White's, but that was in a great measure put an end to by the establishment of Crockford's. White's is celebrated for its good dinners, and for the friendly feeling which exists among its members. I cannot speak with certainty as to the number of its members, but I believe it is about 500, the majority of whom are of liberal politics.

BOODLE'S CLUB is also in St. James-street. Its constitution is so similar to that of Brookes's and White's, that it is unnecessary to describe it. The principal difference between the three clubs is, that while the other two are liberal, Boodle's is essentially a Tory club. The number of members is under 500. The house is small; but there is much more comfort in the interior than one would expect from its external appearance. The members are particularly attached to it; they are positive there is no club like it in London—nor out of London either. It is a club of which one hears little, but the members are everlastingly talking about it themselves; and they are quite surprised that it is not the univer-

sal topic of conversation. It is celebrated for the excellence of its steaks and chops, which, with most men, is a very great recommendation.

These three are the leading Subscription Clubs. I come now to the second class of Clubs. As already mentioned, they are very numerous. I shall confine myself to the leading ones, not taking them either according to their relative importance, or the date of their origin, but at perfect random. The principal clubs, then, of this class are—the Carlton Club, the Reform Club, the Athenæum Club, the Clarence Club, the Oxford and Cambridge University Club, the United University Club, the Oriental Club, the Travellers' Club, the Union Club, the United Service Club, the Junior United Service Club, and the Windham Club.

The CARLTON CLUB, Pall Mall, is one whose name meets one's eye every day in the public prints. It is essentially a political club. I need not add it is a thorough-going Tory club. The grand qualification, in addition to having the entrance money, 10*l.* 10*s.* in your pocket, and a good coat on your back, is your being known to be a person who will go the whole hog in Conservatism. Satisfy the members of this, and no further questions will be asked. You will have the honour of being elected by a universe

of white balls. The probability is they will be all white,—just as if there were not such a thing as a black ball in existence. Alas! how different the reception of candidates, whom one would think perfectly unexceptionable, at the Athenæum and most other clubs!

The number of members of the Carlton Club is at present about 950; it is, however, increasing every year. The admission money and the annual subscription are the same, namely, 10*l.* 10*s.* In this the Carlton differs from all the other clubs, as their entrance money is always much higher than the regular subscription. The income of the club for the present year is estimated at upwards of 12,000*l.*, while the current expenditure, it is supposed, will not exceed 6,850*l.* The following are the items which go to make up the current expenditure: I give them because they will furnish some idea of the leading sources of the expenses of all other clubs:—

Ground Rent and Taxes . . .	£1,000
Interest on 20,000 <i>l.</i> at five per cent. .	1,000
Servants' wages, Livery, and Board .	2,500
Fuel	350
Lighting	450
Newspapers	300

Periodicals	£100
Stationary and Printing	350
Washing	300
Miscellaneous	500

Making the above sum of 6,850*l*. This, however, gives no adequate notion of the expenses of the members of the Carlton Club. They are saddled with various other sources of expenditure. The rent and taxes of their old house cost them 600*l*. a year; while they estimate the additions it will be necessary to make to their stock of wines, their books, &c., during the current year, at 1,000*l*. Still, after all allowances are made for accidental and other expenses not mentioned, it is but justice to say that the income of the club exceeds the expenditure by two or three thousand pounds.

The Carlton Club, as all the world knows, have just built a new house. To enable them to have an edifice befitting Tory views of dignity, they borrowed 20,000*l*. at five per cent. on the mortgage security of the club. Of this sum they have expended 8,000*l*., with 8,000*l*. more of the funds previously in their hands. The balance of 12,000*l*., of the 20,000*l*. thus borrowed, they have invested in Exchequer Bills. In addition to the 16,000*l*. already paid towards

the expenses of erecting the new house, they owe Messrs. Bennett and Hunt, the contractors, 6,722*l.*, exclusive of the architect's commission, and the salary of the clerk of the works, amounting together to 1,459*l.* If to these sums be added the cost of the furniture, fixtures, and the fitting up of the offices—calculated to come to about 5,500*l.*—there will be a balance which the club owes on account of the house alone, of nearly 13,700*l.* When this sum is paid, which it probably will be by the time these sheets are in the hands of the reader, the Carlton Club will be in this position—they will be saddled with a debt of 20,000*l.* at five per cent.; but they will have property worth from 25,000*l.* to 30,000*l.*

The most extravagant notions prevail as to the resources of the Carlton Club. I have heard some persons, otherwise very intelligent, say that the committee have from a million and a half to two millions of money at their disposal for any political object. There never was a greater mistake. They have no funds at all at their disposal, beyond the two or three thousand pounds by which their income exceeds their expenditure; and even this sum is not applicable to general purposes: it must be confined solely to the repayment of the 20,000*l.* which the club

has borrowed, which will take some years to come. But though the Carlton Club has thus, properly speaking, no resources of its own, considered as a club, the great body of the members are rich, and are so zealously attached to their principles, that when the Tory cause is to be served, a considerable sum can be collected among them, which sum is sometimes placed at the disposal of the committee. The amount collected depends of course on the circumstances under which the application is made to the members. If it be to contest an election in a town of limited population, 4,000*l.* or 5,000*l.* may suffice. If the town be large, or the contest a close one, twice or thrice the sum may be necessary. If an important county, perhaps 30,000*l.* or 40,000*l.* may be indispensable. In either of these cases, however, except when repeated elections follow hard on each other, the sum required does not fall heavily on any one individual, because it is divided among so many. But when a general election happens, then they are, to use a homely but a very expressive term, made to bleed. To be sure, no one is compelled to contribute beyond his means, nor indeed, is he obliged to contribute at all; but, then, there is the spirit of emulation—the desire to keep up appearances—and, above all, the

fear of being suspected of lukewarmness to Tory principles. These considerations often prompt men, especially in the higher classes, and among Conservatives, to go far beyond their means. This was pre-eminently the case with the members of the Carlton Club at the last election. That election was brought about under peculiar circumstances. It was a mortal struggle for the ascendancy of the Tory party. Every member of the club, therefore, felt bound to make a great pecuniary sacrifice on the occasion,—especially after the example set them by Sir Robert Peel and the other most distinguished persons on their side of the question,—who were understood to have individually contributed to the amount of many thousands. I believe the entire sum collected—and expended, too,—by the Carlton Club on that occasion, was not much under half a million, exclusive of what was raised for the conflict from other sources. Contesting the county of Middlesex alone, against Mr. Hume, is understood to have cost the Tories upwards of 30,000*l.*, of which sum at least 20,000*l.* is ascribed to Carlton Club liberality. The members of that club, however, are not in a mood of mind—many of them, it may be safely added, are not in a condition as regards their purse—to repeat the game. Were there a

general election to-morrow, I do not believe the Carlton Club would evince half the zeal, and certainly not a fourth part of the liberality, it did on a similar occasion two years ago. At that time there were some scores of them who contrived to advance their hundreds of pounds each, to the general election fund, whom poor tradesmen, with large families entirely dependent on them, had been for years dunning in vain, for accounts of four or five pounds. To give, however, 500*l.* to serve a party purpose, while poor tradesmen, almost with tears in their eyes, appeal to them time after time without effect, for the payment of a bill of a few pounds,—is quite compatible with Tory notions of honesty : so it is, I regret to add, in too many instances with those of the Whigs.

The Tories are proverbial for their love of the good things of this life, and surely they must admit they have had, for the last forty years, until very lately, their own share of them. Since, however, their exclusion from office, they have not lived so well ; the difference being that formerly they lived on the public but now they are obliged to live on themselves. This is the secret of the Carlton Club cellar being so indifferently stocked. Its average value does not exceed 1,500*l.*, while some of the other clubs with

fewer members estimate the value of their wines at three or four times that sum. It would have been far otherwise in the good old high and palmy days of Toryism, when the Earl of Eldon, and Lords Liverpool, Castlereagh, &c. had every thing their own way.

The REFORM CLUB, Pall Mall, is of but recent institution. It was only opened in June last. The object of its establishment is to promote social intercourse among the Reformers of the United Kingdom. A more desirable object could not have been proposed. While the Tories had always been proverbial for their union, and their thorough knowledge of each others wants and wishes, the Reformers had been as remarkable for their disunion. They had not, in fact, anything which could serve as a rallying point. The Tories, besides many other bonds of union, have had for many years their Carlton Club: the Reformers had no such institution until the establishment of the present club. It is an association which must be of immense advantage to Reformers and the cause of reform. It is a rival to the Carlton Club. It has been established with the view of rendering the same service to the cause of Reform which that club has rendered to the cause of Toryism. And there cannot be a question that the Reform

Club will be of most essential service to the Liberal cause. It brings the leading Reformers into frequent and familiar intercourse together, and under the able and active secretaryship of Mr. Scott, is made a sort of rallying point not only for the Liberals in the metropolis, but throughout the country. The club is to consist of 1,000 members, exclusive of members of either House of Parliament and of foreigners of distinction. Although only established two or three months, it already boasts of 1,200 members, including many of the most distinguished peers in the Reform interest, and a large majority of the liberal members of the House of Commons. Among the members are, his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, the Duke of Grafton, the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Cleveland, the Earl of Essex, and all the members of Lord Melbourne's Administration. Lord John Russell, Mr. Spring Rice, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Poulet Thomson, Lord Duncannon, the Attorney and Solicitor Generals, the Lord Advocate, and other members of Government, often spend a social hour or two in the Reform Club, when the pressure of official business will permit. Occasionally are seen at dinner in it, the Duke of Cleveland, the Earl of Essex, and other distinguished noblemen. Mr. O'Connell,

Mr. Hume and many of the other leading Reformers are in the habit of dining there almost every day during the sitting of Parliament.

The club-house though not so large as the houses in which some of the other clubs meet, is beautifully fitted up. Most of the furniture has been supplied by the Messrs. Seddons, the eminent cabinet-makers who furnished Windsor Castle. The present club-house is only temporary: it is the intention of the club to remove to an elegant and spacious building at Whitehall, which will have the further advantage of being in the immediate vicinity of Parliament.

The club has a select library belonging to it, which is already valuable, and means are taking to make it one of the largest and best, belonging to any of the clubs.

The trustees of the Reform Club are the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Mulgrave, the Earl of Durham, Mr. Edward Ellice, M.P., and General Sir R. Fergusson, M.P.

The terms of admission are twenty guineas of entrance money, and a yearly subscription of five guineas. To make the subscription money as reasonable as possible, was a wise resolution on the part of those with whom the idea originated. It will secure a more varied membership, and a more extensive interchange

of sentiment among the respectable Reformers of all classes,—which was precisely the thing which the Liberal cause wanted. It is only surprising that the Reformers never had such a club before. They are aware, I believe, that this was a serious error of omission on their part: better, however, that the error be remedied late than never. Let them now turn the advantages which the Reform Club affords them, to the best account.

The ATHENÆUM CLUB, corner of Pall Mall, is one of the best known institutions in the metropolis. The number of members is about 1,300. The terms of admission are twenty guineas, and six guineas for the yearly subscription. The club was “instituted for the association of individuals, known for their scientific or literary attainments, artists of eminence in any class of the fine arts, and noblemen and gentlemen distinguished as liberal patrons of science, literature, or the arts.” Such are the words made use of in describing the objects of the institution, by those with whom it had its origin. The qualification of admission consists, of course, in the party's coming under either of the above designations. With the view of securing the annual introduction into the club of a certain number of persons of distinguished eminence in

science, literature, or the arts, the committee are vested with the power of electing nine such persons every year. Those who put down their names in the list of candidates are balloted for by the members the same as in other clubs. To get admitted into the Athenæum is considered a great honour, owing partly to the constitution of the club, and partly to the great difficulty of obtaining admission. Of late the members have got what Sir Francis Burdett would call a "nasty trick" of blackballing the candidates. It is computed that, for some time past, nine out of every ten candidates have been blackballed. Six members only have been elected during the present year. They are all, however, men of more or less distinction. Their names are the Right Hon. James Abercromby, Speaker of the House of Commons; Mr. John Macniel, minister plenipotentiary to the Court of Persia, and author of "Researches in the East;" Mr. J. G. Wilkinson, author of a work on "Thebes," and another on the "Domestic Manners of the Egyptians," &c.; Captain Back, author of the "Voyage to the Arctic Regions;" Mr. William Thomas Brande, professor of chemistry; and Mr. Charles Barry, the architect, whose plan for the two Houses of Parliament has been adopted.

The house in which the Athenæum Club meet was built some six or seven years ago. The expense of the edifice alone was 35,000*l.* while nearly 5,000*l.* more were required for furnishing it: it is a very large and elegant building. The interior is unusually splendid. I went through it with Mr. Galt, two or three years ago,—the last time, I believe, he ever was in it. Nothing could exceed the taste and judgment with which the whole of the interior was laid out. Some idea will be formed of the way in which it is fitted up, when I mention that, in addition to 5,000*l.* for furniture, the plate, linen, china, glass, and cutlery, cost 2,500*l.* The library alone is valued at 4,000*l.* and the stock of wine which is kept in the cellars, is supposed to be worth on an average from 3,500*l.* to 4,000*l.* After making every deduction for tear and wear, the property of the club, including, of course, the house, is valued at 47,000*l.* while the amount of its debts is only about 18,500*l.*, 12,000*l.* of the sum being borrowed from the Phoenix Fire Office, at 4 per cent., and the remaining 1,500*l.* consisting of the claims of tradesmen. The club has thus a virtual balance in its favour of about 33,500*l.*

The trustees of the Athenæum Club, are the Earl of Aberdeen, Sir Martin Archer Shee,

Lord Yarborough, Mr. John Wilson Croker, and Mr. Gilbert Davies. The yearly income of the club is 9,000*l.*, and the expenditure is about the same.

The rules and regulations of the Athenæum are strictly worded, with the view of making it essentially a literary and scientific association. It is, however, by no means such. There are hundreds of members whose names are altogether unknown to fame, either as literary or scientific characters, as artists, or as patrons of literature, science, or the arts. It would be invidious to mention the names of such individuals; but the reader may convince himself that there is a very ample harvest of them, by referring, if accessible to him, to a list of the members.

The CLARENCE CLUB, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, deserves to be next noticed, not because of its importance, but because it is a sort of Junior Athenæum. The majority of its members consists of gentlemen, who either broke off some years ago from the Athenæum, in consequence of a misunderstanding among the members, or who have since applied in vain for admission to it. The name under which it started was The Literary Union Club; but about two years since it renounced that name and baptized itself the Clarence Club. Two versions of the circum-

stances which led to this change of name, are current in the other clubs. The first is, that by some means or other a great number of what Professor Wilson, of "Blackwood's Magazine," would call "waft" characters, contrived to get in amongst them. How to get rid of such persons, was, under all the circumstances, found to be a matter of no small difficulty. To have proposed the formal expulsion of all whom it would have been necessary to excommunicate before the club could have been in any degree purged of its impurities, was a task which few were disposed to undertake. One member had no objection to propose the expulsion of Dr. Wade, who had belonged to it from its commencement, but then there were others whom it was deemed as desirable to get rid of as he, whose ejection no member would formally propose. It was, therefore, eventually agreed among the more respectable members to dissolve the club and reorganize it under the name of the Clarence, which would give them an opportunity of blackballing the tainted sheep when they sought for admission into the new club.

Such is one version of the story respecting the circumstances under which the Literary Union Club changed its name to that of the Clarence. The other version is this:—On oc-

casion of the last annual ball, before the dissolution, to the servants of the club, several members happened, like Tam O'Shanter, to become "o'er all the ills of life victorious," by an undue devotion to the juice of the grateful grape. They danced with the maids with an energy which would have done no discredit to the principal performers in a Scotch Highland fling. Tired of the dance, and of "tasting the lips" of Sally, and Mary, and Janet, and the entire sisterhood, in short, of cookees, housemaids, scullerymaids, &c., they ordered pipes and tobacco, and became so uproarious that no Irishman could have wished a more "jolly ould row." Among the fruits of the frolic were the smashing of sundry panes of glass, and the demolition of no inconsiderable quantity of crockery, with other goods and chattels belonging to the club. One leading performer in the scene is said to have been a popular poet. If so—for I do not know of a certainty that he was present; but if he was, what "Pleasure," it will be asked, could ne "Hope" to derive from taking part in such an exhibition? That is a question which I cannot answer. No one, I take it for granted, can answer it but the poet himself. It should, therefore, be put direct to him. This, however, is a matter which does not immediately concern my

readers. Let me keep, therefore, to my subject. The "affair" came to the ears of the committee—for there are always birds in the air to carry such matters to the place where, above all, it could be wished they were not carried—the "affair," I say, came to the ears of the committee, and the result was that they determined on a dissolution of the club, in order that it might be relieved from the membership of such persons.

These are the two versions of the circumstances under which the Literary Union Club was dissolved. My own impression is, that instead of either version being the correct one by itself, they afford the reason of the dissolution taken conjointly. A wish had long been expressed by the more respectable members to get rid of those who were the reverse of respectable, and some of the latter being among the most distinguished actors in the scene to which I have referred—and which Dr. Wade says was the richest "flare up" he ever witnessed—it was thought proper to choose that particular time for dissolving the club.

Among those who quitted the Athenæum and took an active part in forming the Literary Union Club, was Mr. Campbell, the author of the "Pleasures of Hope." Some time after-

wards, however, he became tired of the latter concern, and applied for re-admission to the Athenæum. He thought his reputation would be a passport to him to any literary club, and that, as on his entrance in the first instance he had paid his twenty guineas, the members would receive him on his return with open arms without paying any new admission money; but he found it was, as the hackney coachmen say, "no go!" He was told that without another twenty guineas there could be no admittance: some people say, that even with it, the poet would have had but a poor chance.

The number of members of the Clarence Club is limited to 600, exclusive of those on the supernumerary list. The entrance money is fifteen guineas, and the annual subscription five guineas. No specified qualification for admission is required. The house the Club occupies does not belong to it, but is held at a rental of 850*l.* a year. It is neither large nor elegantly furnished compared with the other leading clubs. The furniture, inclusive of the library, is only valued at a little more than 1000*l.* The yearly income of the club is somewhat under 4,500*l.*, and its expenditure is within a few pounds of the same sum. It has no noblemen among its members, and only three members of the

House of Commons, one of whom is Mr. O'Connell. The Trustees are Mr. Thomas Campbell, Mr. John Hardwick, and Dr. Lardner, editor of the Cyclopædia which goes by his name. Mr. Campbell thinks the club will soon have a surplus fund of some extent. It is not for me to say what dependence is to be placed on the accuracy of his computations; this, however, every body knows, that poets are not proverbial for being the most correct in their financial calculations.

The OXFORD and CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY CLUB, corner of St. James' Square, though not very often mentioned in public, except by the members themselves, is one of great wealth and importance: it consisted last year of 750 members, to which number it is limited. The members must belong in equal proportions to either University, that is to say, 375 to that of Oxford, and 375 to that of Cambridge; but though nominally limited to 750 members, there is a clause in one of the regulations empowering the committee to add to their number by a new ballot when the applications for admission exceed 200. Such has been the case this year, and fifty new members have been added to the club. The admission money is twenty guineas, and the annual subscription six guineas. The club admits persons

who have been a certain time at either of the Universities though they should not have attained any honours. Had any such distinction been a necessary qualification, there are scores of the members who would never have passed the portals of the club; for a very considerable proportion of them are men of that mental calibre, that there would be little reason to expect they could ever, in any circumstances, have distinguished themselves in the walks of literature. It is Burns, I think, who says, speaking of our universities, that many persons go into them "stirks and come out asses." In some instances this may be the fault of the universities, or rather of the system of education which obtains in them; but in the majority of cases it will be found that the fault lies with the persons themselves. It is an old saying, that "men cannot make bricks without straw;" neither can the universities make scholars of those whom Nature or Fate has made dunces. Where brains previously exist it is the province of the universities to turn them to the best account, but they cannot put brains into the heads of the brainless.

Let me not be understood as insinuating that there is a greater amount of intellectual deficiency among the members of the Oxford and Cambridge University Club, than there is among

those of other Clubs, or other bodies of men. What I am anxious to guard against is, the danger of people going away with the impression, from the name of the Club, that its members are essentially literary men.

The Oxford and Cambridge University Club are at present building a new house on the south side of Pall Mall; it will, when finished, be a magnificent edifice. The cost of the building will be about 25,000*l.*, and 5,000*l.* more will be required to furnish it. It is expected to be open for the reception of the members in January, 1838. They have taken a lease of the ground for ninety-nine years, at a rental of 500*l.* per annum.

The receipts of the Club last year were 7,669*l.* and the expenditure was 7,374*l.*, leaving a balance in favour of the club of 295*l.* Mr. Elliot, the Chairman of the Committee, thinks this balance will be greater next year. The club is not only out of debt—a tale, as Mr. Hume says, which very few clubs can tell—but it has 7,500*l.* invested in the public funds. This sum, however, will go but a short length in erecting and furnishing their new house. To the work of borrowing, therefore, they must go, and they expect to raise the requisite sum at 4 per cent. while

the Carlton and several of the other clubs are paying 5 per cent.

The UNITED UNIVERSITY CLUB, corner of Suffolk Street, is a sort of Junior Oxford and Cambridge. The trustees are the Duke of Northumberland, Sir Robert Peel, and Mr. Edmund Pollekfen Bastard. All persons are eligible to the club who have regularly proceeded to a degree, after at least one year's residence at either University; all persons who, having been admitted of any college or hall, shall have resided during at least two years, and shall have discontinued their residence; and also all persons who shall have obtained the honorary degree of doctor or master of arts. Students of civil law above three years' standing and residence, are likewise eligible. The number of members is about 1,200; one half of whom belong to the University of Oxford, and the other to the University of Cambridge. The estimated expenditure of the club for the present year is 7,882*l.*, and the income 8,316*l.*, leaving a balance in favour of the club of 434*l.* The admission money is very high: it is twenty-five guineas. The annual subscription is more moderate: it is six guineas. The club keeps a tolerably good cellar: its estimated average value is not much

under 2,000*l*. The amount of money received last year in the coffee-room on account of wine alone exceeded 1,000*l*. The "Tasting Committee" are celebrated for being judges of "a good article in this line;" there are few clubs where one can get a better glass. There is an Irish member of parliament who is so excellent a judge of "heavy wet"—and he is, by the way, no less remarkable for the extent of his consumption of it—that many of the coal-heavers on the Thames make a point of ascertaining the wine vaults which he is in the habit of patronising, in order that they may drink their beer at the same houses, feeling, as they do, assured that he will "ferret" out the places where the best pot of porter is kept. It is the same in the case of the United University Club and of the wine the members drink. There are people who patronise the same wine merchants as it does, simply because they are aware of the undeniable judgment of the "Tasting Committee." A very considerable proportion of the members of the club are fully as celebrated among themselves for sipping the juice of the tender grape as they were, when at the University, for sucking the milk of Alma Mater.

The house in which the club meet is much too small for their comfortable accommoda-

tion: last year the committee undertook to submit a plan to a general meeting of the members for its enlargement, but they found, after incurring considerable expense in their efforts to obtain the desired additional accommodation, that their object was not to be accomplished. It is probable they will soon build a more suitable place for themselves.

The ORIENTAL CLUB, corner of Hanover Square, consists of gentlemen who have resided some time in the East. A great majority of its members are persons who are living at home on the fortunes they have amassed in India. India and Indian matters form the everlasting topics of their conversation. I have often thought it would be worth the while of some curious person to endeavour to count the number of times the words Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras are pronounced by the members in the course of a day. The admission money to the Oriental Club is twenty pounds; the annual subscription is eight pounds. The number of members is 550. The finances of the Oriental are in a flourishing state, the receipts last year amounted to 5,609*l.*, while the expenditure was only 4,923*l.*, thus leaving a balance in favour of the club of 685*l.*; no small sum for one year's excess of income over the expenditure. It is calculated that the account for

the current year will present results still more satisfactory. The probable balance in favour of the club is estimated at 716*l*.; at this rate they will get more rapidly out of debt than clubs usually do. Within the last five years they have reduced the amount of their debt by nearly 4,000*l*. The claims on them still exceed 20,000*l*.; but then their property is estimated at 40,000*l*., which Sir Pulteney Malcolm, the chairman of the committee, says is by no means an extravagant estimate. Nabobs are usually remarkable for the quantity of snuff they take; the account against the club for this article is so small that they must be sparing in the use of it; it only averages 17*l*. 10*s*. per annum. Possibly, however, most of the members are in the habit of carrying boxes of their own, which would account for their apparent moderation.

THE TRAVELLERS' CLUB, which, to speak in "travelling" phraseology, is bounded by the Athenæum Club on the right hand, and the Reform Club on the left hand, on the south side of Pall Mall,—consists of upwards of 700 members. The leading qualification is having travelled a certain distance beyond the Pyrenees: however much farther, the better. Some men glory in one thing, some in another. — Lord John Russell glories in being the leader of the

Whig House of Commons, Mr. O'Connell glories in agitation, Mr. Hume in figures, Colonel Sibthorpe in his mustachios, Count D'Orsay in his whiskers, and Lord Ellenborough in his curls; but the members of the Travellers' Club glory in having travelled, and in nothing else. Not to have travelled, is, in their view, to be nothing; to have made a tour beyond the limits which constitute the ground of eligibility to their club, is everything. The countries which the various members have visited in their time, and the adventures they have had, sometimes with the natives, and sometimes with wild beasts, are the subjects of everlasting conversation with them. Not a day passes in which whole volumes of travels, in every quarter and country of the world, are not spoken in their place of meeting. I envy the lucky fellows of waiters. If they purchase Mr. Conder's "Modern Traveller," or any works of travels of any kind, they must have more money than they know how to apply to a good purpose, and be great blockheads to the bargain. If they are not sufficiently instructed, without the aid of books, touching every country under heaven, and touching some countries, too, which some people quietly hint are not yet discovered,—they must be a very unteachable set of persons. If they will not

learn from the members who *have* been "abroad," neither would they learn from another personage who is said to be just *now* abroad,—namely, the schoolmaster.

The Travellers' Club have lately built a very handsome house. Of the sum necessary to build this house, 13,440*l.* was raised by debentures, held by the members, in 256 shares of 52*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* each, bearing interest at five per cent., and 8,000*l.* more was borrowed from Messrs. Coutts and Co., at four per cent. interest. Of the latter sum, 1,600*l.* has been paid off in two instalments of 800*l.* each, within the last two years. The present amount of the responsibilities of the club, is, speaking in round numbers, 20,000*l.*; but their property is worth some thousands more than that sum. They are not, however, at present, in what the late Lord Castlereagh would have called the high road to pay off their debt; for their expenditure for the current year is estimated at 8,745*l.*, while their income is only expected to be 8,451*l.* To be sure, in the supposed amount of expenditure, is included the sum of 800*l.* which is to be paid as a further instalment to the Messrs. Coutts: still when allowances are made for the interest on the balance, and the possibility, that while the receipts may fall a little short of the expenditure,

they may somewhat exceed the estimate,—the club will not make much progress this year in getting out of debt.

Both the entrance and subscription terms of this club are very high. The former are higher than that of any other club: they are 31*l.* 10*s.* The annual subscription is 10*l.* 10*s.*

The UNION CLUB, Cockspur-street, is perhaps, in a pecuniary point of view, the most flourishing institution of a similar kind in the metropolis. It has at present an available surplus, for future contingencies, of nearly 3,000*l.*; while a very great addition is expected to be made to it at the close of the current year. That addition, according to the probable estimate, will be very near 1,500*l.*; the supposed receipts being 10,000*l.* and upwards, while the expenditure, it is assumed, will not exceed 8,500*l.* The number of the members is somewhere about 1,100. The admission-money is twenty-six guineas, and the annual subscription six guineas. The Union Club beats, as sportsmen say, all the other clubs hollow in the affair of the cellar,—which, disguise it as people will, is the most important matter after all. What would you give, reader, for the stock of wine “down stairs?” Perhaps you will say, on chance, 3,000*l.* Well then, let me tell you,

that you do the members a gross injustice: they would not take twice the sum; no, nor 1,000*l.* to the bargain; for they themselves lately estimated the value of their wines at 7,150*l.*, and Mr. Macleod, the Chairman of the Committee, is decidedly of opinion, they would not have materially erred had they appraised the value of their cellar at a few pounds more.

The UNITED SERVICE CLUB, Pall Mall, is one of the most flourishing institutions of the kind in town. The class of members of whom it is composed will be at once inferred from its designation. The qualification for admission is the having attained to a certain *status* in either service.

The house is a very handsome one externally, and is splendidly furnished and fitted up in the interior. Including the furniture, plate, &c., the house has cost little short of 30,000*l.* Of course the club was obliged to borrow a large sum of money before they could proceed with such an undertaking. Of the sum so borrowed, about 18,000*l.* is still owing. The club, however, is in a fair way of liquidating their debt. Last year they reduced the account by 1,440*l.*; while Admiral Stopford, the Chairman of the Committee of Management, is confident, that the balance of money the club will have at their disposal, after meeting the current expenses,

will, in round numbers, be 1,500*l*. The estimated receipts for the present year are nearly 10,500*l*., while it is calculated that the expenditure will be under 9,000*l*. The United Service Club boasts of a greater number of members, with one or two exceptions, than any other similar institution in the metropolis. The number is about 1,550. The entrance-money is unusually high, being thirty pounds. The annual subscription is six guineas. Notwithstanding the amount of the entrance-money, there are always a great many more candidates for admission than can be accepted. In one very important point, the United Service Club has a superiority over all the rest: it has the best cellar. According to the last estimate, the stock of wine is worth 7,722*l*. This looks well. A cellar so amply replenished must be no small recommendation to the club. It goes far to account for the extraordinary anxiety manifested by certain gentlemen to be admitted as members.

The JUNIOR UNITED SERVICE CLUB, Charles Street, St. James's Square, is limited, as the name applies, to the members of the two services. By one of the rules of the club the number of persons to be admitted is restricted to 1,500 effective members. Beside these, however, there are usually about 300 supernumeraries. To procure admis-

sion to this club is extremely difficult, in consequence of the number of candidates at all times on the list. The number of candidates at present is not much under 2,000. It sometimes happens that gentlemen will be on the list for ten or twelve years before they are admitted. The qualifications for admission are; having been an officer in either service or taking an appointment in the military department, at home or abroad, corresponding in rank with the commissioned officers of the army; being a captain, or lieutenant of the naval service of the East India Company, or a captain of a regular Indiaman; being a lord lieutenant in Great Britain, or governor of a county in Ireland. Persons who may have retired from the services are also eligible. So are midshipmen and assistant surgeons; but he who belongs to either of the latter classes is considered a fortunate man, who, of late, has found a sufficient number of white balls to open the doors of the club to him.

The patrons of the Junior United Service are, the Duke of Wellington, the Marquis of Anglesey, Earl Rosslyn, Lord Hill, Sir George Cockburn, and Sir Herbert Taylor. Among the trustees, there are no gentlemen of any great distinction. Their names are, Sir J. P. Beresford, Bart., Sir John Elly, Sir James

Cockburn, Bart., Sir Archibald Christie, Lieutenant-Colonel G. Althorpe, and Lieutenant-Colonel John Mills.

The entrance-money to this club is twenty guineas, and the annual subscription five guineas. The receipts for the current year, will, it is expected, be 10,571*l.*, and the expenditure, it is supposed, will not exceed 10,223*l.*, leaving a surplus in hand, at the end of the year, of 348*l.* The club is nominally in debt to the amount of 3,445*l.*, which it owes to parties holding thirty-three debentures of one hundred guineas each. In point of fact, however, its debt is only 265*l.* as the stock of wines in its cellar is valued at 3,200*l.* If the Junior United Service Club go on for some years to come as it has done for some years past, it will have more money in its hands than it will know what to do with. Last year it paid off upwards of 1,000*l.* of its debt, and the year before, 700*l.* Mr. Morris Ximenes, the Chairman of the Committee, does not entertain a doubt that in a few years the club will be entirely out of debt. How many of the members, as well as the members of all the other clubs, wish they had the prospect of being, as individuals, in the same blessed predicament!

In all of the clubs there are a greater or less

number of eccentric characters. The United Service Clubs have more than their quota of such persons. One gentleman who takes a lively interest in the affairs of *the* Club, as he calls it, goes among the other members by the ugly cognomen of "The Dog of War." He is celebrated for his love of a good fish dinner, and in order that his taste in that way may be gratified, he is in the habit every day of making the descent of the kitchen, for the purpose of choosing the largest and best portion of the fish. His olfactory nerves are always, on such occasions, put in requisition to ascertain the comparative qualities of the various "lots," as he calls them, of fish exhibited to his delighted gaze. And when once he has nosed out the best "lot," which he does with infallible certainty, he takes care to give positive orders that a portion of it be reserved for him. So undeniably worthy of confidence are the testing capabilities of his olfactory nerves, that several other members, also fond of good fish dinners, but not altogether liking to resort to the same means to gratify their taste, make a point of finding out what kind of fish "The Dog of War" has singled out for his meal, and forthwith, without asking any questions of the waiters, order the requisite quantum of the same.

Another member, a well-known colonel, is a great admirer, and equally great practiser, of economy. He is anxious also to see others adopt his economical notions; and knowing, as every true philosopher does, that example is, in all such matters, better than precept, he always orders two mutton chops, with the annexed proviso, that they be "thick cut and well done." He likewise takes care to have them "up before four o'clock," by which means he saves a sixpence, technically called, in this case, the expenses of the table.

A third gentleman's eccentricities take quite a different turn from either of the other two. The gentleman to whom I refer is proud of his spectacles; but he seems to glory still more in his loquacious acquirements. He is eternally talking: sitting, standing, eating, or drinking, his organs of speech are always in full play. Let it be no longer said that the perpetual motion which used to be so much talked of by philosophers, has not yet been discovered. I say it has. Do you doubt it? Go to the Club in question, and hear Dr. ——— talking, and, I'll answer for it, your doubts will be at once removed. He never, even by accident, ate his dinner without its being completely spoiled by indulgence in his loquacious propensities. But the worst of it is, the evil

does not rest with himself. He rises perhaps twenty or thirty times before he masticates his own dinner, and interrupts, by obtruding his conversation on them, all the gentlemen in the room while eating theirs. If it be a sin to spoil other people's dinners, as well as one's own, the worthy doctor is a transgressor of the first magnitude. Many a thousand has he been guilty of spoiling in his time. In order to annoy others the more effectually while at their fish, their joints, or their chops, he often makes a point of performing the tour of the coffee-room ten or twelve times, singling out each gentleman in succession, to have "a little chat with,"—though they are so devotedly intent on their dinner as not to be in a condition to take part in the most interesting conversation in which human beings could be engaged. It is often with difficulty they can restrain themselves from apostrophising him audibly—"A plague on that restless, rattling tongue of yours, Doctor."

Do you see that little lean gentleman walking pompously about the coffee-room, with a book under his arm, and a bunch of keys in his hands? There is not a better judge of a good glass of wine in Christendom. He is fond of a good dinner: who is not? Ask him to one, and, if you are a merchant, you will have no

reason to repent it. Some of your goods, if the quality be undeniable, and the prices reasonable, will be sure to be forthwith ordered, and yourself patronised by a United Service Club. Take care, however, that your articles are of the first quality, and the prices fair: if not, though your dinners were such as to eclipse a Lord Mayor's, and your presents as liberal as those of an Eastern prince, you will not get an order to the extent of what Mr. Wakley, the member for Finsbury, calls "three ha'pennies." The United Service Club in question have one of the best and most faithful providers for the table at this moment extant: they always err when they do not adopt his suggestions.

In both the United Service Clubs, the never-failing topics of conversation are, the army and navy lists, promotions, half-pay, full-pay, and so forth. I would not wish my greatest enemy, provided—for I do not know him—he do not belong to either of the Services, a severer punishment than to sit and listen to the conversation, from morning to night, at one of these clubs. Some time ago, a plain blunt Scotch farmer, but of a somewhat irritable temper,—in the neighbourhood of Elgin, county of Moray, asked half-a-dozen officers of the army to dine

with him, simply on account of their being friends of his son, who was also an officer in the service. There were no ladies in the party. After a few common-place compliments to "mine host" for his excellent dinner, the conversation assumed a professional aspect, and for two long hours, without one moment's interruption, were the ears of the poor old farmer assailed with ensigns, captains, lieutenants, half-pay, full-pay, promotions, court-martials, &c. Not one word did he get an opportunity of putting in all this time: he sat as mute in his own house, as does the statue of George the Third, just erected at the foot of the Haymarket. His indignation—with difficulty stifled for two long hours—at last burst forth in tones of such stentorian power, that he nearly frightened his martial party as much as if the enemy had suddenly broken in upon them. "Blast your eyes, gentlemen," shouted he, "can none of you speak about 'nout,'* or something of that kind?" If, then, two hours' conversation of this kind, among half-a-dozen officers, was such an infliction to the Scotch farmer, what must an entire day be in a place where fifty or sixty are all talking at once on such subjects?

The WINDHAM CLUB, St. James's-square, was

* "Nout" is a Scotticism, and means black cattle.

formed for the purpose of securing a convenient and agreeable place of meeting for a society of gentlemen, all connected with each other by a common bond of literary or personal acquaintance. The club is limited to 600 members. The entrance money is twenty guineas, and the annual subscription seven guineas. There is a feeling of peculiar friendship towards each other, entertained by the members of this club. They may be said to constitute one brotherhood. That, indeed, was to be expected from the principle on which the club was established. In other respects it resembles similar institutions.

Such are the leading Clubs of London. Of minor ones there is a great number; but it would be unwise to devote more space to them. It is worthy of observation, that there are few instances on record of unsuccessful attempts to establish such clubs as those to which I have adverted. The only unsuccessful effort of the kind, within my knowledge, which has been made during the last few years, was in the case of the late Westminster Reform Club. This abortive attempt was made in 1834. The place of meeting was 24, George-street, Westminster, in the immediate neighbourhood of the two houses of Parliament. The number of mem-

bers was to be 1,000; but they never mustered 150, though balloting was dispensed with, and the recommendation of two members of Parliament only required to insure admission. Before the club had been six weeks in existence, some of the gentlemen who took the most active part in its formation, were seen to shake their heads significantly whenever the prospects of the institution were talked of; as much as to say—if members of Parliament, of whom, by-the-by, the committee was to be exclusively composed—can condescend to use such homely phraseology; as much as to say—"It's no go." The entrance money was ten guineas; the annual subscription five guineas; but, as already stated, there were, as Mr. Roebuck remarked, "precious few entrances;" and those who were foolish enough to enter made it their very first thing to make their exit again. It is no joke, but the sober truth, when I state, that one gentleman—I could give his name, but I dare say he would much rather that I did not; that one gentleman, in a few days after he had paid his ten guineas admission money—with what difficulty he raised the sum is best known to himself—had an application made to him for another 11*l.* to assist in paying some debt which had been contracted in connexion with the con-

sumption of the contents of the cellar. He looked amazed—could not conceive what it was all about—took his hat in his hand—put it on his head—and walked himself out at the door, inwardly anathematizing the day he had crossed its threshold, and—need I add?—deeply lamenting the loss of his ten guineas. To state the thing, as Mr. Buckingham did, in one word—he “bolted,” and was never seen any more in that quarter. In a few weeks afterwards, the remaining members, by common consent, quitted the place in a body, and the Westminster Reform Club was no more heard of. The trustees of this abortion of a club were Mr. Joshua Scolefield, M.P.; Mr. Rigby Wason, M.P.; Mr. John Wilks, M.P.; and Mr. Alderman Wood, M.P.

Every club has one or more rules and regulations peculiar to itself; but there are some rules and regulations which are common to them all. However much, for instance, they may differ in other matters, they all agree in this—“That no member of the club shall, on any account, bring a dog into the club-house,”—a regulation, by the way, which keeps many gentlemen at a distance when they would be in the club-house; for some gentlemen occasionally find it more difficult than most people imagine, to

get rid of their dogs. In all of the clubs, with the exception of the first three, it is one of the leading rules, that "no game of hazard shall on any account be ever played, nor shall dice be used in the club-house." It is another, that no higher stake than half-guinea points shall ever be played for. All the clubs open at nine o'clock in the morning for the reception of members, and close at two on the following morning. One very wholesome regulation common to the clubs is, that "all members are to pay their bills for every expense they incur in the club, *before they leave the house*,"* the steward having positive orders not to open accounts with any individual." I am sure this will be found at all the clubs an indispensable regulation—so indispensable, indeed, that there would be no managing matters without it. Only imagine it were departed from in the case of the Clarence Club,—late the Literary Union—which swarms with hungry authors, both in poetry and prose: what, in such a case, would be the state of matters? Why, it would be all credit together.

Before a candidate for admission into any of the clubs can be balloted for, he must be proposed by one member, and seconded by another,

* The italics are not mine

and his name and usual place of residence, his rank, (if in the army or navy,) his profession, occupation, or other description, must be inserted at the time of the proposition, in the book of candidates. The names of the proposer and seconder must be in their own hand-writing, that of the proposer being annexed at the time of making the proposal, and that of the seconder a week before the name can be put up for ballot. A list containing the names of the persons to be balloted for, together with those of the proposers and seconds, must be put above the mantel-piece, or in some of the public rooms, at least a week before the day of ballot. One black ball in ten excludes the candidate.

One source, though not a very prolific one, of revenue to the clubs, is in the purchase of cards. When four members sit down to have a rubber at whist, they pay a shilling each for the pack of cards they use, and as no pack is played with twice, some of the clubs "draw" yearly from eighty to one hundred pounds from this source.

A similar sum is obtained by most of the clubs from baths kept for the convenience of the members. A shilling is the charge. In many cases these baths are most useful. For exam-

ple, when the Earl of Winchilsea has worked himself into "a heat" by one of his violent speeches in the House of Lords, he has only to go to the Carlton Club, and cool himself in one of these baths. Colonel Sibthorpe, again, can at any time purify himself—his body at least—from the contamination caught in a "Reformed" House of Commons, by immersion in one of the baths of the Junior United Service Club. Or should Mr. Thomas Attwood, the member for "Brummagem," as he himself always pronounces the word, feel feverish while he witnesses the stupidity and criminality of the legislature in not returning to a small note currency,—he has only to adopt the advice of the Honourable Mrs. Norton to her husband, and stepping into the Reform Club, "take a bath and be better."

It is quite fashionable with certain people to pour forth all manner of abuse on the clubs. Never was abuse, in my opinion, more undeserved. I think them very excellent institutions, or, as Mr. O'Connell calls them, "mighty good things." What is the ground of complaint against them? Why, in the first place, that they have a tendency to make men unsociable. I deny it, as one of Sir Walter Scott's heroes—I forget which—says, point blank. I maintain,

on the other hand, that their natural tendency is, by bringing men together and engaging them in conversation, to make them more sociable. Well, but it is said, they impair a man's domestic habits by taking him away from his wife and children. Could there be a more ridiculous notion? Surely no reasonable woman would have her husband always with her. I could name thousands of wives whose pockets are not overstocked with cash, who would pay the entrance money, aye, and the yearly subscriptions to boot, to any of the clubs, if they could only prevail on their "lords" to join them. They know little of the natural history of married women, who do not know that of all inflictions in this world, that of having their husbands everlastingly moping at home is the greatest. This calamity is felt most sensibly by young and handsome wives. No price would, in their estimation, be too high, that would purchase the absence for four or five hours each day, of their particularly domestic husbands.

But even were it otherwise; supposing it really were so, that the women generally complained of their husbands neglecting to fulfil their domestic obligations by frequenting the clubs, is that to be admitted, without explanation and without qualification, as a charge

against them? I hope better things. I am sure the people of the present age are too enlightened for that. First of all, I hold that if a husband spends too much of his time in the clubs, the fault is that of his spouse, and not his own. There must be "something rotten in the state of Denmark;" there must be misgovernment, if not absolute despotism at home, when a husband prefers the clubs, as a place of resort, to his own house. Well, and is such an unhappy person to have no place of refuge to go to? Is he to be doomed to endure the oppression of his better half in addition to the squalling of his children,—that is, on the supposition he has any? Why, really, those who know anything of the miseries of matrimonial domination, when the tyrant is in petticoats, will say at once, that the punishment which the northern Nero inflicts on the poor Poles when he banishes them to the mines of Siberia, is nothing in severity to that of being always at home with one's wife, under the circumstances I have stated. Here let me observe, that though we have few modern Socrates', the crop of Xantippea is as plentiful as was that of Falstaff's blackberries. To such husbands, therefore, the clubs are, to all practical purposes, benevolent asylums without the unpopularity of the name.

One very great advantage of the clubs is, that the members can dine much more cheaply there than anywhere else. Everything is furnished them at cost price; and they can order as little of anything as they please. The Duke of Wellington sometimes dines on his joint at the Carlton, at an expense of one shilling, and Mr. Hume does the same at the Reform Club. Though his Grace and the honourable member for Middlesex are very different persons as regards their political opinions, there is a remarkable harmony between them on all matters relating to private economy. The advantage of these one shilling dinners at the clubs over dining at an eating or chop-house, is that you save the penny to the waiter, which both the Duke and Mr. Hume consider a matter of great importance.

At all the clubs there are wine committees. To be a member of these committees is often an object of anxious desire on the part of many gentlemen. The reason may not at first sight be apparent: perhaps it will be guessed, when I mention that one of the principal duties of the committee is to take care that the wines ordered be of the best quality, a point which can only, of course, be gained by *tasting* the wines before they are ordered.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GAMING HOUSES.

Crockford's—His history—The Athenæum—Minor houses—Three classes of gamblers—Gaming a most pernicious passion—Its influence on the human character—A passion for gambling an absorbing one—Is incurable—Description of persons who chiefly visit the second and third class of gaming houses—Reason why almost every person loses at the gambling houses explained—Gains and character of the gambling house proprietors—Difficulty of putting down gaming establishments.

Who has not heard of Crockford's? Everybody has heard of it, and every one knows that it is a great gambling establishment; but that is the extent of the public's knowledge on the subject. The fact is, that the parties by whom it is supported, as well as the proprietor himself,

take every means in their power to keep everybody else but themselves in ignorance of it.

Crockford's is the largest gaming establishment in the metropolis; perhaps it is the largest in the world. The house is situated on the right hand side of St. James's Street, a few yards off Piccadilly. It was built in 1825, at the enormous expense of nearly 60,000*l.*; while the furnishing of it cost 35,000*l.* more, making altogether a sum not much short of 100,000*l.* It is a very large and very handsome house, externally; but no one by seeing it from the outside can have any conception of the splendour which it exhibits within. There is nothing like it, in the latter respect, in London. No one, I believe, not even those accustomed to visit the mansions of the aristocracy, ever entered the saloon for the first time, without being dazzled with the splendour which surrounded him. A friend and myself lately went throughout the whole of it; and for some moments, on entering the saloon, we stood confounded by the scene. It is a large, spacious room, from fifty to sixty feet in length, and from twenty to twenty-five in breadth. On each side are two mirrors in magnificent frames. The plate alone of each of the four cost nearly one hundred guineas. From a glance of the eye, I

should take their dimensions to be about sixteen feet by eight. The walls and ceiling of the saloon are most richly ornamented by carved work, beautifully gilt. The bottoms of the chairs are all stuffed with down, while the carpenter part of the work is of that unique description which renders it impossible for me to describe it. The principal table has the appearance of being cut out of a solid piece of wood: a piece of more richly carved work, all gilt except the top or surface, I have never seen. The chandeliers are magnificent, and when lighted up with sperm-oil, the only thing used, they produce an effect of which it is impossible to convey an idea. On the left hand, as you enter the saloon, is the card-room; much smaller, but also splendidly fitted up. On the right hand, at the opposite or St. James's end of the saloon, is the hazard-room, with all the paraphernalia of gaming. It is not large, being only about twenty feet in length by fourteen in breadth. There is admission to the hazard-room from the saloon by a large door, which in its massy appearance and the hardness of the wood of which it is made, reminded me of that of a prison; it is also a piece of superior workmanship, with the ornamented part of it richly gilt. Branching off from the hazard-room, is the sup-

per-room for those who gamble. Judging from the number of chairs around the table, which seemed as if they had been occupied the previous night, there must have been fourteen persons on that occasion at the hazard-table; for none but those who play at hazard are allowed to sup in that particular room. It is, together with the hazard-room, fitted up in a style of magnificence corresponding with the splendour of the other parts of the house. The suppers are most sumptuous, and are laid out in a style rarely equalled in the houses of any of our nobility. They are all given gratis by Mr. Crockford. Superb suppers are also given in the saloon, without any charge, to those of the members of the club who choose to partake of them. I was at a loss for sometime to know how Mr. Crockford could afford to run the risk of about 750 subscribers, which is the number of members, supping at his expense, while they only pay twenty guineas entrance money each, and ten guineas yearly subscription. I had the matter, however, soon explained to me. With regard to those who enter the hazard-room, I saw at once the policy of plying them with the choicest wines, and with a sufficient quantity of them, because when "the wine's in, the wit," according to the old proverb, is sure to be "out;" and men are then, of course, in the

best of all possible conditions to risk their money, and to play, too, in such a way as is most likely to result in their losing it. The superb suppers, as Count D'Orsay calls them, which Crockford gives to such persons are, therefore, not thrown away. When the affair of the sumptuous suppers in the saloon to those who, at the time, have no intention of playing at hazard, was explained to me, the whole thing appeared equally intelligible. Those of the members who have set their faces against gambling, very seldom partake of those suppers; they have a coffee-room down stairs, where they can order any refreshment they please, which is furnished to them at reasonable prices, as in other clubs: those who are not opposed to gambling from principle, but are not noted gamblers, sometimes partake of those suppers, and sometimes they do not. It rejoices Mr. Crockford's heart when he hears they do: it is an excellent omen. "A superb supper," with a liberal supply of the choicest wines which London can afford, often inspires a disposition to gamble when nothing else will. Nightly observation has taught Mr. Crockford that the transition from the supper in the saloon to the hazard room, is as natural as is the transition from the latter to utter ruin. But there are other "uses" of the suppers in the saloon

There are a certain number of persons called "Greeks," or "Spiders," attached to the establishment, ostensibly members of the club, but without a penny in the world,—who are found to be eminently serviceable to the "concern." Is it asked, "In what way?" Why, in catching flats, or, to use their own phraseology, "in bringing in pigeons to be plucked." These persons must, of course, be well treated; and as a supper at home is a rare thing with them, one at Crockford's is so much the greater object. Besides, the work of catching flats is but half finished when the latter are brought into the house. Before it can be completed, they must be made to partake of the sumptuous supper, and to drink liberally of the "delicious wines." When they enter the house they have not, perhaps, the slightest intention of throwing a single dice, or, at any rate, of risking more than a mere trifle. They are pressed by those who "took them in" to partake of the "refreshments," as they are called. Well, it appears to them that refreshment is not a bad thing after all; they accordingly begin with the supper, and end with the hazard table. The moment they sit down to the refreshments, but not till then, the flats are considered as fairly caught. When a pigeon is caught, however, it is very unusual to pluck

him the first few nights. They allow him to go on winning for some nights in succession. In this the hellites have two objects in view : the one is to give him a keener appetite for play, and the other is, that in the interim they contrive, by indirect means, either to elicit from himself, or to obtain information from some one else, as to the full extent of his resources. They regulate their movements accordingly. It matters not though he be not well supplied with "the ready:" if his prospect of "by-and-by" succeeding to a large fortune be undeniably good, Crockford's bank is at his service to nearly the full amount—supposing it were 50,000*l.*—of what he is understood to be certain of succeeding to. In this way many young noblemen plunge themselves over-head-and-ears in what are called debts of honour, before they succeed to expectancies; and, consequently, when they do so succeed, they are, in point of fact, as poor as they were before. Some years ago Lord C.... paid down 100,000*l.* on his coming of age, for debts of honour he had contracted at Crockford's.

Crockford's cook is the celebrated Monsieur Oude. His salary is a thousand guineas per annum. There is another cook under him with a yearly salary of five hundred guineas. M. Oude seldom superintends the culinary process

himself. he only does so when the Duke of Argyll, or any other distinguished member of the club, requests him to do it. That the wines are of the choicest sort, and that there is variety enough to suit every diversity of taste, will at once be inferred from the fact, that the cellar out of which the house is supplied, and which is kept by Crockford's son, contains a stock which is valued at 70,000*l*. "There's a cellar for you!"—any of the Irish Members of Parliament would exclaim. I lately went through the whole of it. It begins under Willis's Rooms, St. James's-street, and extends as far back as Braham's new Theatre. It measures 285 feet in length. When I was in it, Mr. Crockford, junior, mentioned to me, that the number of bottles of wine, which I saw shelved before me, independently of innumerable hogsheads, was 300,000! I thought of Lord Holland's story about the American, who, after he had made his party of friends drink an incredible quantity of wine, took them to see the heap of black bottles they had emptied. His lordship says they were all surprised to see such a quantity of bottles under any circumstances,—but especially when they recollected that they had themselves emptied them all: what would they have thought had they been taken to Crockford's

cellar, and seen, as I did, 300,000 bottles at once. Poor Sheridan would have been in ecstasies with the sight, especially as they were all full.

Some idea may be formed of the extent of Crockford's establishment, and of the style in which it is kept up, when I mention that no fewer than thirty-three servants are constantly employed in it. There is one set of waiters for the day, and another for the night. They are decorated in the richest livery, and live in excellent style. They are amazingly polite to those who frequent the place: in other words, they perfectly understand their business. They contribute their quota, with the splendour of the place, the sumptuous suppers, and the delicious wines, to help on the flats on their way to ruin. Little does the unlucky wight of "a pigeon" think when he first enters the pandemonium, and is dazzled with the magnificence around him, that all the splendour he witnesses is kept up at his expense, and the expense of other simpletons like himself.

On the ground-floor, detached from the reading-room, there is another apartment, smaller than that up stairs, for playing hazard. This lower room is used during the parliamentary recess, the number of gamblers in town being

then much less ; or should it be wanted during the time the houses are sitting, owing to an unusual muster of the gamblers, it is then thrown open. The one up stairs is always shut during the legislative recess.

The hour at which the hazard room is thrown open is eleven o'clock, and the dice are in immediate requisition. Mr. Crockford himself at that moment takes his station in a corner of the room, before a little desk : from that he never stirs until the playing is over. He acts on such occasions as his own clerk. No person belonging to the establishment is allowed, in any circumstances, or under any pretext, to enter the room while the gamblers are at work. There is a Mr. Page, who acts as "inspector," or groom-porter, while the games are going on in the hazard room ; but he is in the confidence of most of the noblemen and gentlemen who frequent that part of the house ; and though paid for his services—some say at the princely rate of fifty guineas per week—he can hardly be said to be one of Mr. Crockford's servants.

The inspector, or groom-porter, or overlooker, —for he sometimes goes by one name, and sometimes by another,—sits on an elevated chair at the centre of the table, facing Mr. Crockford, and looks like a little king on his

throne. With a small piece of stick, forming a miniature representation of a hay-rake, he pulls to him the money, which some one, acting for Mr. Crockford, has won; or pushes it towards any other party who may have been successful in the game. He also audibly declares the result of the game. In short, he is a sort of master of the ceremonies, taking always care that the dice be not allowed to be idle.

Beside Mr. Crockford is "the bank," which every poor simpleton is made believe, by those "knowing ones" who decoy him in, that he will be fortunate enough to break before he rises from his seat, but to whose stability he finds, before he quits the house, he has essentially contributed.

I have mentioned that the hour for throwing open the hazard room is eleven o'clock. Persons are allowed to enter the house until two in the morning, and may commence playing at any time until then. The doors are all then shut; but though no one is admitted after that hour, those who have been previously in the house are not obliged to leave it. They are allowed to remain as long as they please; and many of them do remain till four or five o'clock. It was only in the beginning of August last, that some parties were so completely spell-

bound by the game at which they had been playing, that they never rose off their seats from the time they sat down at eleven or twelve at night, until eight in the morning.

On one part of the table, in each of the hazard rooms, are the words, "Odds for," and on another, "Odds against," worked into the green cloth by which the tables are covered. I thought, when I saw the words, with what opposite emotions must they be viewed by him whose all, perhaps, is at stake,—just as the former or latter apply to his playing! In the former case, you see hope visibly impressed on his countenance: in the latter case you witness in it the workings of a feeling approximating to desperation.

In Crookford's, very large sums are played for with the cards; but it is at the hazard table, when the game is French hazard, that the work of plunder is carried on on the most extensive scale. There, to use gambling phraseology, the "pigeon is plucked." And to get the flat prevailed on to throw down the cards, and repair to the hazard room, is the great, though concealed object of those in the interest of the house. A few hours, most probably, will do the work in the latter place. The stakes are usually high: he loses, perhaps, a fourth part of

his fortune in less than an hour: he "tables" another fourth—he loses again. He becomes desperate: in the delirium, or madness (for that is the proper word) of the moment, he determines on risking his all at one throw. The dice turn up—his all is lost: he who a few hours before was a rich man, is now a beggar. The sums which young thoughtless noblemen lose at Crockford's in one night, are sometimes incredibly large. Seven years ago one pigeon was plucked, in a few hours, to the tune of 60,000*l.*—the stakes were 10,000*l.* It is only three years since Lord C——, the grandson of an aged noble Earl, lost 30,000*l.* in one night. The winner was a noble Marquis, of sporting notoriety, who, according to report, was at that time, if not now, a part proprietor of the establishment. Losses of 5,000*l.*, 7,000*l.*, and 10,000*l.*, in one night, are by no means uncommon when a rich flat is caught.

There is one feature in Crockford's, which distinguishes it from all other gaming houses in the metropolis. I allude to the circumstance of all the members, or strangers introduced by the members, playing against the house or bank. This, however, is only in the hazard room. In the card room, they may either play against each other, or against the house, just as they think

fit. What is meant by the house, or bank, is Mr. Crockford himself, as represented by the inspector or some other friend; for he never handles a card or throws a die personally. As already stated, he has enough on hand in attending to the results, and looking after money matters. The club was formed on the principle of not allowing any two members, or any two strangers, to play at hazard together, because it was deemed unbecoming in noblemen and gentlemen to run the risk of breaking in on the friendship assumed to exist between them, by gaining money of each other. Besides, they thought it would have an awkward effect to hear it publicly stated, or at any rate to be repeatedly told of it in private life, that the Marquis of So-and-So had won an estate from Lord Greenhorn. It was therefore resolved that an establishment should be opened in which all the members might play against the proprietor, who not being of their own class, but simply a tradesman, they could cheerfully fleece. The late Duke of York, with the Marquis of H——, and some other noblemen, are understood to have been the parties with whom this idea originated. It is generally understood that one of these parties was in the outset the principal though sleeping partner in the concern, and that upwards of

100,000*l.* was advanced by him,—Mr. Crockford being at that time too poor to “put down” the bank. It is now, however, as generally supposed that the noble Marquis alluded to, with two other noblemen, have retired from the business, and that Mr. Crockford is the sole proprietor. It is said that the Marquis of H—— has from first to last, in the course of his life, won upwards of 1,500,000*l.*; how it has been spent,—for it is understood to have been for the most part spent—is pretty generally known to the public. He now plays but seldom; hardly ever, unless when there is a pigeon to be plucked.

Mr. Crockford now stands in need of no one's pecuniary assistance. One who should know something of the matter, assures me he is worth at least 300,000*l.* Be this as it may, his is one of the banks which have never broken. His inspector, or croupier, or some of his experienced friends, are ready at all times to take up any one at any game, or to any amount of stakes. Let any nobleman or gentleman whose fortune is sufficiently large, offer to play for a stake of 100,000*l.* and he is accepted by Crockford in a moment.

Crockford's gains are some seasons enormous; the seasons, namely, when the greatest number of pigeons make their appearance. It was

stated some time since by one who, if report speaks true, was himself a sufferer, that the gains a short time ago, in one year alone, after paying all the expenses (about 1,000*l.* a week) of the establishment,—were upwards of 100,000*l.* It is known for certain that one of the principal servants got a new year's gift that season of 500*l.* On one night, in the season to which I refer, it is positively stated by "An Enlightened Flat," that the enormous sum of nearly 1,000,000*l.* was turned over, from the time the play commenced till it concluded—a period of eight hours. This, I know, will appear at first sight an incredible sum; but when it is recollected the players were unusually numerous on the occasion, and that many of them were young noblemen just come into the possession of large fortunes, and who played at such deep game that sometimes 10,000*l.* were down on a single event,—the statement will not appear to be so much out of the way.

Independently of his chance, considered as a mere gambler, against any one who plays with him, Crockford has an additional chance in his favour, on account, as it is called, of the house: that is to say, to enable him to defray the expenses of so large an establishment.

The chances, or "points," as they are called in

the language of the bells, in favour of the house, vary with the different games. One who has seen much of the gambling-table gives his dearly-purchased knowledge on this subject in the following terms:—"The bank has certain points in its favour, upon each of which the stakes of the players lose in effect one-half; thus each player loses a whole stake on two of these points. Let the stake be one shilling, or five shillings, or any sum up to 100*l.* it is all the same. At *rouge et noir*, which is played with cards, these points come upon an average two in sixty-eight events, dealt in one hour, one and a half per cent. per stake, or 100 per cent. per stake per hour against the player. At *roulette*, played with a small ivory ball in a cylinder, two in thirty-eight events turned, in half an hour, three per cent. per stake, or 100 per cent. per stake per half-hour, against the player. At *un, deux, cinque*, which is played with a large ivory ball with forty-eight spots, twenty-four black, sixteen red, and eight blue; six in forty-eight events, rolled in one hour, six per cent. per stake, or 100 per cent. per stake per hour, against the player." The author does not mention the points in favour of the house in the game of French hazard. They are five per cent. per event per stake; or 100 per cent. per stake per hour; so that supposing

the stakes risked to the house were 500*l.* to each event, then 500*l.* per hour would thus be sacrificed to the house without the player having even a chance of winning a penny. This, supposing the hours of play were five every night, and six nights out of the seven,—would give for the week, 25,000*l.* to the house. For the six months, during which the season may be said to be brisk, it would give the enormous sum of 180,000*l.* which would go to the coffers of Crockford to support the house, from this source alone. This is, however, on the supposition that the bank is the gaining party in every instance, which it is with very few exceptions indeed. But even supposing the playing were to be equal, and that neither party in the end had gained or lost, even in that case the house would be a gainer from the points in its favour, to the extent of half the above sum; that is to say, in six months Crockford would sack 90,000*l.* I need not state, however, that this would not be all clear profit. Upwards of 30,000*l.* would be required for the ordinary expenses of the establishment, putting out of view the princely *douceurs* he must give to the Greeks he has in his employ—the losses he sometimes sustains from advancing money which is never repaid—and other “incidentals.”

Persons not in the secret suppose, that if one could by accident lay their hands on Crockford's ledger, some singular disclosures as to the gambling habits of our aristocracy would be made. This is a mistake. With the caution which the keepers of such houses invariably exercise, Crockford on no occasion enters the real names of the winners or losers in his books. They are all entered either under fictitious names, or by the initials only. The secrets of the prison-house will never be fully or effectually unfolded until some of the more noted gamblers give us such faithful "Confessions" as those of Rousseau. Should Count D'Orsay ever favour the world with his Autobiography, speaking in it the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,—I will answer for it that the sale of the work will exceed that of any book which has been published for many years past.

I have often heard people express their surprise that men who are known to be as pennyless as an Italian boy who plays his hand organ, or exhibits his white mice, in the streets, should be regular gamblers at Crockford's. I myself was for some time at a loss how to account for this. It did seem to be surprising that such persons as a well known metropolitan M.P., and a

foreign Count, equally celebrated for the "prodigiousness" of his whiskers and his gallantry towards a Countess of great personal attractions and distinguished literary reputation, but without, proverbially without, a farthing in the world,—it did, I say, seem surprising to me how such persons could, night after night, be playing at Crockford's to the amount of thousands. The secret of the thing is this:—In some cases they play solely on their own account. If they win, so much the better of course for themselves; if they lose, Mr. Crockford does not press them, but gives them credit: in other words, they contract a debt of honour with him. He knows well what he is about. A young nobleman gets no indulgence when all his money is gone: he is not suffered to contract a debt of honour unless his expectancies are such as to hold out the certain prospect of eventual, and not very distant, payment. But Crockford finds that the other parties are indispensable to the very existence of his house: dispense with them, and he may shut up shop whenever he pleases. As formerly mentioned, it is such individuals as these who catch flats—who bring pigeons to the house. In many other cases Crockford, it is said, employs them when there are pigeons to be plucked at other gambling

establishments, to play for him,—he advancing them whatever amount of money may be required, and allowing them a fourth part, or whatever the proportion may be agreed on, of the gains, to themselves. There are other cases, again, in which such persons play for other parties. For instance, it is no secret in certain circles, that some years ago a popular actress, who rejoices in a particularly handsome leg, was in the habit of employing the representative of a Radical constituency in the metropolis, to play for her. I believe the lady in question has seen the folly of such a course, and has been innocent of it for some time past.

When a well-feathered pigeon is “in the wind”—such is the gambling-house phraseology—the flat-catchers of Crockford’s are all on the alert. Sometimes they will keep their eye on him for a year or two before they expect they can infix their talons on him. The public appearance of no young nobleman, for many years past, has excited so much interest at Crockford’s as that of the Duke of Buccleuch. The immense wealth into the possession of which they knew he would come, when of age, was too tempting a prize to be overlooked. Every effort was accordingly made to decoy him into the great hell in St. James’s; but it would not do. He never evinced

the least disposition for play. His taste, though often varying, was always opposed to gambling. At one time it is for buying old books; at another for collecting curious ancient vases, and other antiquities; then it changes to fine furniture. No matter what direction it takes, so long as it keeps out of the way of gambling. His princely fortune can enable him to gratify any other taste, whatever it may be, without injuring his family; but a few weeks in the hazard-room of Crockford, would, in all probability, see him a beggar.

There is one good regulation in Crockford's, bad as are the doings in other respects,—which does not exist in any other hell in the metropolis. I refer to that of invariably shutting up the house at twelve o'clock on Saturday night, and not opening it again until past twelve on Monday morning. Under no circumstances is any deviation allowed from this regulation. There are cases in which a gentleman has been peremptorily refused permission to carry a pack of cards home with him on a Sunday. In all other hells, again, Sunday is the principal day for business.

When Crockford's was first started, it was intimated to the members of Brookes's, White's, Boodle's, and the other leading clubs, that they were eligible to the new club without the pro-

cess of balloting,—on the same terms as at the others; that is to say, by paying twenty guineas entrance money, and ten guineas of a yearly subscription. This was the expedient of the two well-known sporting Marquises to whom I have before alluded. The thing, aided by the individual persuasions of the same two noble-blemen, took amazingly: crowds of the aristocracy joined the new club instantan-ly. An account of the present situation of the surviving first members, with the causes which have led to it, would be one of the most interesting chapters in aristocratic history which were ever penned. How many who were then the possessors of princely fortunes, are now, in consequence of gambling there, in beggary either at home or on the continent? How many of them have sought refuge from the remorse brought on by their follies, in self-destruction? How many have died broken-hearted? How many individuals, the wives and families and dependent relatives, are now paying the penalty, in comparative want and obscurity, of their indulging in their gambling propensities? Could I definitely answer each of these questions, the answers would fill the mind of every person, but the confirmed gambler himself, with equal surprise and horror.

In order more effectually to conceal the real nature of the transactions which take place at Crockford's—for if they were known flats might be frightened—a number of noblemen were prevailed on, at the time it was established, to form themselves into a committee of management, the same as at other clubs. This committee, however, are a mere committee of straw: they have a nominal sort of power as regards the reading and talking, and other such matters, in those rooms which are open to all; but as respects the hazard-room, they have not, and do not pretend to have, any more power, than Count D'Orsay has over the Emperor of Morocco. They dare not even show their faces there, unless they are prepared to "stand the hazard of the die." Crockford reigns supreme in it: it is his alone to let in or shut out,—though in no instance does he do the latter, except where the miserable wight has been "cleaned out," that is to say, plundered of every farthing he has in the world. If, in such circumstances, he presses for admission, as victims often, by a species of infatuation of which none but themselves can form any idea, do,—then some of the more "able-bodied" of the waiters are immediately instructed to thrust—sometimes to kick—him out of the house, by

brute force. And the fellows do not need to be twice told to do this, before they obey the injunction. The knaves are now as prompt in obeying orders to this effect, as they were polite in bowing the poor flat up and down stairs while he was undergoing the process of being "bled,"—another term in the vocabulary of the hells, for being plundered.

I formerly mentioned that there are many members of the club who never cross the threshold of the hazard-room. The Duke of Wellington is one of these. He never gambles under any circumstances, or to the most trifling amount. Some people say that he did at one time gamble. It is not for me to give a positive contradiction to the statement. I cannot say that he never threw a die; but I pledge myself for this, that when, some years ago, as everybody will recollect, the report was current in the metropolis, that he had on a particular day lost the last shilling he had in the world, he had 150,000*l.* in the funds alone; for a gentleman whom I could name, the very day after he was said to have ruined himself, and when the belief that such was the case was the most general,—saw the above sum transferred in his Grace's name, either from the three-and-a-half to the three per cents, or from the latter to

the former—I will not be positive which. Sir Robert Peel is not a member of Crockford's. Great efforts have been made at different times to induce him to join the club; but all without effect. All the moral influence in the world would not prevail on him to be seen there. The Right Honourable Baronet is a man of remarkable prudence, and has always, besides, manifested a most commendable regard for his moral character.

People sometimes express their surprise, that as money lost at Crockford's does not constitute a legal debt, the parties losing should ever pay it. Such persons know but little of the code of morals which obtains in aristocratic life. To refuse, when one has the means, to pay a debt of honour, as debts contracted at the gaming table are called,—would be to insure a sudden passage to Coventry; which being translated into the language current amongst ordinary men, means exclusion from the society of the higher classes. This is what no aristocrat can endure: the firmest philosophy gives way at the bare idea of such a fate. To owe a million of money to poor hard-working tradesmen, should they be simple enough to give any titled personage as much credit, and to lend a deaf ear to the entreaties of the unfortunate parties for payment,

is no offence, but rather the reverse, in the eye of the morality which passes current in high life. The debt of honour is accordingly paid, as soon as the debtor obtains the means; and poor tradesmen and their families, may either beg, borrow, steal, or starve, just as pleases themselves.

The history of Crockford is curious. His autobiography, nothing concealing and nothing extenuating, would be one of the most readable works which have appeared for many a day. He was originally a small fishmonger, without a penny in the world, in the neighbourhood of Temple Bar. The following copy of an account for fish, which appeared some years since in a book called "Life in the West," will give some idea both of the extent of his business and of the measure of his intimacy with the school-master:—

" Mr. A——.

" To William Crockford.

		s.	d.
" April 3	To pair of sowls	1	3
5	Sprats	0	3
6	3 vitens	0	9
12	7 red herrings	0	6
19	2 makerils	0	8
		<hr/>	
		3	5

The way in which he is said to have risen in the world is singular enough. Nature, it appears, has made him a first-rate mathematician in all that relates to money calculations. I am assured by those who know him, that the member for Middlesex is a mere tyro to him in this respect. By some inward process—mental arithmetic, I believe, is the phrase, though it is doubtful if Mr. Crockford knows what is meant by ‘mental’—by some inward process, he can calculate, provided there be large stakes in the field, with an almost absolute certainty, what are to be the results in certain games. Having early discovered that he possessed this most *useful* gift, he began, while yet a fishmonger in a small way, to pay nightly visits, when the day’s business was over, to a low hell in King’s Place, in the neighbourhood of Pall Mall. Here he commenced his career as a gambler by risking a few shillings at English hazard. Finding himself almost invariably successful, he was in the habit of proceeding next morning to Billingsgate, when he laid in a stock of “sowls” (soles,) flat-fish, &c. &c. for the day. He was gradually enabled to carry on his business to greater advantage and on a more extensive scale; while his increased profits enabled him to bet at the den referred to much more heavily

than his limited resources would, in the first instance, admit of. His first great bet, however, was not in a gaming-house. The author of the work from which I have copied the account for "sowls," and "vitens," and "makerils," says, that his "first step of any particular note to his present elevation was taking immense long odds upon an 'out' horse, which he did upon private information, given to him by a jockey, that it was to win." Soon after this, Crockford purchased, for 100*l.*, the fourth share of a gambling-bank, at No. 5, King Street, St. James's. The proprietors of the hell had previously quarrelled, and certain extraordinary disclosures were the consequence. Amongst other startling facts, it appeared, that though the den was not one of any great note, the system of plunder had been carried on in it on such an extensive scale, that in one night the players were "pigeoned" to the tune of 2,000*l.* One of the proprietors being afraid that on this disclosure proceedings might be instituted against them, appropriated to himself his share of the 2,000*l.*, and then disposed of his interest in the concern, for the above-mentioned sum of 100*l.*, to Crockford. The three other partners were persons of the names of Abbott, Austen, and Holdsworth.

Having amassed a great deal of money at 5,

King Street, Crockford quitted the "business" there, and opened a hell, with three other persons, in 81, Piccadilly, for playing French hazard. In one season, according to the statement of a gentleman who lost to a very considerable amount, the four proprietors must have divided amongst them the sum of 200,000*l.*, being 50,000*l.* to each. That, however, was the most successful season ever known. In point of real profit it far exceeds anything realized by the present princely establishment, because the expenses of keeping up the latter are ten times as great as were those of the former. At this place loaded dice were discovered, as I shall afterwards mention more particularly. Here again a quarrel took place among the partners about the division of the plunder, and the establishment was consequently broken up. Crockford then purchased the house No. 50, St. James's Street, but finding it much too small for the crowds of noblemen and gentlemen who frequented it, he purchased 51, and subsequently 52; when, in 1825, he pulled the three houses down, and erected on their site the present magnificent edifice.

Such is an outline of "the rise and progress" to his present opulence, of this well-known public character. I have mentioned that he is quite

an illiterate person. Not only is his orthography at fault at every third or fourth word he writes, but, notwithstanding the polished society into which circumstances have brought him for many years past, he still speaks in the same hackney-coachman style as formerly. This is the more singular, as he is on a footing of perfect equality with the noblest of his visitors while they are in the house; for the gaming table levels all distinctions of rank. One night in June last, Lord Ashgrove lost 4,000*l.*, which he observed to the Earl of Linkwood, was the last farthing of ready cash at his command. The noble Lord, however, had undeniable prospective resources. "Excuse me, my Lud," said Crockford, making a very clumsy bow, but still it was the best at his disposal,—"excuse me, my Lud, did I hear you say as how you had no more ready money? My Lud, this ere is the bank (pointing to the bank): if your Ludship wishes it, 1,000*l.* or 2,000*l.* is at your Ludship's service."

"Really, Mr. Crockford, you are very obliging; but I don't think I shall play any more to-night."

"Ashgrove," said Count Whiskero, "Ashgrove, *do* accept Mr. Crockford's liberal offer of the 2,000*l.*; perhaps you may win back all you have lost."

"Nothink, I azure your Ludship, vill give me greatur plesur than to give you the moneys," said Crockford.

"Well, let me have 2,000*l*."

Crockford dipped his fingers into the bank, took out the 2,000*l*. and handed it to his Lordship. "Per'aps your Ludship vould obleege me with an I O U, and pay the amount at your conveniana."

"I shall be able to pay it you in a couple of months," said his Lordship, handing the ex-fishmonger the I O U.

"Your Ludship's werry kind—werry."

Lord Ashgrove resumed the game: in an hour and a half he was again pennyless.

In person Mr. Crockford is tall and corpulent. His appearance and manners are altogether unpolished; so that there is no inconsistency between them and his education. He looks like a country farmer; just such a person as the swell mob, were he unknown to them, would pronounce an admirable subject on which to exercise their calling. He is lame on one leg, which gives to his walking a very awkward appearance. He lives in a house immediately adjoining the club. The regular entrance to his house is from Arlington Street; but there is a private passage which leads from the one to the

other. He is married a second time, and has a fine family of ten children. One of his daughters is married to a clergyman in the country. He has given all his grown-up children the best education which money can procure. His eldest son, a wine-merchant in St. James's Street, distinguished himself at the Oxford or Cambridge University,—I forget which.

Among the other hells in the metropolis, that next in importance to Crockford's, is the ATHENÆUM, in St. James's Street. This establishment is kept by three brothers, whose names are very often in the mouths of the public: I allude to the Messrs. Bond. It is conducted on a somewhat expensive scale, though falling far short of the style of the den in St. James's Street. Some years ago its weekly expenses were understood to be, on an average, about 150*l.*; now, it is supposed, they cannot be much less, in the middle of the season, than 250*l.* This establishment has proved the most formidable rival which ever Crockford's has had to encounter: many of the members of his club share their time and their money with the proprietors of the Athenæum. It is supposed that as much as 100,000*l.* are occasionally turned over there in the course of a night, and it is understood that "the bank" has some weeks to boast of 10,000*l.* clear profits.

What the average weekly profits, after paying all expenses, may be, I am not able to form any conjecture which could be regarded as an approximation to the truth; but they must be very large when the three brothers, notwithstanding their expensive style of living, and the losses they have sustained by their speculations, are known to be worth large fortunes. In order, as was generally understood, to increase the business done at their establishment in St. James's Street, they became in 1834 the lessees, first of the Queen's, and afterwards of the Adelphi theatre. The first, I understand, was of some service to them, as several parties were made up there to visit the gaming establishment, when one or two of the persons forming those parties were made to "bleed,"—such is the vile slang, as formerly mentioned, which passes current in these places. The Adelphi theatre, it appears, did not at all answer expectations. I have heard it said that not only were gambling parties made up at that theatre while in the possession of the Bonds, but that gambling was actually practised in the house attached to it. I have every reason to believe that such was not the fact—that not a single die was ever thrown there. There was another party, besides the Bonds, too deeply interested to allow of such a thing, even had it

been proposed; the fear of losing his licence was a sufficient motive to him to take care there should be no gambling, on any pretext or under any circumstances, on the premises.

There is another gaming establishment of some note, in Albemarle Street. The circumstances under which it was brought before the gambling part of the public, were curious. For some time after it was opened, it did but little business. The proprietors were not at all successful in their efforts to catch flats. In fact, the money sacked was barely sufficient to pay the expenses of the establishment, and provide the hellites with bread and cheese. To save a sixpence at the rate they were going on for the first six months, was out of the question: they had, however, a capital amongst them of 15,000*l.*, the fruit of pigeon-plucking in other spheres of action, and they determined on voluntarily losing 12,000*l.* of the sum, in order to create the impression among flats, that money was much easier to be gained at that establishment than at any other. The "ingenious device," as the Rev. Mr. M'Ghee, of Exeter Hall celebrity, would say, succeeded to admiration; it spread like wildfire among the gamblers, young and old, that the dice had taken a turn against the establishment: they, therefore, flocked to Albe-

marle Street from all quarters, everyone expecting he would pigeon the house still more effectually, if, indeed, he were not lucky enough to break the bank. Every gambler now seemed more desirous than another to play deeply: they did all play deeply: they all lost. They tried again, persuaded, or at least hoping they would be more fortunate. One or two of them gained, which was just the thing the proprietors wished, while the great majority lost. The thing went on in this way for seven or eight weeks, in the course of which many were "cleaned out." At the end of that time the hellites not only gained back their 12,000*l.*, but sacked 40,000*l.* into the bargain.

The minor gaming-houses in the metropolis are numerous. Many of them are unknown to the public. The most notorious ones are about fifteen or sixteen in number. There are no fewer than five in the Regent Quadrant; but a majority of them, perhaps, are in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square. No. 1 in that square has long been one of the leading minor houses. No. 6, Cranbourne Alley, which was shut up in the middle of August, in consequence of being indicted, is understood to have turned over 6,000*l.* a week. If any one would wish to study the gambling character to advantage, one of the leading minor houses is the place for his

doing so. There are three classes of gamblers to be seen there. First, there is the man who still continues to move in fashionable life, and who has a good coat on his back, but has been obliged to abandon Crockford's and the Athenæum, because the remains of his former resources are now so small that he can no longer play to the usual amount, and to play to a less amount would both wound his pride and betray his poverty. He keeps up the one and conceals the other as long as he can,—though that long is always very short—if there be not an Irishism in the expression—with a gambler. Secondly, you see the man who belonged to the first class, but is no longer able to keep up appearances: his clothes begin to have a shabby-genteel aspect, and his pockets are in a still worse condition. Thirdly, there is the man for whose entire wardrobe you would not give half-a-crown. His hat is broken in the rim in three places; the colour was originally black; now, by reason of wear and tear, it is of a whity-brown. The crown has a large perforation in it, and you are satisfied there will be several more before it is mended. His coat bears proof on the face of it,—aye, and on the back of it, too,—that it has seen service. The collar, which is the only whole part of it, is all covered with grease. If

two of the buttons remain, the third is sure to be wanting. You would never think of counting the number of holes in it; if you undertake the task, it is in such a frail state altogether, that the probability is you will have one hole more to add to the number before you have finished. The coat is fit for one thing—it is not fit for any other: it would answer admirably for fastening about some “man of straw” in the fields, wherewith to frighten away the crows from the corn. The probability is, that he has no shirt; if he have, it is only the remains of one; it has not come in contact with water for a fortnight, and most probably will not for another fortnight to come. Whether he has a waistcoat or not, is a point you cannot determine; for his coat, if he have not a shirt, is buttoned up to his chin to conceal his deprivation of that article; if he have, it is generally necessary his coat should be closely buttoned up to his mouth to keep you in ignorance of the probable time when he and his washerwoman last met. His trousers I will not describe any farther than by saying, that they are quite in keeping with his coat and hat; one part of his wardrobe, in other words, will not shame the other. His beard has not blunted the edge of a razor for at least eight days. You see starvation in his face; the pro-

bability is he has had neither breakfast nor dinner that day, unless, perhaps, a crust of dry bread might be dignified by the name of a meal. And yet, notwithstanding all these proofs of extreme destitution, he has contrived by some means or other—means of which no one but himself knows anything—to lay his hands on two shillings or half-a-crown wherewith to gamble.

These are specimens of the three classes of persons who are to be met with in the minor gambling-houses in the vicinity of Leicester Square, in the Regent Quadrant, and in other parts of the metropolis. It is surprising to see how rapidly those of the first class descend to the third. They hardly stop at all, in their descent, at the second. A few months suffice for the transformation from the first to the last. And so complete is the change, that you can hardly persuade yourself that he whom you now see among the third class is the same person whom you saw amongst the first, four or five months previously. Let me only add, that when once down to the lowest class, these poor wretches have, like Milton's Lucifer, "fallen never to rise again."

Of all the passions of which human nature is susceptible, a passion for gambling is incon-

ceivably the most pernicious. Once indulge in it, and you are inevitably hurried forward to irretrievable ruin. There is scarcely an instance on record of a person having yielded to the temptation to a certain extent, and then breaking off from it. There is a sort of fatality in it; its victim has no free-will of his own. He sees the folly of the course he is pursuing: he sees the issue too, and yet he cannot, or will not, help himself. He acts like a man who knows his destiny, and seems resolved, frightful though it be, on fulfilling it with the least possible delay. It is no use to reason with him; he only is a fit subject for being reasoned with who acts from ignorance or thoughtlessness. With the confirmed gambler it is far different. His judgment already condemns his conduct; it pronounces him to be a madman, and yet his will impels him forward in his career. Talk not to him of the claims of a wife and children; what cares he about their being thrown destitute and unprotected on an unpitying world? Apart from their interference with his gambling propensities, he may be kind enough to them. Possibly he may, so long as he has the means, be the most affectionate of husbands and the best of fathers; but much rather than that his passion for play should be denied the means of indulgence, would he

see them dying in the streets of cold and hunger. You may even tell him that the inevitable consequence of frequenting the gambling-house, will not only be the beggary of himself and his family, but that he is perilling the salvation of his soul by the course he is adopting: it will all be utterly ineffectual. You make no more impression on him, than you would on the table on which he throws his dice. He has sufficient sense to know that eternal perdition is an evil; but still he will brave it rather than do violence to his gambling propensities. And when all his means of indulging his passion are gratified, what follows? Why, the probability is that he either destroys himself or sets about plundering or murdering others. If he can, by means of swindling, or fraud, or forgery, or any other secret mode of robbing society, replenish his exhausted coffers, and thus be enabled to present himself anew at the gambling table,—it is all very well; that mode, of course, is attended with less personal danger, and with the least immediate risk of falling into the clutches of the law. But if all other expedients fail, the confirmed gambler will not scruple to resort to murder. Gambling is, I believe, the source of more evils to society in the metropolis, as well as to the individuals themselves, than any other vice which exists.

My own impression is, that neither our moralists nor our legislators have any conception of the share it contributes to the crimes and immoralities with which this great city abounds. I have not a doubt that the cause of half the suicides which occur in the higher and middle walks of life, is gambling,—though the fact be carefully concealed by the friends of the parties. The great majority of robberies of their employers, by clerks and others, have, I am equally convinced, the same origin. I would say the same of a very large proportion of the other crimes which are daily committed by persons who have a decent coat on their backs. At the time of the trial of Thurtell for the murder of Weare, both of whom were gamblers, many circumstances transpired strongly confirmatory of the representation I have here given of the innumerable evils which flow from this gigantic vice. It is well known to many persons, though I have never seen the statement but once in print, that Thurtell actually engaged to murder eight Irishmen, as opportunity offered, who had annoyed the proprietors of several hells he was in the habit of frequenting, by indicting their houses,—at the rate of 50*l.* a head. He made to them the further offer of not claiming a farthing of the money for either of the murders until he

had "done for," to use his own language, "the last man of them." All he asked was that the 400*l.* should be deposited in some place beforehand, so as that there should be no difficulty in getting it when he had executed his murderous purposes. Every trace of morality, religion, and humanity is effaced from the ruined gambler's mind; he is a desperate character, and is at all times prepared for the most desperate enterprises. The character of ruined gamblers may be best inferred from the fact that you see them in every place where the most depraved of human beings are. Our prisons are full of them; Botany Bay swarms with them, and Republican America has a very fair share of them. It is frightful to think of the number of gamblers who have closed their career at the Old Bailey.

I have often tried to form some idea to myself of what must be the emotions which agitate a gambler's breast when he sees himself hurrying faster and faster to ruin with every new stake he plays for. Some time ago I met with a great gambler; his account of the mental process which such persons undergo when they see themselves plundered by the robbers connected with the hells, filled me with a sort of horror, while it afforded me the wished-for information. The gambler at such a moment is in a state of

madness ; his past losses, so far from inspiring him with a distaste for play, only whet his appetite for it. It is a curious fact in the philosophy of gambling, that the more a man loses the deeper does he feel disposed to play. He is for the time being completely under the influence of a spell. His recklessness grows upon him. You cannot move him from his seat ; nor can you, by any method you can employ, cause him to desist from a course from which he is already smarting. So far from this, he *will* play, and play at deeper game, too. Every new loss, so far from weaning, only serves to wed him still more and more to the gaming table. His bosom is all the while the seat of a perfect tempest of passion. He curses in his own mind the moment he entered the pandemonium, though all the moral suasion in the world would not prevail on him to quit it. He is wretched because of his past losses, and yet he is resolutely determined on hazarding the little all that remains. He has a presentiment of the result ; he has a strong conviction of what will be the issue, but still he plunges deeper and deeper in the fearful gulf. To utter ruin he will go, and the nearer he is to it the more furiously does he rush forward. The storm within is all the while visible without ; you

see it in his face. He is supremely wretched ; as miserable as man can be in this world ; he is in a hell,* and has a hell in his bosom. Were that bosom exposed to your gaze, you would turn back with horror at the appalling spectacle. Look at his countenance ! If, then, that index be so terrible to behold, what must be the thing itself ! I have it from one who speaks from experience, that such is the agony of his mind, that his legs will quiver beneath him, his whole body tremble, and the cold perspiration fall in drops from his brow. There is not a vestige of humanity left in his composition. All the finer and better feelings of his nature have been sacrificed to the demon he worships : he has more of the nature of a demon than of a human being in him ; the cards or the dice have wrought the awful transformation.

But I will not attempt to describe what even those who have themselves felt it most, cannot describe in an adequate manner. If there be a miserable man in existence—one who is thoroughly degraded in his own estimation, and whose conscience lashes him without one moment's intermission, or the slightest mercy, that

* The usual term by which gambling houses are designated.

nian is the gambler. Need I add, he is a person for whom no one feels compassion? He has not even the slight consolation of sharing the sympathy of his fellow men: he is loathed and shunned by all mankind.

It is incredible in how short a time, gambling transforms the character of a man from good to bad. I could point to instances in which, in a few short months, men have been changed by the gaming table, from being the most amiable and virtuous, to the most ferocious and depraved, of their species. Crimes, the very thought of which would have shocked them beyond measure before they entered a gambling house, are committed by them without "a compunctious visiting," by the time they have been two or three months in these sinks of infamy. These dens are not only the gulf which swallows up all their money, but they become the grave of the morals and humanity of all who cross their threshold before they have been any time in them.

The passion for gambling, wherever it exists, is invariably an absorbing one. It admits of no rival passion: it engrosses the entire thoughts and actions of its unfortunate victim: it haunts and torments him night and day—sleeping and waking. There is a gentleman at this moment a member of Crockford's, who, ever since he

entered the place, has been there every Sunday night by eleven o'clock, impatiently waiting till the clock strikes twelve, that he may begin to lose his money. The late Duke of Q——— was so completely under the control of his gambling propensities, that after he was upwards of eighty years of age, and so infirm that he could neither move hand nor foot, he caused himself to be taken to Brookes's to see his friends playing. The pain of being, in his feeble state, carried out and into his carriage, and being hauled on a four-wheeled vehicle, made for the purpose, into the gambling-room, was nothing to that which would have been caused by the deprivation of seeing others at play, as he could no longer engage in it himself. It is not eight weeks, since a gambler, whom everybody who saw him pronounced to be at the gates of death, and who himself was convinced that he was so,—begged of his friends that some of his old acquaintances might be brought to his bed-side to play with him. He was so earnest and importunate in his request that his friends complied with it. Some of his gambling acquaintances were sent for; he was one of the few successful players; he had, in a word, been connected with a hell. He and they played together, though he was obliged to be raised on his bed for the purpose,

and in one week he won upwards of 100*l*. : next week he died. What a melancholy illustration of the raling passion being strong in death !

And as it is absorbing, so it is incurable. I have mentioned in a former part of this chapter, that there is hardly an instance on record of a person who had become a regular gambler conquering his passion for play so long as he had the means of indulging it. I repeat the observation. I will answer for it, that no one ever yet knew any such person abandon his gambling habits so long as he had the means of indulging them. In proof of the difficulty of getting rid of such habits, I may mention that there are innumerable instances in which ruined gamesters have, after disposing of their great-coats, cloaks, and other articles of apparel, in order to raise money wherewith to play,—actually sold their shirts for a few shillings, to enable them to gratify their gambling propensities. But, perhaps, the most extraordinary proof ever furnished of the difficulty, if not impossibility, of curing the propensity, was that afforded by a late aide-de-camp to Lord Hutchinson. This gentleman, after having ruined himself by play, went one day, in the depth of his despair, and cut his throat with a razor. It chanced, however, that the wound,

though so dreadful that no hopes of recovery were for some days entertained, did not prove fatal. Aided by the first surgical skill and care, he recovered. Where does the reader suppose he went to on the first day he was allowed to go out? To the very gaming-house in which he had lost the money, the loss of which had made him form the resolution of destroying himself!

Among those who frequent the second class of gaming-houses, are a very great number of city merchants, and city clerks in situations of confidence. They are called Cits by the "Greeks" and hellites, and are looked on as prime game. The city merchants resolve on becoming gamblers, under the impression that the making of a fortune by selling chests of tea, or measuring yards of lace, is not only a slow and tedious process, but a very vulgar one. To do it by gambling is much more expeditious—so they think till they try—and infinitely more fashionable. To the gaming house therefore they go quite full of money; they leave it without a farthing. They repeat the process time after time, and with the same result. By-and-by you see them in the "Gazette." Little, perhaps, do their creditors, or the public, know the real cause of their bankruptcy. The clerk has the same notions as his employer. What is a salary of

200*l.* or 300*l.* a year? Nothing at all. He can never save a stiver out of it. Surely it would be much wiser, and far more convenient, to make the sum in one night. To the gambling house, therefore, he goes with 400*l.* or 500*l.* of his master's money: he loses the last farthing of it; and to save himself a voyage to the Antipodes, he is off at a tangent next morning to America; that is to say, provided no such officious person as Ferrester interfere in the interim, and rudely prevent his setting out on his journey. Should he escape "the vigilance of the police," as the expression now goes, you see every dead wall in town placarded with large hand-bills, offering a reward of 100*l.* or 200*l.* to any person who will apprehend the party who has absconded. Immediately after the "handsome reward," comes a "Hue and Cry" description of the clerk; you hear nothing more of him; there is an end of everything pertaining to him. Gambling has infinitely more to do with city bankruptcies, embezzlements, frauds, forgeries, &c., than persons unacquainted with the hells can have any idea of.

The third class of houses are chiefly visited by noblemen's and gentlemen's servants, and shopmen with small salaries. And in this fact we have the cause of the innumerable robberies

which these two classes of persons commit on their masters and employers. The author of "Old Bailey Experience" is of opinion that the average amount of money lost every year in the gaming houses by the servants of the nobility and gentry alone, is 1,500,000*l*. I look on this as an exaggeration; but I should think 1,000,000*l*. is about the amount. The number of persons usually to be found at one time in one of this class of gaming-houses, is from forty to fifty. In the course of the twenty four hours, it is calculated that one hundred and twenty persons visit one such house.

It may be asked, how it happens that, when we hear of persons losing so much money at the gambling houses, we never hear of any one who wins? Surely, it is added, where so many lose, some one must win. The thing is easily explained. Connected with all the hells there are a certain number of unprincipled men, who conspire together to plunder every new comer, and who, when he is robbed of his last farthing, divide the money they have sacked among them. Such persons are not only greater adepts, from long practice, at every description of game which can be played, but when their skill does not avail them, they unhesitatingly have recourse to cheating. This is done in various ways, accord-

ing to circumstances. Sometimes the dice-box is cramped, so that they can guess with a sort of moral certainty what numbers will turn up; in other cases the same results are gained, either by loading the dice,* or by keeping some particular one, unknown to the stranger, between one of the fingers and the box, while throwing the others. In the case of cards, again, false ones are sometimes used; but even when genuine, many tricks are played by these dexterous "Greeks" which a comparative novice cannot detect. But even though the poor victim does discover false play on the part of his opponents, his position is not bettered in the slightest degree. Often, indeed, the discovery makes it worse. There is always a sufficient number of the friends of the "legs" present, to attempt to swear down the flat if he complains of foul play; and if they do not succeed in *swearing* him down, they will have no scruple in *knocking* him down. It often happens, however, that recourse to downright cheating is not needed: and, from a fear of detection, it is only in cases where they cannot accomplish their object other-

* Some years ago, several noblemen and gentlemen having lost 80,000*l.* under very suspicious circumstances, in a hell in Piccadilly, they carried the dice away, and found they were loaded.

wise, that the hellites do resort to false play. The favourite system of plundering a flat, in all the minor gaming houses, is by two or three persons in the interest, unknown to him, of the hellites, agreeing among themselves to play into each other's hands, though at a great apparent loss to some of the parties. He is kept in countenance, as the expression goes, by seeing one or two others lose as well as himself, little supposing that they are even known to each other; for they conduct themselves as if they had never met together before: far less has he any suspicion that the money some of them apparently lost was not their own, but belonged to the proprietors of the hell. Every gaming-house keeps a certain number of persons of this kind in its employ, as well as persons for decoying flats into the house. They are always kept up, in so far as their wardrobe is concerned, in the first style of fashion. They have a profusion of gold rings on their fingers, splendid watch-chains, and bunches of watch-seals which even Sir Robert Peel himself, who is very fond of sporting a handsome cluster of seals, might envy. They have, in fine, externally all the appearance of belonging to fashionable society. Clothes and trinkets of this kind are kept for these persons by the proprietors of the hells, just as the

keepers of certain other houses have always on hand a sufficient quantity of flash apparel in which to deck out any unfortunate girl who engages to pamper to their avarice, by her own prostitution.

Such are some of the means which the hellites and the creatures in their pay, resort to with a view to make sure of plundering every simpleton who chances to come in their way. There are others which I need not detail, and which, though I did, would not be very intelligible to those unacquainted with gambling in the metropolis. Suffice it to say, that no man who goes in with money to one of these pandemoniums ever comes out, in the long run, with a farthing. If he should be allowed to gain once or twice, it is only to get him in deeper the third time. What the entire amount of money may be which is lost every year, on an average, in the gambling houses of London, it is impossible to say with any confidence; but, including the great establishment in St. James's Street, I have not a doubt it is from 7,500,000*l.* to 8,000,000*l.* Only think of the vast sums which, after the most extravagant way in which the higher class of these houses are kept up, the proprietors severally amass. I have already spoken of the immense gains of Old Crocky, as the Marquis of Hertford calls

him. There is another person now living, who, having been a partner in a hell upwards of twenty years ago, opened shop on his own account soon after, in partnership with other three penniless fellows. He lately retired from business with a fortune of 150,000*l.* as his share of the plunder; and this, be it observed, after having lived all the time, as did the others, in a style of princely splendour. He had, as they almost all have, his country house, his stud of horses, his mistresses, and all the other indispensables of a man of fashion. Another person, a partner of Crockford's, before the latter entered into a partnership with the sporting noblemen formerly alluded to,—who had taken the benefit of the Act a year or two before becoming a hellite, was, in a few years thereafter, worth 140,000*l.* Another hellite, belonging to one of the minor establishments, was some time ago found lying quite drunk one morning on the carpet of his own parlour in Clarges Street, with 1,200*l.* in bank notes in his hand, which, he said, was the amount of his share of what had been sacked on the previous night. The Messrs. Bonds, of the Athenæum, who, a few years ago, were what are called “dealing Jew boys,” in the streets, are now understood to be severally worth about 60,000*l.* It is only a few months since Ephraim, the

elder of the three, gave 15,000*l.* for a stud of horses. It is worthy of remark that they were bought from a nobleman who was obliged to sell them to meet his debts of honour.

The proprietors of the minor gambling houses, of which there are three or four to each, are all ignorant, uneducated, as well as unprincipled men. Their conversation and manners strangely contrast with their flashy appearance. Most of them have been porters or inspectors in other gaming establishments. Several of them are Jews. Connected with each, in the character of legal adviser, is some low unprincipled attorney. One and all of the persons belonging to such places have been previously known as most profligate characters. A great many of them have been regular pickpockets, and not a few of them have been tried at the Old Bailey.

They have not one redeeming quality in their nature. If the men whom they have fleeced of thousands on thousands, should chance, which is not unfrequently the case, to go to their hells, when they have not a penny to procure a morsel of bread, or to get a bed for the night,—to ask a few shillings from them, they are indignantly repulsed from their doors, their plunderers telling them they would not give a sixpence to save them from the gallows. If,

pressed by hunger and wretchedness, they are importunate, and refuse to go without getting something, then some of the rudest and strongest of the rascals called porters, about the house, eject them by means of blows. It is not long since one of the victims to these dens, having applied to his plunderers for a small pittance to preserve him at least one day longer from absolute starvation, was so violently assaulted by a ferocious Herculean Irishman, kept for the purpose,—though ostensibly one of the porters,—that his life was for some time supposed to be in danger.

One of these hellites lately retired from “business,” and purchased an estate in the neighbourhood of Brighton, where he lives in all splendour, and apparently in as much happiness as if he had been the most virtuous man in the wide creation,—though he is perfectly aware that every year of his infamous career he had been the means of causing, on an average, twenty of his victims to commit suicide. And yet—how melancholy and mortifying the fact!—our nobility have no scruples in admitting such characters to their houses, on a footing of friendship! Nay, the daughter of one of these gambling proprietors, was some years since married to a Peer of the realm!

I have mentioned in another part of this chapter that the peculiar notions of honour which are entertained by the aristocratic gamblers at Crockford's, always insure the quondam fish-monger the payment of the debt his visitors contract, so soon as they possess themselves of the means. In the minor gambling houses, however, where the same notions of honour do not obtain, unsuccessful gamblers often resist the payment of the debts they have contracted. They know, as formerly mentioned, that gambling being illegal, they cannot be compelled by law to pay their losses. Do the hellites, then, lose the advances they have made to such persons? Not they. By what means do they procure the payment? The hellite who won the money, sends, in the first instance, a note to the party, to the effect that, as he must be aware the money was fairly won, which the knaves always insist on, he cannot, surely, as a man of honour, be serious in refusing to pay the debt; but if he is, then the only alternative is to afford to the writer that satisfaction which one gentleman is entitled to demand from another. In most cases such a hostile note as this has the desired effect. Where it has not, and the party still refuses to pay the debt, then "a friend" of the winner waits on the other, and requests

him to name his friend, that the matter may be settled without delay. The friend of the hellite is usually the most determined and fierce-looking of the party; and of such personages there is no lack in gaming establishments. This never fails of its effect; there is hardly an instance on record in which a man with any remains of character would go and fight a hellite; while the certain consequence of not doing it or refusing to pay the money, would be to be horse-whipped in the streets, if not privately murdered. The payment of the money is therefore the least of the two evils of which he must make a choice.

It is an every day question, "Why, when gambling houses are contrary to the law, are they not put down?" To abate the nuisance is a matter of extreme difficulty. It is almost impossible in any case—in many cases it is quite so—to procure evidence on which a jury could convict the proprietors. They have in several instances been indicted; but when the hellites know the indicting parties can bring forward the necessary evidence, they bribe them with large sums to make out of the way by the time the trial comes on. What is 2,000*l.* or 3,000*l.* to the proprietors, even of the second class of these houses? They will in a few hours fleece some poor flat of perhaps

twice that sum. Some years ago the great hall in St. James's-street was indicted, when the penalties for money won illegally were laid at 162,000*l*. The indicting party disappeared before the time appointed for the trial. What would the proprietors of that pandemonium have cared to give 20,000*l*. or 30,000*l*. to quash the indictment? Better surely to pay either of these sums, or larger still, if less would not be accepted, than to be subjected to penalties to the amount of 162,000*l*. and the probability of being sent to the tread-mill; for, when sufficiently identified, they are liable to be sent thither. Only fancy the stout farmer-looking hero of the great house in St. James's, constantly "working like a squirrel" for two or three months, at the tread-mill,—as a candidate for the occupation some time ago happily expressed himself at one of our police offices.

But not only are the proprietors of these pandemoniums at all times ready to give large sums to get informations against them quashed, but they take care to keep on as good terms with the police as possible, so as not to be taken by surprise by them. It is notorious that numbers of the old police were in the pay of the hellites, and more than a suspicion has been expressed by several of the magistrates in the metropolis,

that some persons belonging to the present body are in the same predicament. Why else, as was asked, in September last, by one of the magistrates at the Middlesex sessions; why else did two policemen refuse to take two of the Leicester Square hellites into custody, who were easily within their reach,—even though the warrants for their apprehension were produced?

Until some better law than the present be passed, it is out of the question to suppose that gaming houses will ever be put down in the metropolis. Much greater facilities for conviction must be afforded; and it is a question whether, when the party indicting has succeeded in obtaining a conviction, some adequate reward should not be given him. At all events, it is clear that the law, as it at present stands, is wholly inadequate to cope with the evil. Whether we could get such a one as would really root out the knaves who people these dens of iniquity,—were any of our legislators to propose it,—is a point on which I entertain considerable doubts. If it be true, and I fear it is, that the majority of the members of Crockford's are noblemen and gentlemen belonging to either House of Parliament,—then it would be really too much to expect that they

would assist in passing a law which they would most probably be the first to aid in breaking. I suspect that if we wait until some such parties as the Marquis of Hertford in the Lords, or Mr. Thomas Duncombe, in the Commons, legislate for the extinction of gaming in the metropolis, we shall have to wait until doomsday.

CHAPTER V.

METROPOLITAN SOCIETY.—THE HIGHER CLASSES.

Their opinion of themselves—Their disregard of the truth—Their insincerity—Extent to which profligacy prevails among them—Their conduct in pecuniary matters—Virtue laughed at among them—Their want of religion—Their social condition—The extent to which conjugal infidelity prevails among them—Remarks on their marriages—Their want of benevolence to mankind generally—Their notions of dignity—The opinions they entertain of those below them—Their conduct to their servants—Frivolity and occasional coarseness of their conversation—Their partiality to foreigners—Indignities to which they must sometimes submit in raising money to keep up appearances—Their pecuniary embarrassments—Husband hunting—Unhappiness which exists among them, &c.

THE Higher Classes of society in the metropolis, as, I believe, everywhere else, have the most exalted opinion of themselves. If their own es-

timate of their character were to be taken as a correct one, they are as far above the great mass of their fellow beings as the latter are above the brute creation. Pope represents Bishop Berkeley as having possessed every virtue under heaven: the fashionable world not only exclusively arrogates to itself all the virtues, but all the accomplishments which human nature can acquire. The aristocracy hold up their conduct to the rest of mankind as a perfect pattern for imitation. Are they, then, what their own vanity leads them to think they are? A glance at their principles and practices will best answer the question.

No one has ever had an opportunity of studying human character, as exemplified in the conduct of the higher classes of this country, but must have been struck with their want of regard to the truth. They are most prodigal of their promises; let those to whom they have been made, say how many of them are redeemed. Shakspeare has a character in one of his plays who "lies like truth." Shakspeare must have had one of the "fashionables" of his day, who, I suppose, very much resembled those of our's, in his eye when he penned the expression. They see no moral evil in telling a fib: to tell what they call a conventional falsehood with be-

coming grace, is deemed by them an accomplishment of the most enviable kind. It were well if the practice of systematic fib-telling were confined to themselves: it is an accomplishment in which they are careful to instruct their domestics. To tell a certain class of falsehoods with ease and effect, is, in many cases, regarded as one of the greatest merits of a servant. Take, for an illustration of my statement, the way in which they refuse to see, when so disposed, any friend who calls on them. Do they say they are engaged, and cannot see any visitor at the time? No; that would never do. The servant is instructed to say the master or mistress is not at home. Thus the master or mistress tells the fib in the first instance, and then instructs the servant to do the same. Thus tutored by their employers in the "art of lying," is it to be wondered if the servant goes a little further than was intended, and in addition to telling fibs at other people's expense, begins to tell them at that of the master or mistress? In the latter case, when the falsehood is detected, due punishment is inflicted either in the shape of rebuke, or, if the fib be an aggravated one, by dismissal. In what an awkward position do the Higher Classes in such a case place themselves! They first instruct their servants in the

art of telling falsehoods, and then punish them—when they happen themselves to be affected by the untruths—for the very crime which they have taught them to commit ! Nor is this all : once corrupt a servant's morals so far as to make that servant "lie on system," and you may depend on it, that corruption of morals will not end there : it will extend itself to other things. Dr. Johnson used to say that the person who would tell a lie would pick a pocket. There is more truth in the spirit of the great moralist's remark, than is generally supposed. The master or mistress who has once tutored a domestic in the practice of story-telling, has certainly laid the axe at the foundation of that servant's honesty. Stealing and lying are members of the same family : they are kindred vices, and in the vast majority of cases will be found to go hand-in-hand.

I know it is urged in defence of telling a visitor, when it is not wished to see the party, that the person on whom he calls is not at home,—is merely a civil way of hinting to him that it is inconvenient to see him at the time. It is consequently called a conventional or expedient fib. In morals there ought to be no such principle as expediency. Once introduce it, and there is no saying when or where it will end. It is in any

case a most dangerous principle; in private life, it is especially so, and ought on no account, or under any circumstances, to be tolerated.

It may be said that to tell a friend in plain terms, when making a call, that one is engaged and cannot see him, would be hurtful to his feelings. Supposing it were so, would that be any justification of a falsehood? Are a man's feelings to be balanced against the truth? Admit the principle, and see the consequences which would ensue. Why, you could not take a more effectual means of banishing Truth from the world. She is said to have come originally out of a well; this would be sending her back to the place whence she came, with a vengeance.

But were the practice of refusing to see a visitor by instructing the servant to tell the party that the person he calls on is not at home, to be once universally discontinued, and the visitor to be either told that the individual was engaged at the time, or were admitted to the house, so as to let him see he was actually engaged, — no inconvenience would result, nor would any one's feelings be hurt either at the message, or at finding that he was not pressed to remain. The religious part of the community never resort to the practice of instructing their servants to say they are not at home,

when they do not want to see any particular person at a particular time,—and they find no inconvenience to result from the non-adoption of the expedient. It is the same in the north of Scotland: the expression “not at home,” is there unknown. A master or mistress desires the servant in both these cases either to say plainly that they are engaged, or to admit the parties calling; and every person of any discernment will at once perceive when his presence is an intrusion; while no one with the least pretensions to manners will think of remaining in the place a moment after he has made the discovery.

The insincerity of the Upper Classes is one of the most prominent traits in their character. All is fair outwardly; nothing can be kinder than their words; it is so marked, that a French writer, speaking of our English nobility, says, that aristocracy and hypocrisy are synonymous terms. How different from their words would you find their hearts were they unveiled to your gaze! “My dear,” are epithets you every moment hear our aristocratic ladies applying to one another, while the most rancorous malignity exists in each of their minds. A carriage is seen at the door. “O, there’s those horrid creatures, the Jerninghams—what great bores they are!”

says Miss Harley to her sister Jemima. The door is opened, the Jerninghams are ushered into the drawing-room, and Miss Harley and Jemima embrace "the horrid creatures—the great bores," with an energy which, were one to judge from mere externals, would be held to betoken the most devoted affection. The Jerninghams are about to depart; Miss Harley and Miss Jemima impress on their lips a most "vigorous kiss," are delighted with their visit, and implore them to call soon again. The door is shut; and the Jerninghams are "detestable wretches!"

"My dear Miss Vernon, I am so delighted to see you; how are you?" said Miss Grantley the other evening to a young lady she met at the *soirée* at the Colosseum. As she spoke she shook Miss Vernon by the hand with a vehemence and apparent cordiality I have never seen surpassed. "O how I *do* hate that conceited, empty, stuck-up creature, Miss Vernon," said Miss Grantley, with a most contemptuous expression of countenance, to a female friend who was with her at the time,—the moment the other had parted from her. "The odious reptile!—she is always crossing my path. I would as soon encounter a tiger as meet with her. I abhor the very thought of the vulgar wretch."

The mothers are quite as guilty in this re-

spect with their daughters. You meet two middle-aged ladies; nothing can exceed the blandness of their demeanour towards each other; their words are the sweetest the English language can supply: they are honey itself. You would fancy the one would cheerfully submit to martyrdom for the other. They part. If you saw what had passed within their minds, you would perceive they were actuated towards each other by the most implacable enmity. The causes of this feeling may be various. Possibly their daughters are rivals; or there may be a struggle between them and their respective families, supposing them to have families, to outshine each other in some particular way; or some of their near relations may have come in collision with the pecuniary interests of those of the other. Or it may be that the sphere of life in which they have each moved, and the maxims by which they have regulated their conduct, has banished every kindlier emotion from their bosoms, and inspired them with that haughtiness of disposition which leads one to look down with superciliousness on one's fellow-creatures,—as if they were an inferior order of beings. This feeling exists to an extent among the Higher Classes, which has no parallel in the middle or lower walks of life. Every one among the aristocracy

is ambitious of being considered superior to another; and where the wish exists to induce others to adopt this opinion, it is a very easy matter for the parties to adopt it themselves. Locke, indeed, would, under all the circumstances, have called it an innate feeling.

It is the same with the male members of the aristocracy. Under the most courteous exterior and most friendly mode of address, they often bear the most bitter animosity towards each other. Lord Mandon puts a personal construction on some expression which has been made use of by the Marquis of Alvey. He appoints a friend; the latter does the same: a hostile meeting takes place. But before they attempt to hurry each other into eternity, they shake hands. A person unacquainted with the ways of the aristocratic world, would suppose, on seeing them embracing each other before firing with mortal intent, that they were two friends who were about to part for some time. They fire a first and a second time; on both occasions they providentially miss: the seconds interfere, and determine that each of the parties has vindicated his honour. Of course they then quit the field. But do they do so in the way you would expect of persons who, but a moment before, had been deliberately, and in cold blood, medi-

tating each other's murder? No; instead of demeaning themselves towards each other as deadly enemies, they shake hands with the greatest apparent cordiality, and evince the warmest apparent interest in each other's welfare.

The same insincerity characterizes the great body of the aristocracy in most of the relations of life. That there is sincerity among them, it were both uncharitable and unjust to deny. That there are instances of genuine and devoted friendship to be met with in the upper circles of society, I cheerfully admit; but they are of remarkably rare occurrence.

No one that knows anything of the aristocracy can fail to have been struck with the frightful extent to which profligacy exists amongst its male members. What is their hourly conduct but a living exemplification of the most profligate principles? I speak not of their intercourse with those of the opposite sex, whose course of life is indicated by their own favourite expression "unfortunate girls." What I have chiefly in my eye is their constant attempts to seduce virtuous females. With hundreds this is not only the principal, but almost the only business of their life. To them it matters not that they entail irretrievable ruin on the poor victims themselves; nor that they plunge whole families

into the deepest distress. These are considerations that never enter their minds: the gratification of their own unhallowed passions is the only thing that ever occupies their thoughts. And to aggravate, if that were possible, the enormity of their crimes, they openly boast of their exploits in this way. What must be the moral deformity of a mind, that can first contemplate and then carry into effect, the greatest crime which the stronger can commit against the weaker sex, and then glory in its shame? That the recital of these deeds of seduction should be listened to with patience by one's acquaintances, gives a painful picture of human nature; that such recital should be, as it is, often applauded to the echo, is a fact which may well make one "hang his head, and blush to think himself a man."

But the species of criminality to which I refer, does not stop here. It rises yet higher in the scale of social and moral enormity. Am I understood? Need I tell any one that knows aught of the male members of the aristocracy, that I refer to the attempts they are constantly making, to induce infidelity to the marriage vow, and to pollute the marriage bed? Life among the Higher Classes is little better than a constant scene of intrigues and amours. How numerous

are the instances which every year brings to light of detected conjugal infidelity ! How innumerable are the cases in which such transactions are never detected ! for of all crimes those of this nature are of necessity the most difficult of detection. The cases, too, in which the crime is detected, but the matter compromised between the injured husband and the guilty paramour of his wife, are much more numerous than is generally supposed. There have of late been several compromises of this kind, in which some of the most eminent persons in the country have been the guilty parties. A noble and learned Lord, whose name meets one's eye in almost every newspaper, is said to have lately paid the immense sum of 10,000*l.* to get the proceedings stayed which were commenced against him, for *crim. con.* with a lady who used to figure prominently in all the movements of the fashionable world. It was a general remark, when another noble Lord was dragged into the Court of Common Pleas, some months ago, at the instance of the husband of a literary lady,—that there were but few noblemen in a numerous assembly to which he belonged, who, were the truth known, were not equally liable to be proceeded against in the same way. These aristocratic offenders have no sense, even in such cases,

of the enormity of their guilt. The injury they do the husband, and the degradation they entail on the family in the event of detection, are considerations which never enter their minds. They prefer married women for their amours; because the chance of detection is not so great. I have heard computations made as to the proportion of the male members of the Higher Classes, who are guilty in this respect, compared with those who are guiltless. I will not give those computations: they would appear incredible to all unacquainted with the laxity of morals which prevails among our male aristocracy in London. Let it suffice to say, that it is beyond all doubt, that the extent to which the crime of polluting the marriage bed is carried is frightfully great.

If the crime were susceptible of further aggravation, that aggravation would consist in the fact of its being, in the majority of cases, committed by the friend—by a person calling himself so, at least—of the injured husband. A man is introduced to the house of a married friend: he is loaded with acts of kindness, and receives every attention: the return he makes is to seduce the wife of him who had shown him so much friendship.

Of the morals, in this respect, of our married

female aristocracy, the less that is said the better for them. If the "lords of the creation," as the male libertines delight to call themselves, were repulsed as they ought to be when making improper advances, they would not be in such haste to repeat their unprincipled attempts.

Look, again, at the aristocracy in their pecuniary transactions. Ask those who have been fated to deal with them in money-matters, their opinion on the subject. If the aristocracy can only get money, they care not whence it comes, nor by what means it is procured. They take credit from tradesmen wherever they can get it; but without persevering dunning they will never dream of paying their accounts—very often not with all the dunning in the world. Thousands of tradesmen are yearly ruined from the amount of unpaid aristocratic debts on their books. Does this give the titled "fashionable" debtors any uneasiness? Not the slightest: they have no compunctious visitings on this head: tradesmen are below their notice, farther than to order and consume their goods. The poor victims of our extravagant aristocracy are torn from their families, and consigned to the Fleet, or the King's Bench, or some other receptacle for insolvents: their wives and children are doomed to endure all the horrors of poverty; while the

authors of their wretchedness continue to riot in all manner of luxury, at the expense of a new set of tradesmen.

Virtue is laughed to scorn among the aristocracy. Talk of a virtuous man or woman, and the term is an unmeaning one to them. It has not yet found its way into the vocabulary of the fashionable world. It is no recommendation to a person that his life has been one of spotless moral purity; that calumny has never dared to whisper a word to his disadvantage. That, indeed, would only serve to make him the butt of their ridicule. Would you be a favourite in the fashionable world—would you be a hero in the aristocratic circles—you must go through a previous course of moral and social profligacy. The greater the number and enormity of the injuries you have inflicted on society—always provided you take care not to render yourself amenable to the criminal jurisprudence of your country,—the more popular are you sure to be among the Higher Classes of London. The most notorious rakes, and those most distinguished for their profligacy generally, are “quite the go,”—to use a homely but expressive phrase—in fashionable circles. What are his morals? or rather, what are his immoralities? is never the question. The great, and indeed the only

point is—is he “respectable?”—that is, does he sport a handsome equipage?—does he dash away in fine style? “What’s your opinion of the accused?” inquired a magistrate of a witness at one of our police-offices some time ago, when wishing to ascertain the character of a person charged with some swindling transaction. “I look upon him as a very respectable gentleman,” said the witness. “But what do you mean by the term respectable?” asked the magistrate. “Why,” said the witness, evidently surprised at the question,—“that he moves in the higher walks of life: he keeps his horse and gig.” The witness was only a little above the grade of a common tradesman, so that the same false standard of respectability seems to be beginning to be adopted by those in the middle ranks of life. It is one of the greatest evils of the existing state of things, that men form their judgment solely from external appearances.

What is still more strange is, that the same disregard of a person’s private character, provided always that person do not belong to their own sex, obtains even among females. Is it not notorious that the greatest *roués* hold the highest place in their good graces? If you are ambitious to become a favourite with the Countess of This, or the Hon. Miss That, and are will-

ing to purchase her smiles at any expense, do by all means run the round of the cardinal vices in fashionable life. If you are a person of most exemplary moral character—if you are careful to have a conscience void of offence towards the Deity and towards your fellow men, your chances of getting into the favour of the aristocratic ladies are poor indeed. The rake is “*such a dear*” with them: you are a “spooney,” or a “bore,” or a “bumpkin,” or something else of the same kind. It is true, that towards the erring members of their own sex, our aristocratic dames extend no open indulgence: they refuse to have any intercourse with them. Is this because of any abstract abhorrence of their frailties? Were I to answer the question as my own convictions would lead me, I might be charged with a want of charity. It is better, perhaps, to take the opinion of one of themselves, whose opportunities for forming a correct judgment have been numerous and most favourable. A celebrated Countess, equally celebrated for her literary attainments and her beauty, says, in her “Conversations” with a deceased noble Lord, that “the crime of conjugal infidelity on the part of aristocratic ladies, does not, in the estimation of the members of their sex, consist in the mere *fact* itself, but in allowing it to be *detected*.” Sup-

pose, in other words, that a certain number of fashionable ladies were individually aware of the frailties of some member of the sisterhood, but that they at the same time thought the secret was confined to their own respective bosoms,—they would not cut her acquaintance; they would remain on the same footing of intimate intercourse as before.

Religion, again, is entirely out of the question among the Higher Classes;* they attach no definite meaning to the term. Ask them what is Christianity? They cannot tell: they know as little about those peculiarities which constitute its essence, as they do of the mysteries of Buddhism. Beyond what is contained in the prayer-book of the church, they are nearly as ignorant of the Scriptures as they are of the Shasters of the Hindoos, or the Alcoran of Mahomet. To be sure, they talk a great deal about religion, and call themselves its friends; but that merely means the religion of the State,—the patronage and livings in the church. Apart from the State, they hold there could be no such thing as reli-

* I do not know if it be necessary to repeat that my observations are not intended to be of universal application. I rejoice to think that there are instances in which they do not apply; but they are few, extremely few, compared with the cases in which they hold good.

gion. The man who avows himself a believer in the distinctive doctrines of Christianity, and endeavours to embody its self-denying precepts in his conduct, is branded with the epithet of fanatic,—if he be not deemed a fit subject for a lunatic asylum. See how they spend the sabbath. If any distinction be made between that and the other six days of the week, it is in singling it out as a day on which they may devote themselves more unreservedly to worldly pleasures. Look at the appearance of the Park on the afternoon of that day, and compare it with the scene it presents on the afternoon of any other day of the week. Is it not much more crowded than on any other day? Does it not present a scene of immeasurably greater gaiety? The members of both Houses of Parliament rejoice in the return of the sabbath, because, while it releases them from the toils of legislation, it affords them an opportunity of gratifying their propensities for worldly pleasures. It used to be, as it still is, a favourite day for cabinet dinners. And where is the member of the “*ton*,” who, if in good health, does not spend that day in pleasurable pursuits, in some way or other? Cards, music, the song, and the dance, are often the accompaniments to the pleasures of eating and drinking in private Sabbath-day parties.

So much for the moral condition of the Higher Classes of society in the metropolis. Their social condition is not much better. Let not the sense in which I use the word 'social' be, in this instance, misunderstood. I do not mean by it the style in which they live; in that respect, of course, their social condition is all that could be wished. I mean by the term the feelings they entertain towards each other, and the principles by which they regulate their conduct.

I have already alluded to some of the forms in which their insincerity manifests itself: the same insincerity characterises almost their whole conduct. What can be more heartless than their morning calls? There is not a particle of feeling or friendship in them. They are mere matters of form; burdensome alike to the parties paying them and to the parties visited. Two Countesses meet at some ball: they shake hands with the greatest seeming cordiality. "Pray *do* call," says the one. "I *will*," says the other. The former does not in her heart wish any visit from the latter; the latter never intended to cross the threshold of the former.

But view the aristocracy in the matter of marriage. What can be more repulsive than the picture which their conduct in that respect presents! Were probate the practice which exists in

Eastern countries of the parents betrothing their children to those they have selected for the future husband or wife, as the case chances to be, in their earlier years. The practice of the Higher Classes in relation to their marriages, is equally, if not more unprincipled and absurd. To call their matches affairs of the heart, would be a most glaring perversion of language. There is nothing of heart in the matter; not one whit more than if the parties had no heart at all—than if they were nothing better than marble statues. Marriages in high life are viewed in no other light than business transactions. The comparative rank of the parties, their fortunes, the families to which they belong,—these and such like considerations are the only ones which are allowed to weigh for one moment in the forming of matrimonial engagements among the upper classes. Young misses are regularly brought up by their mammas from the country to town, at the commencement of the season, in the hope of being disposed of advantageously in the London market. They are most perseveringly chaperoned during the season, which begins in spring and closes at the end of July. They are exhibited at fashionable breakfasts, morning concerts, at the opera, at balls, &c., with the view of attracting the attention of some eligible

bidder. They are, in fact, brought to the metropolitan market, and paraded about there, first in one prominent place and then in another, precisely in the same way as Earl Spencer, or any other black cattle-breeder, would exhibit his "horned beasts" at a country cattle fair. Lord Byron has been much blamed, and very justly, for authorising Mr. Moore to choose a wife for him, pledging himself to marry the object of his friend's choice. The same thing is practically done every day in the fashionable world. The parties immediately interested have virtually nothing to do with the matter: they are merely passive. To be sure, in most cases the future husband is not so much interfered with by others as the embryo wife; but then he is the creature of circumstances: he has to consult the wishes of relations; and the demon of caste is ever before his eyes. In fashionable life the parties marry to please others, not themselves; their own partialities and affections are put out of the question altogether. Is it to be wondered at, that, in such circumstances, there is so much matrimonial misery among the Higher Classes? Is it anything surprising that separations and divorces are of such frequent occurrence? If the loose notions regarding religion and morality which obtain among the aristocracy, be

one cause of the infidelity to the marriage bed which is so characteristic of them, the circumstances under which their matrimonial matches are made, is another. Where marriages are not formed from similarity of disposition, sympathy of feeling, and consequent affection, but are made mere matters of convenience, it were as reasonable to expect to gather figs off thistles, as that happiness should result from such unions. It is true, that when "a couple" are on the eve of marriage, the young lady does everything she can to make herself agreeable; but it is all assumed: it is nothing more nor less than a piece of skilful acting. The intended husband also plays his part on the occasion. He says many fine things to his betrothed: she is an angel: his very being is wrapped up in her: he is dying for her: he adores, idolizes her: her smile is his heaven; her frown would be the reverse. All this is, no doubt, very pretty, but then it is, unfortunately, as an Irishman would fitly characterize it, all blarney. There is not a word of truth in it: it only affords another instance of the insincerity and hollow-heartedness to which I have before referred, as being among the distinguishing features of aristocratic society. The honeymoon is hardly over,

possibly it is little more than begun, when both parties appear to each other in their true colours: their conduct proves that a particle of affection does not exist in either bosom. If an open separation does not ensue, the parties take care to be as seldom in each other's company as possible. When they are obliged to be together, they treat each other with coldness, if not absolute dislike. Murphy, in his comedy of "The Way to Keep Him," represents the circumstance of Sir Benjamin Bashful really loving his wife, Lady Constant,—as so very singular, nay, even vulgar, that if the thing should become known, he will be sure to be laughed out of society,—fashionable society of course; and will soon find himself figuring away for the special amusement of the town as the hero of a comedy under some such title as the "Amorous Husband." Murphy in this comedy proves himself to be a shrewd observer of the Higher Classes. For a man to say or show that he really loves his wife, would be to draw down to a certainty the ridicule of all his aristocratic acquaintances, on himself; and every one knows that the "world's dread laugh" is so dread, that the firm philosopher can scarcely scorn it. In most cases, one's philosophy shrinks from

the unequal conflict. How many thousands prefer exposing themselves to the pistols of an adversary, as the least of the two evils !

When I hear of "matches of convenience" in high life, I do not pity the bridegroom. If he had the requisite generosity and nobleness of feeling, he has the power of breaking through the trammels of fashion; of disregarding all considerations of caste; and singling out for his future wife some young lady whom he really loves. But no one can hear of a marriage of the kind to which I refer, without cordially feeling for the unhappy bride. Poor creature! she has no will of her own; she has been obliged to give her hand to please her friends. She is offered up a victim on the altar of fashion or caste. It would have been infinitely more merciful to her had they sent her to the East, and compelled her to lie down and be crushed to pieces by the wheels of Juggernaut. Perhaps the parents of aristocratic young ladies may startle at this; it is strictly true nevertheless. What is it but martyrdom in either case?—with this difference, that in the former, the martyrdom is protracted,—extending, it may be, over a period of many years; in the latter, it is instantaneous. And who would not, if the dreadful alternative were imposed on him, prefer an instan-

taneous to a lingering martyrdom? I have often thought, when hearing of these conventional marriages,—Well, the bridegroom has got his bride, but what does he get when the clergyman pronounces her his wife? A piece of beautiful clay, perhaps,—just as a statue or a portrait may be beautiful; but he gets nothing more. Neither her feelings nor her heart are his. And what is the person without the heart? It is the casket without the gem.

Aristocratic notions of dignity are of a piece with their notions about other things. Here the dictates of nature and reason are disregarded. They will do nothing more for themselves than if they had no such appurtenances as hands and feet. In so far, indeed, as most of the offices of life are concerned, those parts of one's person are, in their case, superfluities. Everything must be done to their hands; it would be lowering their dignity to do anything themselves which can be done by proxy. There are fashionable ladies who, if they chance to drop their pocket handkerchiefs, would no more, in the presence of other members of the *ton*, think of stooping down to lift them themselves, than if the act involved a serious moral crime. A few months since, the Marchioness of Lochnabo dropped her handkerchief in her own house,

just as she had returned from the Colosseum, where she had been witnessing the feats of the Bedouin Arabs: there was not a nobleman or gentleman present to do the amiable. "Adolphus," said her Ladyship to her German page, who had made his appearance in prompt obedience to the ringing of the bell: "Adolphus, call Elle* here." Elle was called, and in a few seconds was in the drawing-room. "Take up that handkerchief," said the Marchioness, pointing to the place where it lay on the floor. The maid of course did as she was desired, and was in the act of giving the handkerchief to her Ladyship. The latter drew back, as if something odious had been offered her, and said, somewhat sternly, "No, Elle, give it to my Lord, and he will hand it me." The noble Marquis was in an adjoining room, and on the handkerchief being given him he came into the drawing-room, and placing it in his Lady's hand, said in accents of edifying kindness, "Your handkerchief, my dear." The same singular notions of dignity are displayed in the servility and obsequiousness they exact of their servants. And here let it be distinctly understood that the Whig and Radical members of the aristocracy

* Her Ladyship's French waiting-maid.

have the same peculiar and lofty notions of their personal dignity as the Tories. They speak of liberty and equality in public; at home they exact the most servile obedience from all around them. It is not long since the most Radical Earl in the country discharged one of his servants for giving him a letter with his hand, instead of on a china plate. These are two of the many instances which are daily occurring of "much ado about nothing," in high life. "What extraordinary notions of dignity the aristocracy must entertain!"—will be the exclamation of every one.

And yet, notwithstanding their exalted notions of their own dignity, to what acts of degradation do many of them stoop! How many of them have not only associated for years with actresses whose virtue was more than problematical, but eventually married them! Nay, are there not numerous instances on record in which Dukes, Earls, Lords, &c., have married actresses and other females, whose virtue every one knew to have long previously "taken to itself wings and fled away?"

See also the conduct of the aristocracy—I still speak of them, be it again observed, as a body—towards their servants. In so far as eating and drinking are concerned, the domestics

in fashionable houses have, with few exceptions, no ground of complaint. It is the degrading estimation in which they are held by the families they serve, that constitutes the subject of reproach against the aristocracy. If a servant be sick, he is at once transferred to the hospital, and much less interest is manifested in him by his master, than there would be in a horse or a pointer. A servant dies; so does my lady's lap-dog; the death of the former scarcely excites a passing thought: she sheds tears, and is overwhelmed with grief, at the death of the latter. Servants are nothing in the social scale of the aristocracy; the very fact proves how low is the place they themselves occupy in the social scale which reason and religion recognize.

To speak at any length of the frivolities which are so characteristic of fashionable life, would take up more of our space than my readers would be willing to allow. The whole existence of the aristocracy may be said to consist of a continued series of frivolities. Their thoughts are frivolous, their amusements are frivolous, their occupations are frivolous. In what noble occupations does one ever see them engaged? Who ever finds them the planners of any scheme for ameliorating the condition of humanity? Who ever sees them take an active hand in

promoting the benevolent plans of others,—unless, indeed, they are literally dragged into it by a sort of moral compulsion, or they can forward their own views, by it, of keeping themselves prominently before the public? A meeting is called to assist in procuring the emancipation of the West India slaves; Exeter Hall is full: there are 5,000 persons present. Among this number how many of the nobility are there? Lord Suffield, perhaps, is in the chair; you look around through the vast assemblage to see if you can perceive any other member of the aristocracy: you look in vain. The Northern Autocrat oppresses Poland; he stamps his iron hoof on her neck; he obliterates her name from the map of Europe; he tears the child from the bosom of its mother; he seizes the noblest and best of human beings, and dooms them to exile, loaded with chains, in the wilds of Siberia. A meeting of Englishmen is called to express their sympathy in behalf of the Poles, and to petition Parliament to rescue them from the reckless grasp of the modern Nero. How many of our nobles attend the meeting? Lord Dudley Stuart presides, perhaps; there is not another person of title there. It is the same in the case of all other enterprises of humanity and benevolence; you will never find these originate with

the aristocracy; you will never find them supported, to any extent, by the nobles of the land. Their proceedings in their own house—the House of Lords—are in perfect keeping with their conduct elsewhere. There the great interests of benevolence and humanity are at a discount. Who ever knew a measure for the amelioration of the human race originate in that place? Who ever knew the Lords, as a body, decide on any measure sent up to them by the House of Commons, in relation to its bearings on the best interests of the human race? The truth is, as before hinted, they look down on all their fellow-men below them, as if they were of an inferior order of creation. They are linked to the latter by no bond of sympathy, they live in a circle of their own; all beyond that circle are persons unworthy of their notice. “You hard-hearted man, how can you remain so indifferent, when you see all around you so deeply affected?” said a person to a stranger whom he saw sitting in a church, without the least trace of feeling, while every one but himself was dissolved in tears at the touching sermon the clergyman had delivered. “Why,” said the man with the most perfect *sang froid*, “why, but because I don’t belong to this parish.” In his own parish he would

have wept at such a sermon as abundantly as any one present. It is the same with the aristocracy. No case of suffering or of misery which occurs beyond the pale of their own narrow circle, makes the slightest impression on them: it is not in their parish.

But not only do our aristocracy feel no sympathy with the distresses of those of their fellow-beings moving in an humbler sphere; they would deem it a degradation, except in peculiar circumstances, to associate with them. If they have an electioneering, or some other personal object of great importance to gain, they will stoop for a time from the dignity of their station; they will condescend to be somewhat familiar with those whom they deem likely to subserve their views; but the moment their point is either gained or lost, they cut all intercourse with the "common herd," and soar again into the lofty regions of their own conventional superiority. It is true, we sometimes hear of a literary plebeian being invited to their tables. But what prompts the invitation? Any abstract respect for moral worth? a feeling of homage to genius? Nothing could be wider of the real fact than any such supposition. A literary man who has raised himself to distinction is asked to the table of "the great" on precisely

the same ground as Madame Malibran, or any other celebrated singer, is invited. It is not from respect to the individual himself, or from admiration of his commanding talents; it is because of the amusement his wit or conversational powers afford. To be sure, they do not offer him 25*l*, or any other sum, for his brilliant conversation, as they do Madame Malibran for singing one of her songs; they do not do this, because they know he would spurn the offer as an insult; while Madame Malibran, or any other professional person engaged for aristocratic amusement, expects the sum as a matter of course. But the man of genius, the person of literary distinction, is, I repeat, virtually asked to the houses of the Higher Classes from precisely the same motive as is Malibran, namely, because of the entertainment he is capable of affording. Let such a person's popularity only decline—which is a very common case in the literary world—and see how the aristocracy will treat him. Not only will their doors be shut against him, but they will pass him by in the streets without even deigning to give him the recognition of a nod. If he is reduced to poverty, as literary geniuses often are, they would not bestow on him even a shilling to keep him from starvation or the workhouse. Poor Sheridan

was a memorable instance of this. He had for years been the life and soul of aristocratic circles by the brilliancy of his conversation: a course of dissipation eventually exhausted both his intellectual and physical powers; poverty overtook him; he lived for years in a miserable abode, and was doomed to endure all the horrors of want. Which of those aristocrats who had so often been delighted by his talents and electrified by his wit, when in his better days, had either a sovereign or sympathy for him? Not one of the number. He was suffered to languish and pine away in his obscurity, until death released him from his wretched situation.

Lady Morgan, in her "Book of the Boudoir," gives a striking instance in her own case, without seeming to be conscious of it, of the fact, that the aristocracy ask persons of genius in an humbler station of life to their houses, not from any abstract homage to intellect, but merely because such persons can minister to their own and their friends' amusement. When known only as "The Wild Irish Girl," she was invited one day to a party at Lady Cork's splendid house in New Burlington-street. Her Ladyship met the "Girl" at the door; and what does the reader suppose was the first salute with which she greeted her, on the hackney-coach door be-

ing opened? "What, no harp, Glorvina?" "O Lady Cork," stammered out Glorvina, by way of apology. "O Lady Fiddlestick!* you are a fool, child! Here, James, William, Thomas, send one of the porters to Stanhope-street, for Miss Owenson's harp!" So, then, it was "The Wild Irish Girl's" talents as a performer on the harp, and not herself personally, that were the great object of attraction at Lady Cork's.

The conversation of the aristocracy admirably assorts with their conduct. There is nothing rational or intellectual about it; it is quite unworthy of human beings. Could a short-hand writer take down, unperceived, every word they utter from morning to night, it would be a rare piece of reading; it would constitute the greatest libel that could be penned on them. There is nothing benevolent any more than intellectual in it. The gentlemen's standard materials for confabulation are horses, dogs, women, amours, intrigues, &c. The favourite topics with the ladies are, the men of course; marriages, balls, the opera, dress, and the comparative attrac-

* An instance of the coarseness of conversation to which I am about to allude, as common among the Higher Classes.

tions of one another among themselves. On all these topics the latter have certain set phrases which are always on their lips. "What a monster of a man that Lord Leadenhall is!" "Well, really, that Sir Charles Leslie is one of the most conceited puppies I ever saw!" "O what a handsome man the young Earl of Blessington is; he has two such beautiful eyes!" "Have you heard that the Marquis of Hovenden is about to be married to the Hon. Miss Manton? what a ninny he is, to be sure, to propose to such a fright: they will not live together three months." The last ball at the Duke of Devonshire's was, of course, charming. The freedom and severity with which they criticise each other's dress and personal appearance, and the general scandal they talk, it were impossible for any but themselves to describe. Those who wish to form some idea of it must consult the fashionable novels written by some of their own pens.

Mr. Isaac Tomkins, alias Lord Brougham, speaking of the frivolous character of aristocratic conversation, says—"Whoever, after passing an evening in this (aristocratic) society, shall attempt to recollect the substance of the conversation will find himself engaged in a hopeless task. It would be easier to record

the changes of colour in a pigeon's neck, or the series of sounds made by an *Æolian* harp, or the forms and hues of an *aurora borealis*. All is pleasing—all is pretty—all serviceable in passing the time—but all unsubstantial. If man had nothing to do here below but to spend without pain or uneasiness the hours not devoted to sleep, certainly there would be no reason to complain of these ecstasies. But if he is accountable for his time, then surely he has no right to pass it thus. Compared with this, chess becomes a science; drafts and backgammon are highly respectable;—compared with this, dancing, which is exercise, and every game of romps, are rational modes of passing the hours;—compared with this, it is worthy of a rational being to read the most frivolous romance that was ever penned, or gaze upon the poorest mimic that ever strutted on the stage."

Their conversation is, also, often of the coarsest kind. That it should be so in the case of our sex is not, considering the habits of the male members of the aristocracy, much a matter of surprise, however much it may be a matter of regret. But coarseness of conversation is not confined to them; numbers of the ladies have acquired an unfortunate distinction that way:—"What savage is that with a face like a boiled lobster?" inquired Lady Mortimer, of one of

her female friends at the last Almacks of the present year, pointing at the same time to a gentleman sitting opposite.—“My goodness! my dear Marchioness,” said the Honourable Miss Lundy to the Marchioness of Leamington, as they both sat together a few weeks since in the opera-box of the latter, “my dear Marchioness, who is that she-bear, with her blowsy hair and face like a pickled cabbage, sitting in the Duchess of St. Alban’s box.”—“*That* Miss Cleveland, with her overgrown crop of hair hanging about her neck, looks like a water spaniel.”—“Oh, I can’t endure the sight of that mountain of humanity; that beetle squasher, Lord Henry Manning.”—“The very sight of that ugly wretch, Miss Bruce, makes me sicken.”—“Look at that laughing hyena; that piece of vulgarity, Miss Tomkina.”—“Did you ever see such a brute as that Lord Brondon is?”—“I could dig that horrid woman’s eyes out; she is always talking so maliciously of me.”—“I am sick to death of that vulgar beast, Lord Montgomery; did you ever see such a booby?”—“O, I could box the ears of that wretched creature, Miss Vernon!”

Such are some of the flowers of rhetoric which are great favourites with the ladies who figure in the fashionable world. Those who wish to see a more extended catalogue will find

it in "Tales of Fashion and Reality," lately written by two of the parties themselves—the Misses Caroline Frederica and Henrietta Beauclerk.

This habit of talking in coarse language sometimes leads young ladies into unpleasant predicaments. "Who is that clumsy Turk of a fellow sitting directly opposite?" said the Hon. Miss Mandon, at the last ball at Devonshire House, to a "detrimental" with whom she was flirting "in fine style," though the introduction had been but of recent date.

"That clumsy Turk of a fellow, madam, is my elder brother."

"Who is that sow of a woman at the other end, with her back to us, speaking to the Duke of Marmaby?" said Miss Glenlivat, to the partner with whom she had just danced, at a late ball.

"That sow of a woman, madam, is the Duchess of Bradford, and I have the honour to be one of her pigs."

Conceive the confusion of young ladies in these and similar cases.

It is the fashion in aristocratic life to despise everything English and to admire everything foreign. It would be deemed vulgar to be present at the representation of any of the plays of

our English dramatists: if the tragedies and comedies of Shakspeare had no better supporters than the votaries of fashion, we should never witness or hear of the performance of any of them. The Italian Opera is the thing; thither they crowd every evening it is open. The dresses of the ladies could not be put on if not made by a French milliner. A dinner prepared by an English cook would not be eatable. To have their children taught to speak and write the English language with propriety, is nothing; to have them instructed in French and Italian, is everything. Of course, foreign governesses are quite in vogue in all aristocratic families.

Some years ago, when a shoal of Spanish refugees came over to this country, their "prodigious" mustachios completely tickled the fancies of our lady exclusives. So great, indeed, did the mania for foreign mustachios become, that no Duchess, or Marchioness, or Countess, could be prevailed on to go to the Opera without some Spanish refugee in her train. To be escorted to any place of public amusement by a foreign Count, is still one of the most desirable objects in the estimation of our aristocratic dames.

Articles of apparel of English manufacture are fit to be worn by their domestics only, or by those who manufacture them: *their* clothing must

be the work of foreign hands. The passion of the aristocratic ladies of England for everything foreign, often leads them to commit mortifying blunders in their shopping visits when on the Continent. About two months since Lady Kimbolton went into a shop in Paris, and asked a sight of the best Brussels lace veils on hand: a lot was shown her: one suited her taste; she asked the price. Forty guineas was the lowest. She thought it high, but paid down the money, and took the article. In a fortnight afterwards she set out for England. But how was she to prevent the "magnificent veil" being seized by the excise officers as "smuggled goods." She thought the better way would be to wear it in crossing the Channel. She did so. It was seized on her arrival. Her regret was extreme: all her visions of making a "dashing appearance" with it, at once fled for ever. In a few minutes the officer returned, and putting the veil into her hands, said, "Here, madam, is your veil; on a closer inspection, we find it is not of Brussels but of British manufacture." The Parisian had "done" Lady Kimbolton: he had imported the article from England at less than a tenth part of the price at which he sold it to her. Her Ladyship was now as much mortified at the imposition practised on her, as she

had been grieved when the veil was seized by the custom-house officer.

Those who do not look below the surface of things would naturally conclude, that the upper classes are the happiest of the human species. There could not be a more erroneous opinion. They feel the workings of a spirit of envy to an extent unknown and undreamt of by those who move in a humbler sphere. A desire not only to cope with, but to distance their acquaintances, as respects their style of living, and their importance in the fashionable circles, actuates every breast. The consequence is, that the overwhelming majority of the Higher Classes are living far above their means. Hence, between their ambition to keep up appearances, the everlasting dunning of their creditors, the visits of bailiffs, and the fear of being obliged to retrench, if not of being domiciled in some receptacle for the "distressed in circumstances,"—they are the victims of horrors of which none but those who have been in a similar situation can form any conception. To see an acquaintance eclipse them: to see him sporting an equipage, or keeping up an establishment with which he cannot vie, is, to the votary of fashion, the very consummation of earthly misery. How many hundreds of our fashionables, when their

necessity compels them to break up their establishments, and their woes by ending their existence ! Of all idolaters, those who worship at the shrine of Fashion are the most enslaved and wretched.

I have said that the majority of the aristocracy live far above their means. Mr. Bulwer says that three-fourths of their estates are mortgaged to Jews. I believe he does not exaggerate. To raise the means necessary to keep up their establishments, and to enable them to gratify their passion for dissipation, often entails on them an amount of misery of which none but themselves can have any idea. They are at the mercy of some forty or fifty rapacious Jews : they have in the first instance to submit to the most humiliating expedients—not to mention the extortionate nature of the terms—before they can possess themselves of the required sum. Then comes the repayment of the principal, or the payment of the extravagant rate of interest. They implore a little indulgence : they do everything but literally fall on their knees in supplicating a temporary forbearance. They might as soon address their entreaties to the stone pillars of the Royal Exchange. Those Shylocks have not an atom of feeling in their bosoms ; they have not a particle of compassion in their

composition. Their noble victims can only purchase a temporary relief, by putting themselves still more in their power: additional security, and a yet more extravagant rate of interest, are the only conditions on which a new loan will be granted, or the term of the old one renewed. It will scarcely be believed, but it is, nevertheless, a fact, that there are hundreds of our aristocracy so entirely at the mercy of a *posse* of Jew money lenders, that they are obliged to cringe to them, and fawn on them, like the veriest slaves to their tyrannical masters. Let one of these rich harassing Jews, only write his autobiography with fidelity, and he would have circumstances to state, and scenes to disclose, respecting his transactions with the embarrassed members of the aristocracy, at the contemplation of which the world would stand aghast!

What I have just said chiefly applies to the male members of the *bon ton*. The female worshippers of the stern goddess are equally wretched. A married lady comes to town with her marriageable daughters; she comes, of course, for the purpose of "catching" husbands for them. She has long been making every preparation in her power, pecuniary and otherwise, for commencing the chase with every possible advantage. It may be that some of her most

valuable jewels are in the hands of some rapacious Jew, as the only security she could give for an advance of money. She plunges into the very vortex of fashionable life: her mind is constantly on the rack, both by day and night, to play the part of a skilful chaperon. It is not enough that she get her daughters off her hand: she must take care she does not catch a Tartar, namely, a "detrimental," for them; or, which is more likely to be the case, that they do not catch this class of personages for themselves. These "detrimentals," which translated into plain English means younger sons, with a hundred and fifty, or two hundred a-year,—are of necessity a much more numerous race than the older sons, who, in addition to the title, always inherit the estate. The detrimental are, perhaps, to the "prizes,"—that is, the elder sons,—in the proportion of three to one. Here the mathematical chances of an error are appalling to contemplate; but putting the mere question of numbers out of view, the danger of a "fatal mistake" is great, owing to the "spice of the romantic," which is generally to be found in those young misses just emancipated from the bondage of the boarding-school, or the despotism of the home-governess, with their heads crammed with the sickly sentimentalities

of modern novels. Coronets are baubles in their eyes—titles, paltry distinctions—fortune, so much lumber. To be married to an officer in the army, with his guinea a day, or to some “handsome young man,” with 300*l.* a-year, would insure them perfect and uninterrupted bliss. To steer clear of these detrimentals, who, by a sort of ill-starred fatality, are always crossing her path, is a task which requires the most consummate tact, and costs every mother who chaperons her daughters, a world of anxiety. Equal tact and equal anxiety are requisite to follow up the pursuit of the prize she has in her eye, with any chance of success. She soon learns how many others are running a race with her: she soon perceives that a host of caps are set at the same “elder son.” Perhaps, just as she fancied all was safe—that the game was her’s, she sees some competitor gallop up and snatch it in triumph from before her eyes. Imagine, those who can, what must be the feelings of a mother when she thus finds, in a moment, that all her labour is lost. Perhaps the season is drawing towards a close: in that case she must resign herself to despair. It was with the greatest difficulty she succeeded in raising the money to commence the campaign: that money is all spent: her balls, and parties, and opera-

box, have all gone for nothing; and she sees no rational prospect of being able to "chance" another season. Her daughters must either remain on her hands for life, or she must concur in their marrying "those beggars," the detrimentials. Horrible alternative! What misery can equal this? Echo answers—What misery can equal this? That of the young misses approaches, though it does not equal it. Mamma, as I have already mentioned, constantly puts all her ingenuity into requisition to keep them out of the detrimentials'—which is another term for harm's—way. She forces them to keep company with those for whose company their romantic notions had inspired them with a supreme contempt. To be denied the society of those of the opposite sex whom they love, and to be obliged to associate with those they dislike, are two most prolific sources of unhappiness to the unmarried females in the upper ranks of life. A third is, the feeling of rivalry which exists among all young misses. It is the perfection of wretchedness for one young lady to see herself neglected by the marriageable men, while they lavish their attentions on some of her favourite acquaintances. And a young lady's perceptions are remarkably quick—often much quicker than the fact warrants—in all matters of this kin.

She is, in other words, singularly dexterous in collecting materials for her own misery. To see another surpass her in the elegance or richness of her dress, is also a source of supreme misery to a young lady. Then there is the loving to distraction some one whose affections are placed on another, or whom, from their accidental circumstances, there is not the least chance of ever being her's. These, and innumerable other things which to us appear quite unimportant, often render the fair bosoms of young ladies in the higher walks of life, the seat of unutterable wretchedness. One who looks at such matters superficially, enters a ball-room, and sees a smile on every youthful female countenance before him: he concludes there is nothing but happiness there. Could he unveil each bosom he would find a mass of misery beneath the very sight of which would surprise and appal him.

Of the amount of misery in high life which results from injudicious marriages, I will not again speak, having in a previous part of the chapter referred to it. Besides, it must be as visible to every person of the least reflection, that to dwell on it were unnecessary. The very habits of the Higher Classes, both among the married and single, are of necessity productive

of much unhappiness. Their life during "the season," exhibits an uninterrupted course of "dissipation," which is their own favourite term when referring to it. Operas, parties, balls, keep them up every successive night till three or four o'clock on the following morning. Languor and headaches, and other unpleasant sensations, follow as a matter of course next day; and these "natural ills that flesh is heir to," are almost invariably accompanied by others of a mental nature. No lady, I believe; no, nor gentleman either, ever looked back on the ball or promiscuous party of the previous evening, with feelings of unmingled pleasure: balls and parties are pleasant enough in the prospect; in the retrospect the painful immeasurably preponderates. As necessary effects of late hours and hot rooms, and eating and drinking more than nature requires, come various diseases, which, if not permanently destructive of health, deprive the parties, for a time, of all enjoyment. They reverse the order of Nature; they go to bed when they ought to be rising from it. It is to be expected, therefore, they should be called on to pay the penalty which Nature invariably exacts from those who transgress her laws. But to enumerate the sources of unhappiness in aristocratic life, were an endless task.

I have thus endeavoured to portray aristocratic character. "Behold the picture! Is it like?" Those who have seen most of high life, and studied the upper classes of society most attentively, will, I doubt not, bear testimony to its fidelity. But I am anxious to guard against the purport of my observations being misunderstood. I do not mean to insinuate that there is anything, inherently, more vicious in the blood of the two or three thousand who constitute the aristocracy of the metropolis, than there is in the blood of the classes below them. If they are more dissolute, if they have less of sound and virtuous principle among them, than other persons, I attribute the circumstance chiefly to the accidents of their situation. They have greater facilities of gratifying their profligate propensities than the rest of mankind: they are, moreover, exposed to much greater temptations. Let the humblest person in the land be suddenly raised to the peerage, and give him ample pecuniary means, and you may depend on it, that, unless under the restraints of sound Christian principle, he will soon make himself as notorious for his profligacy as the nobleman who can trace his title and family back to the Conquest. My chief ground of quarrel with the aristocracy, is, that with such defects of cha-

racter as I have pointed out, they should arrogate to themselves credit for all that is virtuous in the world, and should hold themselves up as exemplars, both in regard to morals and manners, to all below them. That I have not exaggerated their vices, and shut my eyes to those which characterise the Middle and Lower Classes, will, I am sure, be made sufficiently manifest in the two following chapters.

But let me not close this one without paying a tribute of admiration to the beauty of the female branches of the aristocracy. Many of them are, in this respect, models of perfection. At the June exhibition, at Chiswick, of the Horticultural Society, there were present about 8,000 of the nobility and gentry. About one-half of the number consisted of ladies, and the most prejudiced against the aristocracy must admit that there were many perfect beauties among them. The Princess of Capua, the late Miss Smyth, whose personal attractions had been so much boasted of, was one of the number: there were scores as pretty and beautiful as she. The assemblage of ladies present at the last prorogation of Parliament afforded another display of aristocratic beauty. There were about 200 present on that occasion; and so struck were the

three Persian princes with their charms, that during the ceremony of prorogation they paid no attention to the King or to anything, but the peeresses and their daughters.

CHAPTER VI.

METROPOLITAN SOCIETY.—THE MIDDLE CLASSES.

Their number—Immorality among them—Considered as members of society—Comparative amount of happiness among them—The privations they sometimes submit to to keep up appearances—More sincerity and straightforwardness among them than among the higher classes, but occasionally say what they do not mean—Beauty of their women.

THE Middle Classes comprise a very considerable portion of the inhabitants of the metropolis. What their precise number may be, it is impossible to say. Some have supposed it can be little short of a quarter of a million. Be this as it may, the number, as just remarked, must be very considerable. The expression, Middle Classes, is very comprehensive, but no precise limits have been assigned to it. My

own opinion is, that a very good definition of the phrase may be given by saying, that the Middle Classes consist of those families whose annual expenditure exceeds 250*l.* or 300*l.* a year, and who have no accident of birth or station in society which would justify us in ranking them among the higher classes.

Immorality prevails to a considerable extent among the Middle Classes in the metropolis; but by no means to such an extent as in the higher and lower walks of life. Let any person take a given number of his acquaintances among the Middle Classes, and a given number of the members of the aristocracy of whose conduct he is cognizant, and he will find, on making the comparison, that there is much less immorality among the former. Let the comparison be also made between the middle and lower classes, and he will find the result equally in favour of the former class. If any one take the trouble to compare the extent to which the various vices I have mentioned in the previous chapter, prevails among the higher and middle classes respectively, it will be found, that though there exists too much ground for censure in the case of the latter, there by no means exists the same ground as in that of the former. Take, for example, the crime of conjugal infidelity; there are

immeasurably fewer instances—due regard being had to the comparative numbers of the two classes—of this crime among the Middle Classes than there are among the aristocracy.

The Middle Classes, taken as a body, are excellent members of society. They may indeed be said to be the benefactors of their species. The great majority of the many humane and benevolent enterprises which are at once the glory and happiness of our country, have their origin among, and are supported by, those who move in the middle sphere of life. Is other proof of this than mere assertion wanted? Examine the composition of every public meeting, having for its object the amelioration of the condition of mankind, and it will be seen that the persons in the middle classes of society constitute the overwhelming majority of those present. Is still further proof demanded? Is something more than being present, and taking part in the proceedings of such meetings, necessary to establish my position? Then examine the list of subscribers, and see whether these do not almost exclusively consist of persons in the middle walks of life.

But not to pursue the subject through all its bearings, I appeal to every one who has ever thought on the matter, and who is capable of

forming an unprejudiced opinion on it, whether the Middle Classes be not far more virtuous, both in regard to their private and public conduct, than the aristocracy.

To speak in the same breath of the obligations under which society lies to the higher and middle classes respectively, in reference to intellectual and mechanical achievements, were an insult to the latter ! How many of our nobles have distinguished themselves by making any great discovery which has conduced to the comfort or welfare of mankind ? With the exception of a few instances in which important discoveries in morals, science, or mechanics, have been made by persons in the lower walks of life, are we not exclusively indebted for those discoveries to the Middle Classes of society ? I might extend the observation to almost every great enterprise, of whatever kind, whether by sea or land. All these are planned, all of them are executed, by persons moving in the middle spheres of life.

It will be found that the greatest error ever committed by those in the middle ranks of society—an error, however, let it be understood, committed but by comparatively few of them—is that of aspiring at being received into the circles of the upper classes, and a consequent attempt to emulate the habits of the latter. This

leads them to incur an expenditure far above their income, and it has the effect of fostering a spirit of foolish, if not of criminal pride. This vain emulation, this anxious desire to be considered better in point of circumstances than they really are, is invariably sure to end in the ruin of the unhappy persons who are the subjects of it. It is one of the most contemptible of passions; it is altogether different from the commendable desire so generally entertained to better one's condition in life. The first is the result of empty vanity, and seeks gratification in despite of circumstances; the other arises from a virtuous and noble feeling which the Deity has implanted in men's bosoms, and which would disdain to be gratified at the expense either of any abstract moral principle, or of any individual's interest.

The passion I am reprobating often leads those who indulge it, to do such ridiculous things as to make them the laughing-stocks of all who are acquainted with them. I know one gentleman of some commercial note who resides at the east end of London, whose legislative duties call him every afternoon, during the session, to Westminster. He invariably wears cotton gloves until he reaches Charing Cross, not deeming it likely he will encounter any of the "fashion-

ables" farther eastward; but so soon as he comes in sight of the statue of Charles I. he doffs his cotton ones, stows them into his pocket, and replaces them by a white kid pair. He then considers himself in a condition to see and be seen by any of the noble lords who, at the hour of the Houses meeting, are riding and driving and walking, in such numbers, between Charing Cross and Westminster Abbey.

I know another instance,—and let it be observed I am only speaking the sober truth,—of two gentlemen whose ambition to be considered among the great, wofully contrasts with their pecuniary circumstances. They are now living, and have been for two years, in one furnished apartment on a second floor. There is no room for two beds in the apartment, and consequently one of them is obliged to sleep on the sofa. This they do alternately, or, if he who has the good fortune to possess the bed on a particular night, has occasion to rise earlier in the morning than his friend, the latter considers the circumstance quite a windfall; he leaps at once from the sofa, and takes possession of the vacant bed. But the most ludicrous part of the business is the way in which they manage their joint-stock of linen. Every one has heard of Falstaff's ragged regiment, who only had

three shirts, and these all tattered and torn, among them,—although one hundred and fifty in number. My two heroes are not quite so badly off, for they have four tolerably good shirts between them. By an arrangement which I cannot properly describe, they always contrive to have one of the shirts ready for any emergency, and whichever of them happens to need it first, is entitled to it. In the article of eating and drinking, when at their own expense, they are obliged to be remarkably moderate. They vegetate on next to nothing, and yet they are in the habit of dining out and mixing with persons moving, if not in strictly aristocratic society, in a sphere which approximates to it. I admire the man who wishes to keep up his station in society, though his circumstances are reduced; but the individuals I refer to are always, while suffering so many privations at home, striving to get into society far above their station either as gentlemen or men of education.

I believe no one can doubt for a moment, who has ever turned his attention to the subject, that there is much more of happiness among the Middle Classes of the metropolis than in either the higher and lower walks of life. This indeed follows as a necessary consequence from the superior morals of the middle ranks; for it

will always be found that morals and happiness, whether in individuals or in communities, go hand in hand. The Middle Classes have few or none of the artificial wants which characterize the aristocratic circles, while they are exempt from that source of unhappiness to the humbler classes which has its origin in their inability to supply wants which are natural. The habits of persons in the middle ranks of life are usually regular; they retire to rest at a reasonable hour, —though it were still better if it were a little earlier. In short, they pay much more respect to Nature's laws than those above them, and she rewards their obedience by making them so much happier.

Of course there are many exceptions to the remarks I have made. But it can hardly be necessary to observe, that there is no rule without its exceptions. If I speak of the Middle Classes as being, considered as a body, the happiest of the human race generally, as well with reference to the metropolis in particular, —I do not shut my eyes to the fact, that there are abundant instances of extreme misery among them. I will not advert to the various causes whence this misery arises. I cannot, however, help alluding to one the most prominent of them. I refer to the respectable appear-

ance which certain individuals are obliged to keep up in society, with the most limited means. Cases of this kind are far more numerous in the metropolis than anywhere else. You see a person with a good coat on his back; his manners are those of a gentleman; you jump at once to the conclusion, that he is a man in easy circumstances, and that, in a word, he is among the happiest of men. Follow him to his home; trace out his history, and see how he lives for one little week. What sort of home has he? He lives in a wretched room, on a second or third floor; or, it may be, in an attic, in some dirty, imperfectly ventilated part of the town. What is he? He received a good education, was brought up in easy and respectable circumstances, but his parents' means are no more than sufficient, and that with the best management, to "keep their own house;" he is consequently thrown on his own resources, and these are as yet so slender as barely to suffice to keep body and soul together. He cannot, perhaps, afford to have more than one diet a day, and that consists of the most homely food. And yet his education, his station in society, and his prospects, all press on him the desirableness of keeping up an appearance, which, in other words, means, in his case, that the back must

be attended to at the expense of the belly. Need I say that the physical evils to which such a person is subject, are infinitely aggravated by moral considerations? His refinement of mind, and the circumstances under which he has been brought up, give an edge to his physical privations, of which none but himself can form any idea. A person belonging to the lower classes of society, living in the same wretched apartment, and as inadequately supplied with food, would not experience a tithe of his unhappiness.

This is not the case with individuals only: whole families, and many more of them than is generally supposed, are in the same situation. I myself have had an opportunity of becoming personally cognizant of many such instances. I know cases in which families rent houses at 120*l.* a year,—respectable houses being as necessary in their case as apparel,—where they will have nothing deserving the name of a dinner for eight or ten days consecutively; nothing indeed but a cup of coffee with a slice of bread in the morning, and a pint of beer with a dry crust in the afternoon. The cravings of nature are hardly ever fully gratified. They are only “appeased,” as the phrase goes. The handsome furniture in the house only aggravates the privations of the parties. They are

finely dressed; and everything appears respectable, as it is called, to the eye of visitors. Little do those visitors know the struggle they have to keep up appearances; little do they suppose they are kept up at the sacrifice of many of the necessities of life. Little do they apprehend that delicate young females, at that time of life when one's appetite is usually keenest, are constantly exposed to the gnawings of hunger, and have constantly to resist a disposition to what Lord Bacon calls the worst of all rebellions—the rebellion of the belly.

In the Middle Classes there is a great deal more of sincerity and straightforwardness than there is in the higher ranks of life; but it is not to be denied that there are instances in which they are guilty of saying what they do not mean. The cases to which I refer are the more inexcusable, because they are quite gratuitous. For example, what is more common than for one acquaintance to say to another on a chance meeting together—"Glad to see you at all times; look in upon me any day you are passing." A man of unsophisticated mind—one, in other words, who is never, himself, in the habit of uttering things he does not mean—would naturally conclude that this was an invitation given to him to visit his friend, in the most per-

fact good faith. A better knowledge of the ways of the metropolitan world, would at once convince him, that he was quite mistaken; that so far from being a cordial invitation, it is, in fact, no invitation at all. If he does visit an acquaintance on the strength of such an invitation, he will soon find from the cold formal manner—if not manifest surprise at the visit—of the person visited, that he has put a construction on the words they were never intended to bear. But the same kind of insincerity displays itself under another, and to persons unacquainted with the metropolis, still more inconvenient form. Two acquaintances meet; they shake hands; the usual "How do you do?" and some other common place phrases pass between them: they are about to part: of course, they again shake hands before bidding each other "good-bye." While their hands are joined, Mr. Jones says to Mr. Smith, "I say, Smith, you'll come and take breakfast with me to-morrow morning at nine o'clock." "I *will*, my dear fellow," says Mr. Smith. They part; and neither Mr. Jones nor Mr. Smith think anything more of the matter. The thing is perfectly well understood on both sides. Nothing was meant by the one party in giving the invitation; nothing was intended by the other in accepting it. However es-

jectionable this gratuitous insincerity may be in theory, it is practically harmless in so far as regards those who have been in London some time. With strangers it is otherwise. Not themselves accustomed to give invitations which are never meant to be accepted, they never suspect others of being guilty of such a practice. In the simplicity of their hearts, therefore, they accept of such invitations in earnest, and are punctual to the moment appointed. Judge of their astonishment and mortification when, on going to the house of the party who visited them, they perceive plainly from the coldness of their reception that they were not expected.

I have often been amused with the humorous account which a friend of mine has given me of the inconvenience to which he was put, from the practice I am reprobating, when he first visited the metropolis. I shall give it, as far as my recollection will enable me, in his own words. "I can speak feelingly," he says, "on this subject. When I first came to London, it was in the middle of a severe winter. Among my first calls one was on a family at the west end of Oxford-street, with whom I had had a great deal of friendly correspondence. Nothing

could exceed the cordiality of my reception. An early day was appointed for my dining with my Oxford-street friends, when some of my acquaintances were to be invited to meet me: whether that invitation was given in good faith, I have had no opportunity of ascertaining. 'But,' said Mrs. Warrenton, just as I was bidding the family good-night—'but you'll come and take breakfast with us to-morrow morning at nine o'clock.' 'Pray do, Mr. Moray,' said Miss Warrenton, with an apparent earnestness which left no doubt in my mind as to the sincerity of the invitation. 'Now, be sure you come,' added Miss Letitia. Miss Warrenton and Miss Letitia were two of the prettiest young ladies I have ever seen. Considering the season of the year, the earliness of the hour, and the distance of the place from my lodgings, for I was residing at the time—and the Warrentons knew it full well—at the east end of the city,—I looked on the invitation as a piece of inhumanity; one indeed which, under ordinary circumstances, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals might with great propriety have taken up; but then I charitably concluded that it was the inhumanity of thoughtlessness. My first feeling was to excuse myself in the

best way I could ; but then, when I recollected the fascinating smiles and honied accents with which the invitation of the mother was repeated by the two beautiful daughters, I could not find in my heart to refuse. I accepted the invitation—I assured them I would do myself the pleasure of being with them next morning at nine o'clock precisely. Next morning came. And what a shocking morning it was ! I had never before, nor have ever since seen, and devoutly hope I never shall see such another morning. It was at eight I rose. It blew a tempest ; it rained in torrents. Chimney tiles were mere playthings in the hands of the wind, if the wind may be personified ; they were flying in all directions. The sides of the houses were water-spouts all along ; every street was a Thames in miniature. Not a pedestrian was to be seen ; not even a cab or a hackney-coach broke the monotony of the scene. All before you was desolation. You would have thought the metropolis was depopulated. As yet I only looked out of the window of my lodgings in Bishopsgate-street. My first determination was to relinquish all idea of so monstrous an undertaking as walking to the west-end of Oxford-street on such a morning. But then the apparent cordiality of the invitation as given by Mrs. War-

renton, backed as it was by the emphatic solicitations to comply with it, of the Misses Warrenton, shot athwart my mind, and I dared not disappoint them. My own word was pledged; and nothing short of a physical impossibility could ever in such cases induce me to break it. Well, then, I determined on braving the elements; out I rushed to the street. I walked or rather waded to the place of my destination. I had an umbrella, to be sure, but it was as often inverted by the fury of the wind, as it was in its right position. As I passed the end of Farringdon-street, the chimney tile, No. 7, after sundry evolutions in the air, alighted within a few yards of my feet. No. 8 lost no time in following the example; while No. 9 took the liberty, after it had wearied itself with its disportings in the upper regions, of passing within a few inches of my frontispiece in its descent to a state of repose on *terra firma*.

"Most persons have heard the story of the shipwrecked sailor, who, when cast on an unknown shore, was quite electrified at the sight of a gallows with a man hanging on it in chains, because, he very reasonably concluded, it afforded evidence of his being in a civilized country. Having seen no human being all the way hitherto, I was in ecstasies at observing two chimney

sweeps standing shivering in Hand Court, Holborn. It was a proof that the metropolis had not been quite depopulated—that I was not ‘the last man.’ To be sure, the observations they made to one another as I passed were not the most gratifying; but I could not help that. ‘Vot in the world could a-taken out that there man in such a morning as this?’ said the one. ‘Voy, I don’t know,—I suppose he’s some thief, vot’s been a stealing something,’ was the reply. ‘And there’s no police to catch him,’ rejoined the first. Quite true; there was no policeman. Indeed, in so far as the police or anybody else were concerned, I might, had I been physically fit for the task, have carried off the half of London without molestation or any one crying ‘Stop thief.’ At length, drenched and exhausted, I reached the door of the Warrentons. I knocked and rang. Sally promptly answered the door. Never shall I forget the surprise and horror depicted on her countenance when she beheld me. I am positive, without being a professed physiognomist, that she thought me mad. ‘I am afraid I am too late,’ said I, as I rushed hastily past her into the house.

“‘What did you say, Sir?’ observed the nymph, pricking up her ears.

"'Too late for breakfast,' I repeated.

"'La, Sir, there's none of them out of bed yet: I am sure, Sir, they expected no one to breakfast.

"I was stupified. The announcement deprived me for the moment of all feeling of consciousness. On recovering myself, I quitted the house, and never crossed its threshold since. Had the invitation, followed by such cruel treatment, been given by one of my own sex, my course was clear: but as there were none but females implicated in the affront, I thought the best method of showing my resentment was by never again darkening their door."

There is another description of gratuitous deception which is very general among the Middle Classes of the metropolis. I allude to the practice of advertising public dinners and public meetings to take place at a certain hour "precisely," while they do not take place for an hour, often not for an hour and a half, after the time specified. Strangers in London are often put to great inconvenience in such cases: they put off other engagements, they leave their friends abruptly, or their business before it is half finished, in order to be at a public dinner or a public meeting at the time mentioned. They get into

a cab, and cause the driver to proceed at so rapid a rate as to endanger their necks, in order that they may reach the place appointed at the "precise" hour. They get there just in the nick of time. Judge of their surprise and mortification when they find the "large room" quite empty: not a human being is in it. They would have been in sufficient time an hour or an hour and a half later. The practice of advertising such dinners and meetings to take place at a certain hour "precisely," when it is not intended they shall take place for a considerable time after, cannot be too severely condemned. It is a gratuitous and perfectly unjustifiable species of public fib-telling. The late Mr. Henry Hunt, though his standard of public morals was by no means the highest, often, in my hearing, condemned this custom in the most unmeasured terms.

I have spoken of the beauty of the female branches of the aristocracy. It were an unpardonable omission to pass over in silence that of the women belonging to the Middle Classes. My impression is, that the latter, taken in the aggregate, are much more beautiful than the former. Let any one walk up and down Regent Street in a fine afternoon in May or June, and he will be much more struck with the female beauty he

observes among the pedestrians there, than with the beauty he witnesses among the ladies who take their "airings" in splendid carriages in the Park.

CHAPTER VII.

METROPOLITAN SOCIETY.—THE LOWER CLASSES.

Their moral condition—Prevalence of sexual intercourse among them—Their conjugal infidelity—Their addiction to drunkenness—Their want of respect to the truth—Their deficiency in honesty—Their want of religion—Their social condition—The scenes of misery which are to be witnessed in their dwellings—Their want of sympathy in each other's sufferings—The patience with which they submit to their privations, and the cheerfulness sometimes shown under them—Several traits in their character pointed out.

THE Lower Classes of society in the metropolis is a subject of too extensive a nature to admit of justice being done to it in the limited space which I can, consistently with the plan of this work, set apart for it. All I shall be able to do, will be to advert to some traits in their character.

The moral condition of the Lower Classes in London, is of a nature which it is painful to contemplate. In the case of thousands indeed, all traces of morality are utterly effaced from their minds. They are as demoralized in their thoughts and habits, except when restrained by a fear of the laws, as if they were living in the most heathen parts of the world. Sexual intercourse obtains among them to a most frightful extent. You will not, perhaps, meet with one young man in a hundred, who has passed his twentieth year, who can plead innocence in this respect. Were a young man, indeed, to say that he never had any such intercourse with those of the opposite sex, he would only expose himself to the ridicule of all his acquaintances; for not only does this species of immorality prevail to the frightful extent to which I have referred, but it is openly boasted of, as if there were something meritorious in it. Among young men, "feats," as they call them, in this way, are the never-failing topics of conversation; and nothing is more common than for two or three of them to visit together houses which are tenanted by "unfortunate girls!" The extent to which sexual intercourse is carried on among the Lower Classes of the metropolis, may be inferred from the fact, that it has been found, on

a careful calculation, that one out of every three girls, daughters of persons in the lower walks of life, openly walks the streets before they are twenty years of age ; while a great many remain under their parents' roof, or in employment as servants, who secretly indulge in the vice of prostitution. The entire number in London, of those unfortunate creatures called girls of the town, is estimated at 80,000 ; eight thousand of whom die a premature death every year. This is an appalling circumstance, and I shall most probably make it the subject of detailed remark in some future work.

I have made some pointed observations on the prevalence of conjugal infidelity among the aristocratic circles of society. I am compelled to admit, that the same vice prevails to a truly frightful, though not to so great an extent, among the Lower Classes. The records of the police-offices afford conclusive evidence of this. There is not a day in which there are not one or more cases brought before the sitting magistrates, of wives applying for an order to enforce maintenance by their husbands,—the parties having separated because of a too well-founded jealousy. The husband blames the wife for infidelity with some other man ; she retorts the charge, and points to proofs : the truth is, they

are both equally guilty. Perhaps there are few more abundant sources of misery among the Lower Classes, than that of a strong suspicion of each other's conjugal fidelity. How could it be expected to be otherwise? They have no moral sense of the evil of sexual intercourse with others. No matter the extent to which they indulge in the vice, they have no compunctious visitings on the subject. It never for a moment occurs to them they have done a moral wrong. If they can only conceal it from one another;—if the husband can only so manage the matter that his wife shall not hear of it, and if she can only succeed in keeping her deviations from virtue concealed from her husband, all is well; neither party gives themselves any farther thought about the matter. Thousands of children are every year born in London, the offspring of married women, whose fathers are unknown, as an Irishman would express it, "to the mothers that bore them!" It is a melancholy proof of the state of morals, in this respect, among the lower orders of society in the metropolis, that the circumstance of a married woman's being known to all her acquaintances to have been in habits of sexual intercourse with some other party than her husband,—does not cause them to break off their friendship or familiarity with

her. She herself has no consciousness of having done any wrong; and they cannot see any harm in her conduct.

The fearful extent to which drunkenness prevails among the lower orders in the metropolis, affords another indication of the low state of morals among them. Who that knows anything of their habits, has not been forcibly struck with the great quantity of ardent spirits consumed by them? You see this fact sufficiently clear in the number of persons, of both sexes, you witness staggering in the streets or rolling in the mud, in those districts of the metropolis chiefly inhabited by the Lower Classes. But the fact is best proved by the number of gin palaces which everywhere meet the eye, and by the vast number of persons which crowd those receptacles of "blue ruin." On a Saturday night, or Sunday morning, before all the week's wages are spent, these gin palaces are literally crammed. It has been computed, that in fourteen of the largest establishments, about 240,000 persons are visitors, for one or more glasses of gin, in the course of a week. In some of these gin temples I have myself seen nearly 100 persons at once, all busily engaged in doing homage to Bacchus. It is computed that upwards of 3,000,000*l.* are annually expended by

the Lower Classes in the metropolis on the article of gin alone. There are thousands, indeed, of these Lower Classes who chiefly live on gin,—the almost universal article of drink among them. It is quite common for such persons to be three or four days without partaking of any kind of solid food. Every farthing they receive is spent in the gin-shop: they have nothing but rags on their backs—they have no fire nor furniture in the hovels in which they reside. Their passion for gin is unconquerable; it must be gratified at any price. A husband will see his wife and children literally dying of want, and yet he will spend every farthing he has in the purchase of this deleterious liquid. You may tell him that he is not only slowly, by indirect means, murdering his wife and family, but that he is in point of fact committing suicide: he does not doubt it; he is possibly impressed with the fact, and yet he is so completely the slave of his passion for gin, that that passion must be gratified even at this most frightful sacrifice. Nay, you may tell him, and he may be aware of the fact, that he is indulging his drinking practices at the imminent hazard of his everlasting interests: he admits your position, but he cannot help himself: his passion for this most pernicious of liquids retains the mastery over him;

it insists on being fed, and he feeds it. Of the shifts and expedients to which gin-drinkers sometimes resort to procure the means of purchasing "blue ruin," when all their other means are exhausted,—some are as extraordinary in their conception as they must be painful in the execution. It was proved before the late Select Committee appointed by the House of Commons to inquire into the extent of drunkenness in the metropolis, that one woman, residing in Drury Lane, after she had disposed of every article of clothing on her back, and every article of furniture she had in the house, to enable her to indulge in her gin-drinking propensities,—actually went to a dentist, and allowed him to extract, at different times, every tooth she had in her head—and she had a very fine set—on getting fourpence for each!

Of the number of the Lower Classes in the metropolis, who provide for themselves a premature grave every year, by their habits of intemperance, it were impossible to form an estimate. The testimony of every physician of experience among them, goes to prove that a frightful amount of mortality annually arises from this cause. And even those of them who are not carried off in the prime of life by their intemperance, are enfeebled, in the vast majority of

cases, both in body and mind, before they reach a middle age, and are obliged to be transferred, to save them from starvation, from their own abodes of misery to the workhouse. There they see the folly of their intemperate and imprudent courses; but then it is too late! A Yorkshireman who was committed a few weeks since to one of our prisons for felony, made it his first work on being locked up, to write on the walls, in the best orthography he could command, the following couplet:—

“ He who prigs * wot’s not his own,
Is sure to coom to a prizzon.” †

The error lay in not recollecting the maxim before he “prigged wot was not his own:” in that case he would not have “coom” to “a prizzon” at all. The victim of intemperate habits begins to moralise on the folly of his conduct when he is immured in the workhouse: the evil of it is, that he did not do so while his moralisation could have been of service to him.

Example, moralists tell us, is more effectual than precept. Bad example, at least, is undoubtedly so. Of all things it is the most contagious, especially in one’s own family. “As the old bird sings,” says the well-known pro-

* Steals.

† Prison.

verb, "the young bird learns." The example of gin-drinking which parents set their children, is carefully followed by the latter. Little creatures, before they can well talk or walk, can quaff their glass of "blue ruin," without making a wry face. When they get a little older, and chance to earn a trifle in any way, it is no uncommon thing to see a father and son clubbing their few halfpence together to get a quartern of gin.

"Charlie, my boy," said an old, haggard-looking man, the other day, to his son, as he stood opposite to one of the bacchanalian temples in Drury Lane,—“Charlie, my boy, have you *arned* any blunt to-day?”

“Yes, father, three-pence,” said the little urchin, who was apparently about eight years of age.

“Bless your little heart: come, let’s have a join: give me the browns, and we’ll have a quartern of the right sort.”

“The very best, then, father,” said Charlie, transferring the three-pence to “his dad.”

“Holloa, Jim!” said the father, to a tippling-looking character on the opposite side of the street, with his clothes hanging in rags about him, and rejoicing in a brimless and crownless hat,—

"holloa, Jim! won't you come and have a little drop with us?"

"Oh, father!" exclaimed the little rascal, as if he had been a tippler of fifty years' standing, "—oh, father, don't ask *him*! What's a quartern among three of us?"

The temptations to tipping in the lower districts of the metropolis are undoubtedly great. The following are some of the inscriptions on the outside of a house in the neighbourhood of Drury Lane, intended as invitations to go inside:— "Our motto is, the nimble ninepence is better than the slow shilling."—"Splendid ale, three-pence per pot."—"Brilliant stout, two-pence halfpenny per pot."—"Take no man's word—taste and judge for yourselves."—"Unadulterated, unequalled; buy, try, and compare."—"Splendid Jamaica rum."—"Stop! only think; three-pence, four-pence, and five-pence per pot." "The cheapest, most brilliant, and the best liquors in London."—"Superlative cordial gin." In the inside, again, the walls are covered with large boards containing, in "flaring" letters, such inscriptions as follows:—"Magnificent gin."—"Superb; fit for Commodore or Lord High Admiral."—"Superlative splendid Cognac brandy; fit present for a prince."—"The cream

of the valley."—"The no-mistake."—"The regular flare-up."—"The right sort."—"The real knock-me-down," &c. &c. Here, as Mr. Buckingham would say, here's a combination of eloquence for you! It is no easy matter to resist such powerful temptation to spirit drinking, and we find accordingly that very few of the ragged and squalid creatures to whom the invitations are addressed, do resist the temptation. In the immediate neighbourhood of the gin-shop to which I refer, there is a churchyard. Nothing could be more appropriate. The transition from the gin-palace to the grave, is the most natural thing in the world. The proprietor of the "temple" is the best friend the sexton has. He dates a remarkable improvement "in trade" since the establishment of the gin-shop. The churchyard in which the gravediggers in Hamlet performed the functions of their office, cannot have been in the vicinity of a gin-temple. Had it been so, they would have had no cause to complain of a want of "trade."

The Lower Classes are deficient in their regard for truth. They are not in the habit of telling so many conventional fibs as those in the more elevated spheres of life, because the usages which obtain among them do not require they should. They neither pay nor receive formal

visits, and consequently are always "at home" to one another. In their dealings with each other, however, and in speaking of themselves and of others, they are too much in the habit of disregarding the truth. I need not enumerate the instances in which they are most apt to violate the truth; every one who has had any transactions with them, or had an opportunity of studying their habits and character, must have observed the little respect they pay to it. If they think the invention of a falsehood will, on any particular occasion, serve their turn, their creative faculty is immediately put into requisition; and long experience in the practice of fib-telling enables them, in most cases, to tell pretty plausible falsehoods.

Their honesty in their dealings is much of a piece with their regard to the truth. The adage, "tell a lie, pick a pocket," is, in its spirit, verified in the business transactions in which they are concerned. They will not directly put their hands into your pockets, but they will cheat you in your dealings with them. They contract debts wherever they can, and break their promises of payment times without number; in fact, let them alone and they never pay at all. The number of cases in the various courts of request in the metropolis, afford abundant proof of this.

It can hardly be necessary to say, that where morals are at so low an ebb, there can be little of true religion? In many parts of London there are whole districts in a state but little better than one of heathenism. I have made careful calculations as to the comparative numbers of the Lower Classes who are in the habit of reading their bible, and of those who are not, and the conclusion to which I have come is, that the former bear no greater proportion to the latter than that of one to one hundred. This must appear a startling position; but let any one compare the number of the Lower Classes with the proportion of them they see in our churches and chapels, and they will at once be convinced of its truth, in as far as relates to attendance on public worship. Is it not notorious that the vast majority of those who frequent churches and chapels consists of the middle classes? Of the Lower Classes, one only sees a mere sprinkling in our places of public worship. The inference would be perfectly conclusive, in the absence of specific facts, that the proportion of those of the Lower Classes who never read the bible is correspondingly great; for no one can read his bible habitually who does not, except in those cases where there are physical or accidental hindrances, regularly attend some place

of worship. The Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel gives the number of the Lower Classes, who are living in the metropolis, in utter ignorance of all religion, as half a million at the very least. My own impression is, that the number is nearer 800,000.

Then there is the way in which the sabbath-day is spent by the Lower Classes of the metropolis. Who can walk through the streets, especially in the more densely populated parts of the town, without feeling shocked at the frightful extent to which he sees the sabbath-day desecrated? The morning of that day is, with the Lower Classes, the busiest moment of their existence. Certain districts present the appearance of, and are in fact most stirring markets on that morning. Every article of food and clothing is openly exhibited for sale; and the place is so crowded with buyers that it is with great difficulty you can push your way through the dense mass of human beings. Sabbath morning indeed is, with hundreds of thousands of the Lower Classes in London, the only market-time they ever have. And what horrible language do you hear them use in their buying and selling transactions! Their oaths and imprecations are truly dreadful. They can hardly open their mouths without invoking eternal perdition on

themselves or others. As might be expected, the adjoining gin-palaces are filled to the very doors on sabbath mornings with devoted worshippers. There are some of these gin-temples which do as much business before church hours—for then they are obliged to shut—on Sunday morning, as they do on any other entire day throughout the week. In the summer season the better circumstanced of the Lower Classes spend the sabbath in “trips,” as they call them, on the river, or in visits to the tea-gardens scattered in all directions throughout the suburbs of the metropolis. It has been ascertained that the average number of persons who go on board steam-boats on the Thames on Sundays, during the fine weather, is 50,000; of whom, at least, 40,000 belong to the Lower Classes. In the tea-gardens, in the afternoon, there are usually not less than 60,000; full 50,000 of whom are of the Lower Classes. The reason why the number is not greater is, because those who remain at home have not decent clothes wherein to make their appearance, or because they prefer plying their usual avocations in order that they may have a little more “blunt,” to use their own phraseology, to spend in the temple of Bacchus.

Perhaps nine out of every ten you meet

among the operatives of the metropolis are professed infidels. They have read Paine's "Age of Reason" and the works of Carlyle and Robert Taylor "the Devil's Chaplain;" and have thus picked up, at second hand, a few of those objections against divine revelation which have been answered a thousand times over. They have never taken the trouble of examining the question of the divine origin of Christianity for themselves. Of the real merits of the religion of the bible, they are just as ignorant as are the inhabitants of Timbuctoo.

This is a frightful state of things. It is the more affecting when one recollects that this utter destitution occurs in the capital of a country distinguished above all others in the world for its Christian character and Christian privileges. The very fact implies a culpability of no ordinary magnitude on the part of those who have themselves been made partakers of the blessings of Christianity. Had they individually done their duty, the metropolis of Great Britain would not present the melancholy moral spectacle which it does at this moment. No person of right feeling and Christian philanthropy can view the vast machinery now in operation for evangelising the heathen world with other than emotions of supreme joy; but it ought to be

matter of reproach to every Christian mind that while so much has been done for the heathen of Africa, scarcely anything has been done for the heathen of London. This the religious world ought to have done; but they ought not to have left the other undone. Assuredly our own countrymen have the first and strongest claims on us. Religious charity, like every other charity, should begin at home. Though abstractedly it is, as I have just observed, a most gratifying thing to see the various denominations of Christians all cordially co-operating together in the diffusion of the blessings of the Gospel in heathen lands, yet one cannot help feeling pained to see this done at the expense of the claims of those with whom we daily come in contact in the ordinary intercourse of life. What we could wish to see would be an extensive agency at work for the moral regeneration both of the inhabitants of tropical climes and of the metropolis in which we live; but when the means available for so mighty a work are, in the present state of things, quite inadequate to the emergency of the case, I hold that the first efforts of Christian philanthropy ought to be brought to bear on the vast mass of moral ignorance and depravity which is constantly exhibited to our view in the poorer districts of London. It is one very important

fact in the consideration of this most momentous question, that if we had once succeeded in Christianising the metropolis, that would give an unheard-of impetus to the cause of missionary exertion abroad; for it is one of the inevitable tendencies of the religion of Jesus, to inspire those who embrace it with a desire to communicate its blessings to others. The amount, therefore, of missionary exertion which would be made by the population of London, were it all evangelised, would be vastly greater than it is: those very persons who are at this moment in as much need of Christian instruction as are the sable and most savage sons of Africa, would, if once made subjects of the saving power of the Gospel, assist by every means at their command to send that Gospel to heathen lands. But it cannot, in the nature of things, be expected that the converted heathen should send missionaries and bibles back to Great Britain to Christianise the people of London. We should look on it as an insult if they did. Let not, then, our Christian benevolence overleap continents, and seas, and oceans, to single out for its objects the population of far distant countries, while there are so many myriads of our fellow-beings equally in need of our philanthropic exertions within the circumference of a few miles.

It is only when the claims which exist on our benevolence at home have been adequately met, that we should turn our eye towards the nations in need of our aid abroad.

It is gratifying to think that of late the claims of the metropolis on the sympathies and exertions of the religious world, have begun to receive greater consideration than they ever did at any former period. "The Christian Instruction Society" has now been labouring for several years with great zeal and perseverance, though unostentatiously, in communicating religious knowledge to the benighted population of the metropolis. Its exertions have been in many instances attended with the happiest results. At this moment upwards of 200,000 individuals are in the course of stated instruction by its agents. But of all the institutions which have been formed, or which it were possible to form, with the view of spreading the knowledge of divine truth among the ignorant portion of the population of the metropolis, the "City of London Mission" appears to me to promise the greatest good. The plan of this institution, which was only established last year, is to employ a certain number of agents, each of whom shall have confided to him a certain district of the town containing a given number of poor

and ignorant inhabitants. He is to visit each family or individual in succession, conversing with them on the leading doctrines of Christianity—earnestly warning them of the danger to which their guilt exposes them—and urging them to flee for safety to the only refuge set before them in the gospel. The agents to be employed are severally to be paid, according to circumstances, from 60*l.* to 90*l.* a year. They are to devote the whole of their time to the great work, and the greatest care is taken to secure men of talent and decided piety. The Society is already in active operation; but as yet the amount of funds at its command is very inadequate to the carrying into effect the great objects it has in view. Their present number of agents is under fifty; while it is calculated that not less than 400 are requisite to meet the exigencies of the case. I do believe that if ever one institution promised to be productive of a greater amount of good than another, it is the City of London Mission. Never, among all the institutions to which Christian benevolence has given birth, did any one appear to me so well adapted as this one to accomplish its high and holy objects. Already have its labours been crowned with singular success. Ere a few years elapse, I have not a doubt, that it will receive such an

accession of support from the Christian public, as will, with the blessing of the Supreme Being, enable it entirely to change the moral aspect of this great metropolis.

The social condition of the *Lower Classes* varies according to circumstances. Those individuals who are constantly employed, and who are economical and provident in their habits, are usually in pretty comfortable circumstances. Their habitations may be humble, but there is an air of comfort in them. They are decently clothed, and sufficiently fed; in a word, they want none of the necessaries of life, and if they have learnt the divine lesson of being content with food and raiment sufficient for them, they are, perhaps, as happy as any other class of their fellow subjects. I must, however, say that the number of the *Lower Classes* in these circumstances, is comparatively limited. The great majority of them, either from their own imprudence, or from the effect of circumstances over which they have no control, are in a very indifferent condition. There is nothing but rags on their persons; there is neither food nor furniture in their houses. You see misery, if I may so speak, on their backs; it is still more clearly depicted on their countenances. Go to their dwellings, and the very sight of them will make

you sad. In the great majority of cases, the scenes of wretchedness which occur in the families of the Lower Classes, are the result of intemperate and improvident habits. There are many instances, however, in which families are involved in misery by circumstances over which they have no control. The husband and father may be incapacitated for work by ill health: the consequence is, that the supplies are stopped; the wife and children have to struggle with all the horrors of want; no food, no furniture, no fire, no apparel. The same destitution and consequent misery, are often brought about through want of employment. When business is generally bad, hundreds of thousands are at once plunged into the very depths of poverty and distress; or when a particular branch of trade is depressed, those employed in that trade may be contending with the horrors of starvation, while the working classes in other branches are in tolerably good circumstances. It is only a few years since the Spitalfields' silk weavers, to the number of 50,000, were in all but absolute starvation, while other interests were not complaining of any peculiar depression. The scenes of misery which, in such cases, are presented in London, exceed anything of which any conception can be formed by those who

have not witnessed them. I have had occasion to know something of such scenes, both from testimony and observation; and I have asked myself, whether there existed a human being in whose bosom all traces of sympathy for his fellow creatures had been so completely obliterated, as that he could witness such spectacles without feeling the deepest commiseration for the sufferers. Do you know Clare Market? It lies between Drury Lane and Lincoln's-inn-fields. In its neighbourhood I have witnessed scenes of wretchedness which might have softened the heart of even a Caligula himself. In one of the ground-apartments of that old ricketty house, which you are afraid will fall about your ears in passing, live a father, and mother, and five children. The window, you perceive, has not one whole pane in it; indeed, there is hardly even a fragment of glass; whitybrown paper is the substitute for glass in one case; some old rags, wrapped together, are made to answer the purpose in another. It is a cold day in the middle of winter; before the door is a quantity of dubs; in the inside, on the floor, the children's feet, aided by the natural dampness of the place, make it but little better. There is not a particle of fire; nor is there any furniture, unless an old broken table, two chairs, and a small

piece of wood, obviously intended to answer the purposes of a stool for the children, deserve the name. There is no food of any kind, except a hard crust of bread, which the oldest boy is devouring with a ravenous voracity of appetite, while the girl next to him in age, is trying to snatch it from him, screaming all the while because he refuses to let her have the whole or a part of it. The father is "out" in quest of employment; he would accept of any work, however humble, and at any terms, however low; for he has had none for the last two months. The mother is sitting at the fire-side which has been, inclement as is the state of the weather, fireless for some days, with a baby six months old at her breast. The young innocent is one minute working at her breast, striving to extract some sustenance from it, and the next, finding its efforts ineffectual, it throws its little head back on her arm, and cries itself blue. The poor mother has no sustenance to give it: how could she when she has had none to herself for the last two days? She looks in the infant's face. And what a look! The eyes are said to be the windows of the soul; her eyes, at any rate, are so. You see the big tear gather in her eye, and trickle down her pale cheeks, as she gazes on her sinless babe, and feels she cannot

administer to its little wants. That look ! How full of sentiment and language ! What a world of affection for her child is there ! How ineffectual compared with it the highest efforts of oratory to produce an impression ! I have thought with myself, when witnessing such a scene, does the human frame enclose a heart that could behold it without being affected. On either side of the unhappy woman are her two other children ; the one three and the other five years of age,—both shivering with cold, and crying and looking up in her face, earnestly imploring bread. “ My dear,” she says, first to the one and then to the other, heaving a deep sob as she speaks, “ my dear, there is none in the house.” Who can tell what are a mother’s emotions in such a case ? None but a mother herself. She feels her own privations severely ; but she loses all sense of them in those of her children.

Of all the scenes of distress which it has ever been my lot to witness in a world so full of sorrow and of suffering, none have ever so deeply affected my mind as that of a mother seeing her children famishing with hunger around her. And there are hourly in this great metropolis thousands of such scenes to be seen, where no blame attaches to either father or mother ; but where they are both among the most industrious

and prudent of mankind. When beholding such scenes of human suffering—when the parties themselves had no hand in bringing about their distresses—the conviction of a future day of retribution has pressed on my mind with a peculiar force.

Even when trade is good the great majority of the working classes are obliged to put up with many inconveniences. I have sometimes been insensibly led to form a contrast between the families of those in easy circumstances and those of the Lower Classes, even in the most prosperous periods of trade. It is all the latter can do to earn daily bread of the coarsest kind and in stinted quantities, for themselves and families: their's is a constant struggle to procure the most common necessities of life. In cold weather they are but scantily provided with clothing: their humble abodes are as often without fire as with it. The poor mother has no one to assist her in the management of her children, all of whom, however numerous, are pent up with herself and husband, in one little confined unhealthy room. Are any of the children unwell? there is no physician in attendance; the penury of the parents will not admit of the payment of doctors' bills: there the poor things lie, taking their chance of life or death, just as Providence

is pleased to order the event. There is no one to administer to their little wants but the mother, and she has neither the means nor the opportunity, owing to the claims which other household matters have on her time, of tending their bed-sides. They are never greeted by a smile either from father or mother, for the parents have too great a load of care hanging on their minds to cheer them by even an occasional relaxation of their features. They have no one to sing them a lullaby—no one to fondle or caress them—no toy or plaything to amuse their infant fancies—nobody, in short, nor anything, to soothe or divert their little minds. The parents are doomed to witness sufferings on the part of their children, which they have no means of relieving. Such children are, indeed, cradled in misery. I have often wondered that in after life they ever appear cheerful. One would think that the effect of being brought up in such circumstances would be to make them so many misanthropes: so it undoubtedly would, did not some wise and merciful provision of Providence counteract its natural tendency.

If such be the scene of misery which the dwellings of so many of the Lower Classes in the metropolis present, when both parents are alive and well, what must be the spectacle when

either of them is sick or dead ! Some time ago circumstances led me to witness the death of the mother of a poor man's family of four children, and afterwards to see the surviving parent struggling to bring them up himself : in both cases it was a touching sight. I have witnessed other death-bed scenes, but none ever affected me so much as this. The poor mother of the children had been ailing for a long time : a physician, a friend of my own, humanely gave his attendance gratuitously. He apprised me of what the issue of the malady—it was consumption—would be : she, herself, was aware it would end in death. She lay stretched on a pallet of straw : her bed-clothes were scanty ; and every thing in the room spoke of extreme destitution. On the night on which she expired, she said to her husband, " My sand-glass is nearly run : I feel as if I were no longer in the world." As she spoke she stretched out her hand to grasp his : he burst into a flood of tears, but uttered not a word. He thought of being left with a family of four children, the oldest of whom was under twelve years ; and the poor man's heart felt as if it would literally break. The dying woman heaved a deep sigh, and for a few minutes did not speak. " Bring me Mary," were the first words she uttered. Mary was her

youngest child ; it was two years old. The child was brought her ; she took the innocent creature in her arms and affectionately pressed it to her bosom. " Poor thing," she said, the excess of her feelings preventing her from proceeding farther at the moment ;—" Poor thing, you will soon be thrown motherless on the world ; you will most feel the want of me : what will become of you ! He who dwells in heaven only knows : to his kind care and keeping I earnestly commit you. He can—" here her tongue faltered. The dying woman did utter something more, but the sounds were not sufficiently articulate to be intelligible. The young innocent, unconscious of the irreparable loss it was about to sustain, repelled to the parting caresses of its mother, by amusing itself with her dishevelled hair, and saying, in broken accents, at the same time pulling her by the arms as if trying to raise her up,—“ Mammy, 'out ba,”—meaning, “ come out of bed.” The husband and father was touched to the heart by the affecting scene ; his feelings had obtained so complete a mastery over him, that he sat silent and motionless by the bed-side of his expiring wife. The three eldest children—whether from a sense of the loss they were about to sustain, or whether it was only because they saw their father weeping bitterly, I cannot say—

showed by the depth and frequency of their sobs and the copiousness of their tears, that their feelings were also deeply touched. The dying woman still remained speechless: it was clear "the beginning of the end" was come: it was manifest the struggle between the body and the soul had commenced. It was, however, a peaceful struggle. The spirit, in its efforts to escape from its clay tenement, dealt in the gentlest manner with the companion it was about to quit until the sound of the last trumpet should summon them to a reunion. Never did I gaze on a more placid countenance than that of the expiring woman. If literary thoughts could have crossed my mind at such a moment, I should have said that this was indeed the poetry of repose. She was evidently free from bodily pain; but the grand secret of the beautiful serenity which beamed on her countenance was the hope of a blessed immortality which had been inspired by the gospel. That heaven-born hope had sustained her mind amid all the trials and troubles of life; and it now supported and cheered her in the immediate prospect of death. Addison, in his last moments, addressing an infidel friend, said, "See in what peace a Christian can die!" I could have wished some rejecter of divine revelation had been present on this occa-

sion. Though the dying woman had ceased to speak, it was clear that she was perfectly conscious. A few minutes more, and the death-rattle was heard in her throat: an unearthly glare was visible in her eye: the eye-balls became fixed: her cheeks were pale as marble: a clamminess appeared on her countenance: her breathing became less and less perceptible, till at last it ceased entirely, and her spirit was before the throne of the Eternal. To depict the feelings of the now widowed husband is a task I will not undertake. They presented the sublime spectacle of grace triumphing over nature. He was overwhelmed, on the one hand, with sorrow at his loss, but he was supported, on the other, by Him who had taught him that as his day was so his strength should be. The scene, as I have already said, was inconceivably affecting; but I thought with myself what must have been the misery of the spectacle of a wife and the mother of four children, dying in such circumstances, unblessed and uncheered by the consolations of Christianity, I will not pain the reader's feelings by attempting to describe the struggle which the poor widower had in bringing up his motherless children.*

* The mother and father of this family were persons of decided piety. They were members of a Dissenting church.

It is one great characteristic of all large cities that the Lower Classes of the inhabitants do not feel towards each other any of those kindly emotions which are so visible among the lower orders of society in small towns. This want of sympathy in each other's sufferings, is particularly observable among the Lower Classes in London. Eight or ten families may live in the same house, though in different apartments, and yet no two of those families entertain the slightest friendship towards each other. Hence, though one family be contending with all the horrors of want, none of the others, though in passably good circumstances, will afford that family the slightest relief. A wife or husband or child may be dying, and yet no inquiry be made as to the progress of the malady by the other families in the house; not even by the family living in the next room. Death occurs: it excites no sorrow or sympathy in the breast of any human being beyond the narrow limits of the family in which it takes place. This unsociability on the part of the Lower Classes; this indifference to the sufferings and sorrows of each other, are greatly to be lamented. Were habits of friendly intercourse, and of sympathy for each other's wants and woes, only to obtain among them, it would go far to ameliorate their condition, and lessen the amount

of misery which exists among them. And yet it is singular to reflect that notwithstanding the extreme destitution and wretchedness which exist among the lower orders of the metropolis, there is so much of contentment among them. They are certainly a most patient and submissive class. It is surprising to witness so much cheerfulness amidst so many and such great privations, as multitudes of the lower orders have to endure. You often see a great flow of animal spirits in persons for whose wardrobe no Jew old clothes man would give a couple of farthings. Adversity has not soured their minds: they seem determined to be happy in defiance of circumstances. I have often thought it a pity that Fate—to use the term most common among themselves—should not have seconded the kindly purposes of Nature, when she blessed them with such patient and contented dispositions. They want but little of the good things of the world to make them completely satisfied with their lot: who can help regretting that that little should be denied them? They have every disposition to be quite happy: it is not their fault—it is the fault of circumstances—if they are not so. How different are they in disposition from those above them! It is the great error—and it is also a misfortune for

themselves—of those moving in the upper ranks of society to be everlastingly annoying themselves about some imaginary good. Give but the Lower Classes as much of the humblest food and of the plainest clothing as the necessities of nature require, and they are more than satisfied. You see contentment in their faces, you see it in the tones of their voice, and in all their acts of intercourse together. Who that has had occasion to pass through St. George's Fields, or any of the other districts of the town in which the lowest of the Lower Classes congregate in the greatest numbers,—has not been struck with the cheerfulness which lights up the countenances of young and old? Those little urchins you see around you are generally enveloped in a bundle of rags; they have no shoes or stockings—they never had any; their faces have not been washed for the last fortnight—their feet never; they have had no food since they rose from their beds, beyond two or three cold potatoes, or a crust of bread eight days old, and yet where will you see more lively children? The same may be said of their parents. You see them sitting at the doors of their hovels, or looking out at the windows—the men with their coats and handkerchiefs off, and the women with their caps loose—and both

sexes as black with dirt as if they had severally just made the descent of the chimney. And yet they possess as great a flow of animal spirits as if they were revelling in all manner of luxury. In fact, nothing short of absolute starvation can depress the spirits of the Lower Classes in the metropolis, or render them discontented with their situation in life. Even the beggars in the streets, though obliged to make demure faces, and to appear as if in the very depths of despondency when pursuing their calling, have their hours of unrestrained jollity. They are in the habit of meeting in forties and fifties in particular houses, appropriated in different parts of the town for their reception, and spending whole nights in all manner of revellings. I have been told by those who have put on ragged clothes for the purpose of enabling them to visit such places, and see low life, without being suspected of being other than one of the parties themselves,—that the scenes to be witnessed on such occasions are indescribably rich. There is one of these houses—it is the most celebrated one in London—in St. Giles's. There beggars of all descriptions congregate, and make up amply for the privations of the day in the shape of “long faces,” mournful accents, &c.,—by the unrestrained enjoyments to which they give them-

selves up. The moment they enter the precincts of the place, their assumed character is laid aside, and they appear in their real one. There miracles of every kind are performed. And that, too, without the agency of Prince Hohenloe or anybody else. Those who but a few hours before seemed at the very gates of death from apparent destitution, are all at once restored to the full enjoyment of life. In one corner of the place you will see thirty or forty crutches which were in requisition the whole of the day,—and will be so to-morrow again,—but which are quite useless now. They who could not move without them, and scarcely with them, a short time before, are now among the most nimble in the company. Perhaps they are dancing in the middle of the floor; for one leading feature in the amusements of these “jolly beggars,” is that of having their nightly dance. You see a glass of gin in every one’s hand, except in the hands of those who are busy in broiling Yarmouth bloaters on the fire. There you see dozens of persons with eyes clear and keen as those of eagles, who were quite blind all the day. Those whom you saw in the streets in the morning, looking so ill, that you thought they would be in their coffins before the evening, are now, to use their own elegant phraseology,

"all alive and kicking." Every symptom of sickness has disappeared. Any doctor would almost warrant their lives for at least half a century. Do you see that fellow sitting on an old dirty table, on the right-hand side of the fire, swinging his feet, beating with a stick, and hurraing at such a rate, that you would as soon have your ears within a couple of yards of the bell of St. Paul's? Why, that is the person whom you observed at four o'clock creeping like a snail along Tottenham Court Road, looking every respectable person he met ruefully in the face, and imploring relief in the most pitiable accents. You said then, it was not without the greatest difficulty and most acute pain, that he was able to utter a word, even though only in a broken whisper: I suspect you are of a somewhat different opinion now.

The observations which are made in common conversation by the Lower Classes of London, are clever as well as indicative of an easy and cheerful disposition. Every one who has mixed among them must have been struck with this. One amusing instance occurred the other day. A woman who makes her living by calling lobsters from house to house, made a dead set one Monday at an old rich bachelor living in Great Queen Street. She stood upwards of a minute, gazing at the

window, and singing out with a wonderful pertinacity—"Fresh lobsters." "The old boy," as she called him, would not deign to pass a look either with herself or her lobsters. In her rounds all the remaining days of the week, she repeated the attempt to seduce the votary of "single blessedness" into taking one of her lobsters, which appeared to her the next best thing to taking a wife. The effort, however, was attended with no better success, until Saturday, when he listened to the voice of the charmer, and came down stairs to bargain with her. She had by this time only three left.

"My good woman, you make an insufferable noise about these lobsters of yours; are they as fresh and good as you say?"

"In troth they are, Sir; and that your honour will find when you try."

"Quite sure, now, they are in excellent condition."

"You'll find them to be prime uns, Sir—that I'll swear."

"See you do not deceive me."

"Bless your soul, Sir, I would not deceive you for the world."

"Then what's the price of this one?" inquired the bachelor, taking the largest one in his hand.

"That's just half-a-crown, and well it's worth the money."

"Won't you take two shillings for it? I think that's quite enough."

"La! bless you, Sir, it cost myself more blunt!"

"Then you'll take nothing less than half-a-crown?"

"I cannot take a farthing less, Sir."

"Well, well, let me have it."

He deposited the half-crown in the woman's basket, took up the lobster, went into the house, and shut the door. The woman walked away with the view of disposing of the remainder of her stock.

The old bachelor hastened up-stairs to banquet on the supposed luxury; but, "shocking to relate," as the penny-a-line historians of accidents say, the moment he opened it the effluvia which it emitted was such as to cause him involuntarily to start back with so much force as to endanger his equilibrium. He rang the bell so furiously that the servant rushed up stairs in a perfect fright, thinking some serious accident had occurred.

"Here, here," cried he, pointing to the lobster, before Janet had well entered the room:

"here, take the tongs, and throw this into the ash-pit."

Janet of course did as she was desired.

On Monday the lobster woman made her appearance as usual opposite the enraged bachelor's window, with the old story of "Fresh lobsters!" He rushed down stairs, opened the door, and accosted her with—"How dared you, you slut, have the impudence to sell me that odious lobster on Saturday as a fresh one?"

"Did your honour mean to say it was not fresh?" said the woman, with the most perfect coolness.

"*Did* I say it? I *do* say it, you hussey: the stench on opening it was insufferable."

"Well, then, your honour, and whose fault is it that it was not fresh? Didn't I call it at your window on Monday, and all the week, and you wouldn't have it when it was fresh?" And so saying, she walked away to a neighbouring gin-shop with the most provoking non-chalance, humming to herself—"All round my hat."

Not long since, my anxiety to study human character among the Lower Classes, led me into the tap-room of a public-house in the vicinity of Broad-street, Holborn.

"I say, Tom, old man," said a little stout-built personage, who, from the appearance of

his visage, must have been a dustman; "don't you think as how that was a lucky chap as found the lot of shiners,* as he was a diggin' in the field the other day?"

"Aye, Jem, that's vot I calls a chance," said the other, whose leather apron and general appearance bespoke his being a cobbler.

"But wasn't he a stupid old fool?" said the dustman, putting a small piece of wood into his pipe to remove some obstruction to the passage of the smoke. "Wasn't he a stupid old fool to tell his wife any think about it?"

"Vy, Jem?"

"Vy: bekas when he told her, she went and blowed it about everywere as till the landlord heard it, an' he claimed all the money."

"Oh!" said a jolly-looking blacksmith, the whites of his eyes shining more brilliantly by reason of the contrast which his face, scarcely less black than the hearth of his own smithy, presented—"Oh! he told his wife, did he? Ay," continued the son of Vulcan, withdrawing his pipe for a moment from his mouth, to pay his respects to the spittoon, and giving at the same time a knowing shake of the head—"Ay, he might expect his wife to keep a secret. *I've* larned the folly of that ere at home. Waiter, bring me another

* Sovereigns.

pint of beer and a pipe and 'backy." The dryness of manner with which this was uttered exceeded any thing I have ever witnessed.

Some of the similes or imagery which the Lower Classes of London are in the habit of using, are exceedingly happy.

"Harry, my boy," said a cobbler, the other day, to a journeyman tailor, "can you lend me a shilling?"

"Bless your soul," said the knight of the thimble, "I have not got as much about me as would pay the toll at a turnpike-gate for a broom-stick."

"Ned, my jolly old fellow," said one cartman to another, as they both sat quaffing a pot of porter in a tap-room—"Ned, von't you have a slice of this here loaf?"

"I'm not a bit hungry," said Ned.

"Take a slice; there's a good fellow."

"Well, if I do," said Ned, "let it be only the bigness of a bee's knee."

"Holloa, Jack, is that you?" said one country-looking personage with a smock-frock, to another in the same dress, while both Houses of Parliament were on fire in October 1834.

"Vy, Jem," said the other, "I did not expect to see you in this here crowd."

"There's a fine go of it—eh!" meaning the conflagration.

"Vy, yes, Jem, I calls that a little bit of a blaze, and no mistake. It will soon take the shine out of those there engine-men."

"I should think so. They'll never put it out; they might as soon think as how they could axtinguish it by spitting on it."

"Put it out! Heaven bless you, Jack, they wouldn't put it out, though they were to pour the whole Thames on it like a sack of potatoes."

One of the most popular writers of the present day mentions to me, that he regards the image of the "sack of potatoes" as one of the boldest and most poetical he has heard made use of for a considerable time.

The Lower Classes in London are in the habit of abbreviating words in common conversation, as much as possible. Nothing can exceed their dislike to pronouncing words at their full length. If they speak of the 'Morning Chronicle' it is called the 'Chron.;' of the 'Satirist' it is called the 'Sat.' A cabriolet is a cab. Mr. Joseph Hume is "Joe" Hume, and so on. From the extent to which this practice of cutting words short is carried, added to the awkwardness of a cockney pronunciation, it is often impossible for a stranger to understand what is said to him. Let him, for example, pass along Wellington-

street to Waterloo Bridge, and he will be accosted by some dozen of persons, all looking him in the face, and repeating twenty or thirty times, "Bo, sa;" "Bo, sa;" "Bo, sa." If he does not discover otherwise, that they are saying, "Boat, Sir;" "Boat, Sir;" "Boat, Sir;" in other words, that they are asking him whether he wants a boat, he certainly has no chance of finding out the fact from the mere words, or rather sounds—for they are no words—they employ. In many instances this spirit of abbreviation is carried so far among the Lower Classes of London, as to omit three words out of every four in a sentence. For example, the butcher who stands outside the door, looking with knife in hand and his hair carefully combed on one side, at his assortment of meat,—instead of asking the passer by in plain terms, what he will buy, sings out as fast as he can, "Buy, buy, buy; vat buy, vat buy vat buy!" The practice of abbreviating words, and in some cases omitting many of them altogether, is not, however, confined to the Lower Classes, though it chiefly prevails among them. It is not uncommon among the middle, nor even the very highest classes. It will be recollected by those who read the account of the late trial of Lord Melbourne, that his Lordship was in the habit of addressing Mrs. Norton simply as

“Car”—meaning Caroline. One of his epistles to that lady consisted simply of these words—“How are you, Car?” Laconic and cold enough, in all conscience. Mrs. Norton, on the other hand, was in the habit of calling Mr. Norton her “hub,” meaning her husband. “You are,” says she, in one of her letters to him; “you are a good ‘hub’ in the long run.”



THE

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GREAT METROPOLIS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LORDS AND
COMMONS."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

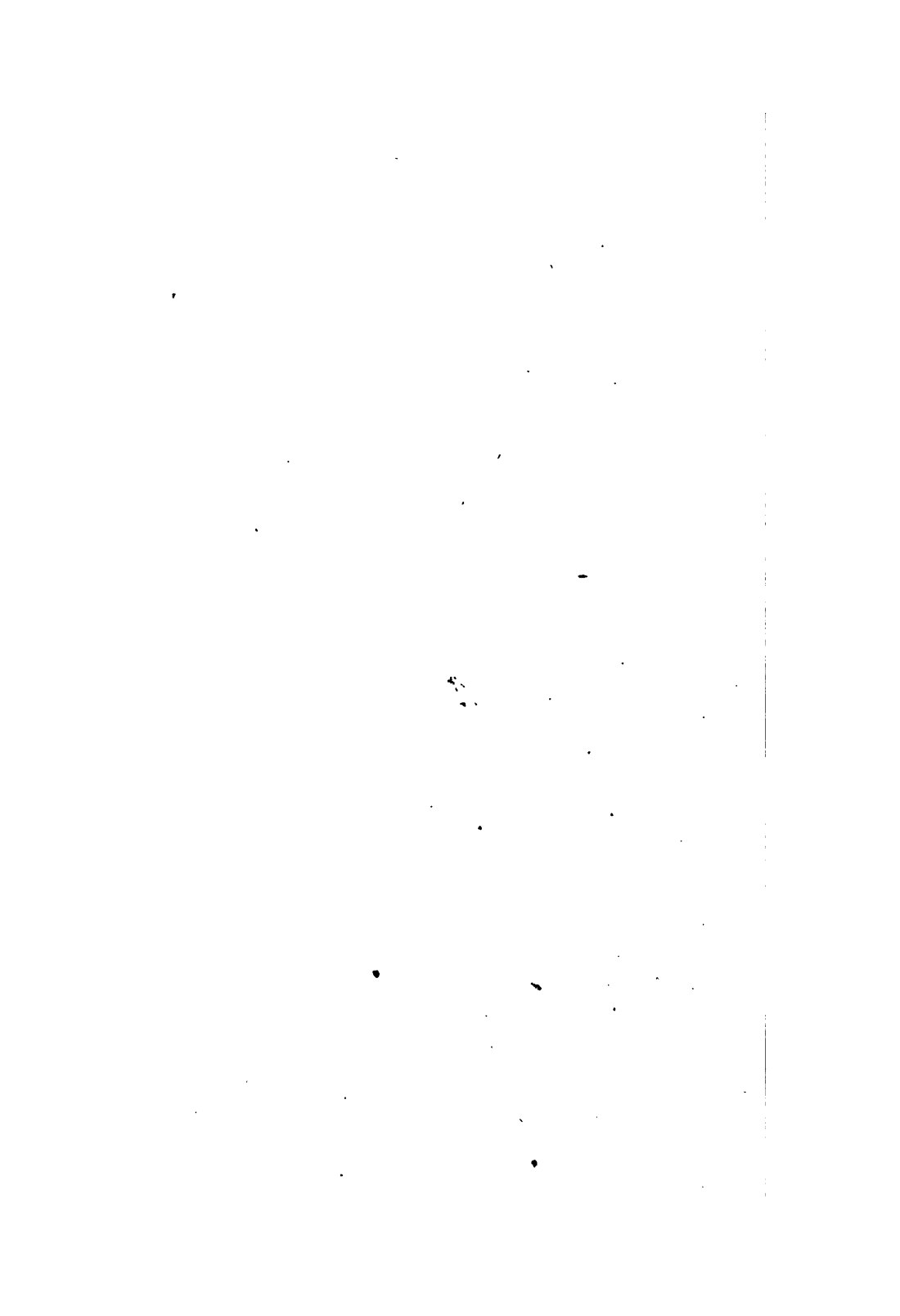
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THE

GREAT METROPOLIS.

CHAPTER I.

**THE NEWSPAPER PRESS—MORNING
PAPERS.**

Introductory Remarks—The Times—The Morning Chronicle—The Morning Herald—The Morning Post—The Morning Advertiser—The Public Ledger—Miscellaneous observations.

THE metropolitan newspaper press is perhaps the mightiest moral engine in the world. The "Journalism" of Paris is generally supposed by those conversant with both countries, to exercise a greater influence in France than the London Press does in England; but out of France

the Parisian journals scarcely exercise any influence at all; while that of London is sensibly felt to the remotest extremities of the civilized world. It gives, on many questions of great magnitude, the tone to public feeling and public opinion in America; for a large proportion of the American journals follow, on such questions, in the wake of the London newspapers. Look, for example, at the state of the Slavery question at this moment on the other side of the Atlantic. By means of the public press of this country—and in the provinces, newspapers are almost invariably guided by the course pursued by the metropolitan journals—slavery has been for ever abolished in our West India colonies. And no sooner had that great triumph of justice and humanity been achieved over the opposite principles in England, than the struggle commenced for a similar triumph on the shores of America. What the issue will be no one can doubt: that it will—and speedily too—be the same as we have lately witnessed in the case of the West India negroes, is just as certain as it is possible for a moral contingency to be.

No one who knows anything of the way in which the public mind is operated upon in this country, can for a moment doubt that had the London Press been silent on the wrongs of the

slaves in our colonial possessions, for some years prior to their emancipation, there would not have been the least probability of that desirable consummation taking place for a long period to come. And it is equally clear that but for the part which this country has taken in that question, the propriety of liberating the slaves in the Southern states of America, would not have been yet mooted on the other side of the Atlantic.

I am aware that in some cases the metropolitan newspaper press has followed rather than led public opinion; but these cases are comparatively few; and even when they do occur they do not militate against the position, that the London press possesses the great moral power I have ascribed to it; for without the concentration and expression of public opinion through the medium of the metropolitan journals, the influence it would exert would be but limited indeed.

It were an endless task to enumerate the great moral and social achievements which the newspaper press of London has made, either directly or indirectly, during the last half century. A sufficiently accurate conception of the amazing power of this great engine will be formed, when I mention, what I believe no one acquainted with the subject will doubt, namely,

that were the metropolitan journals to lend their united energies for any length of time to the accomplishment of any object not physically impossible, they would in the end succeed, whether that object were good or evil.

A glance, then, at the most distinguished of those journals which exercise so mighty an influence over the destinies of this country, and also over those of a large portion of the world, must be generally interesting. But before advert- ing to the principal metropolitan newspapers in detail, it may be proper to state that I am most anxious to guard against communicating any information, or making any statements respecting any journal, which would be likely to be considered a disclosure of matters which ought to have been kept concealed from the public eye. I will also endeavour, in what I am about to say, to speak without prejudice or partiality.

The journal which is first entitled to notice is *THE TIMES*. The distinction of being the first journal in the country, will be conceded to it by every one, however much he may differ from it in politics. 'The Times' once called itself the Leading Journal of Europe; and it has since been sneered at, at least ten thousand times, for so doing, by its opponents. Perhaps the assumption of the title by itself, was not in the

best possible taste; but few who knew anything of what Sir Robert Peel once called the "Journalism" of Europe, will dispute the justice of its claims to it. For the last twenty years and upwards, during which it has been under the control of Mr. Barnes, it has exercised an influence over the destinies of England such as no other journal ever exercised in this or in any other country. It is not to be denied that it has often represented rather than created public political sentiment; but it is equally true, it has frequently given a tone to public opinion, and a stimulus to public action, on questions of the greatest importance on which the public mind had been asleep before its voice of thunder* was heard. And what no less strikingly attested the power of 'The Times' in many of the instances to which I refer, was the wonderfully short time in which its articles produced their intended effect. I recollect that on various occasions the public mind, not only in the metropolis, but throughout the country, has, through its instru-

* 'The Times' has been called "The Thunderer," because it once spoke of "thundering forth" an article. I again give up the good taste of so characterising its own articles; but I must at the same time admit that no term could convey a better idea of the effect produced by many of its leaders.

mentality, evinced the most intense interest on questions which, but a few weeks previously, no one even thought of, much less talked about. Who does not remember what it did in the way of interesting the public mind on behalf of the Spanish refugees, who were famishing of hunger in this country, some years ago? But to go farther back, and to give one very remarkable instance, who has yet forgotten the stupendous influence it exercised over the minds of the people of England in the case of Queen Caroline? It is generally believed that the question was regularly debated, and formally decided by vote, among the proprietors, whether 'The Times' should support or oppose the cause of that unfortunate lady, and that it was agreed by a majority of one that its most strenuous exertions should be made in her favour. Be this as it may, the fact was that 'The Times' did espouse the cause of Queen Caroline, and that with an energy, a perseverance, and talent, which were the admiration of her friends, and which filled her foes with indignation and dismay. And the success of the advocacy corresponded with the consummate skill, the singular boldness, and commanding talent of the advocate. The public sympathies, from one extremity of the empire to the other, were all

enlisted in favour of Queen Caroline, and eventually manifested themselves in such a way as to cause the House of Lords to shrink from returning a verdict of guilty. To 'The Times' belonged in a great measure the glory of achieving the triumph of that Princess,—though she unhappily did not live many months to enjoy it.

Not less striking was the display of the power of 'The Times' during the great crisis of the Reform Bill. Day after day did it send forth articles in favour of that measure, which for vigour of conception and energy of expression have never been surpassed by any compositions in the English language. Their great effect on the public mind was visible to all: it was doubtless also sensibly felt by the members of both Houses of Parliament. Who can help regretting that so powerful an ally in favour of Liberal principles—one that did such signal service to the public cause—should now uphold the very system it once so zealously and with such marked success, laboured to destroy?

The amazing power of 'The Times' is admitted by men of all parties; but people often express themselves at a loss to account for it. My impression is, that various causes conspire to produce it. People frequently ask, is the surpassing ability of its leading articles the

source of its influence? That undoubtedly is one element in it; and it is one, in the absence of which all the others would go for nothing. But there are other elements in the great influence of 'The Times.' There is, for example, the accidental circumstance of its vast circulation. Its circulation is greater than that of any other daily journal in England, and is only surpassed in Europe by one or two Paris papers. Were its circulation limited, the talent it displays would have no field on which to operate; its light, to use a scriptural phrase, would be hid under a bushel. But in estimating the proportion which the circulation of 'The Times' contributes to its aggregate amount of power, regard must not be had to the mere extent of circulation. The character of that circulation must be taken into account. Well, then, one of the leading attributes of the circulation of 'The Times' is its universality. Other papers are chiefly, in some cases almost exclusively, read by classes: 'The Times' is read by all. It boasts of its ten thousands of readers among the upper classes: there is not a member of either House of Parliament who does not regularly read it; there is not a gentlemen's club which does not take it in; while it is read with a peculiar eagerness and avidity by myriads of

the lower classes. Indeed, one may say it is read by everybody. You never meet by chance with any person, who makes any pretensions to intelligence, who does not, by some means or other, see 'The Times.' What is somewhat singular is, that even those who are most liberal and hearty in their abuse of it, are its most eager and constant readers. Every one knows that time after time the Radicals have entered into a sort of solemn league and covenant to annihilate it altogether, and to convert Printing House Square to some other use than that of manufacturing broad sheets. They groan at it at their public meetings, until they make themselves hoarse. All the speakers at these meetings exhaust their vocabulary of abuse in vituperating 'The Times.' It is a standing topic at all times for demagogues: if they run themselves out on all other themes, it is a never failing one to which they may resort. And the more hearty and bitter their denunciations of it, the more frequent, and lusty, and general, are the plaudits with which their ears are sure to be greeted. If a speaker at one of these meetings—Dr. Wade or Mr. Savage, for example,—absolutely curse 'The Times,' which is very often done in a style which, in bitterness if not in length, might vie with the celebrated curse of

Sterne's St. Anulphus,—then you hear a shout of exultation burst from the assemblage which, on its first outbreak, comes on your ear as if it were the crack of doom, and which is sure to give you an idea of the stentorian capabilities of a Radical meeting, you never had before. And not only do your ears inform you of the ecstasy with which the Radical meetings hear their leaders heaping their curses, both loud and deep, on 'The Times;' but you are apprised of the same fact by means of your eyes. You see an indefinable expression of delight created in a moment on their physiognomies—a smile it may be, which I have often thought must be no bad imitation of the ghastly smile grinned by Milton's fallen angels. Not only is it one of the leading parts of the duty of the orators on these occasions to abuse 'The Times' in their speeches, but that abuse must needs be embodied in the resolutions also. And in many instances even this has not contented them: they have come to formal resolutions not to "use any house which took in 'The Times;' and they have appointed deputations to go round to all the coffee-shops in the metropolis, to order its exclusion on pain of not patronizing the muddy liquid. Well, and what then? Why, the assemblage have no sooner dispersed from

"Vite Condict 'Us," (White Conduit House,) Mr. Savage's "Circus Street Institution," or wherever they may have met, than they hasten to the coffee-rooms they respectively "use," and in gruff tones, throwing at the same time their two-pence-halfpenny on the table, holloa out—"A cup of coffee, slice of bread and butter, and—"The Times.'"

It is the same with others in the middle classes of society, who are in the habit of denouncing 'The Times.' They also heartily abuse it, and say it ought to be read by no respectable person at the very moment they are themselves devouring its contents with the utmost voracity. Cobbett was a striking instance of this. The staple matter of his Register, as every one knows who was in the habit of reading it, consisted, sometimes for many consecutive weeks, of the richest specimens of abuse of 'The Times.' He excelled all men I ever knew in the art of abuse. When abusing 'The Times' he excelled himself. There were a mingled coarseness and cordiality in his vituperation of that journal, which showed that his whole soul was thrown into it: it seemed, indeed, to be "marrow to his bones." And yet he was a regular reader of 'The Times;' it was the first journal he called for in the morning; and it was often the only one he read. I recollect feeling very

much surprised one morning I had occasion to be in his house before nine o'clock, not only to see that the "Bloody Old Times," as, in his own coarse way, he used to call it, was on the table on which he was writing, but that it was the only journal in the house.

'The Times' and its leading articles are not only read by everybody, but are talked of in all companies. "Have you seen 'The Times' to-day?" "What does 'The Times' say on such and such a subject?" "'The Times' says so and so." "That was a masterly article in to-day's 'Times,'" &c.,—are questions and observations in every one's mouth, go where you will. So eagerly is 'The Times' sought after, that one number often passes through the hands of sixty or seventy individuals. But not only is its power exercised on those who read 'The Times' itself; it influences a very large proportion of the community who seldom or never handle any of its sheets. There is scarcely a provincial paper in the country which does not more or less frequently quote from its leading articles; and the matter thus quoted, exercises the same influence as if read in its own identical types.

Thus 'The Times' is read by everybody—even by those who are most prodigal of their abuse of it. And to the circumstance of its be-

ing so extensively circulated among all classes of society, is undoubtedly to be ascribed much of that influence it has so long exercised over the public mind.

The steadiness of its purpose, when it has any particular object in view, is another characteristic of 'The Times,' which contributes essentially to invest it with the power it possesses. When it has determined on the accomplishment of any particular object, it not only leaves no means untried, and lends all its commanding energies to carry it into effect, but it never relaxes in its efforts until it has either succeeded, or success has become demonstrably impossible. Its perseverance in such cases is surprising. For weeks, aye, and for months, without the intermission of a single day, will its columns contain elaborate leading articles in favour of the object it has in contemplation. Who does not remember its unremitting labours for months, towards the close of 1834, to damage the political character of Lord Brougham? Of its conduct on that occasion I have always disapproved; but the success with which its labours were crowned is known to every one, and furnishes another attestation, in addition to those I have already mentioned, of its great power over the public mind.

One other attribute of 'The Times,' which contributes to invest it with the vast power it possesses, is the surprising harmony of its varied contents. In some journals you will often find two leading articles in the same number clashing as much together, as if the one were intended as an answer to the other: in 'The Times' you never see any such discrepancy or contradiction. But not only is it in what is called the leading matter that 'The Times' harmonises in so striking a manner; the same harmony pervades the entire arrangements of the journal. Everything, down to the least trifling paragraph of intelligence, is made subservient to the objects aimed at in the leading articles. Every department is in the hands of the person deemed most qualified for it. There are the principal editor, the gentlemen occasionally employed to write leaders, the sub-editor, the selector of articles of intelligence, and the person employed to make up the paper, as it is technically called; and all work as harmoniously together as if the entire contents were the production of one hand. So admirable is the state of discipline, if I may use the expression, in the office of 'The Times,' that the wishes of the principal editor are no sooner ascertained than they are carried into effect in

the minutest particular. A remarkable illustration of this was given when, on the downfall of the Melbourne Administration in 1834, it changed its politics. That event took place on a Saturday: the leading article of the following Monday was in favour of a Wellington and Peel Administration. On the Tuesday every part of 'The Times,' down to the most trifling article of intelligence, was as thoroughly Conservative as if the paper had been a most strenuous supporter of that party from the first day of its establishment. And since that day to this, not only has each successive number of the paper been in perfect consistency with the numbers that preceded it, but there has not been the slightest discrepancy observable between one part of the paper and another. No trace of its former Liberalism, either by accident or otherwise, has been visible since November 7, 1834, up to the moment at which I make this remark.

The singular sagacity displayed in the conducting of 'The Times' is another element of its vast power. It seizes with a sort of intuition on those topics which are most suited to the public taste, and it discusses them with a corresponding skill. The sagacity of 'The Times' in these respects is really extraordinary. What, with the interest which the reader feels in the

subject itself, and the tact evinced in the treatment of such subject, no one ever peruses the leading articles of that journal without feeling himself hurried—not borne—away by the writer, however convinced he may be that truth and justice are on the opposite side of the question. I know of no writing ancient or modern, that can be compared to that in ‘The Times’ for a successful appeal to the feelings and passions of the community. If there were propriety in the expression, I know of no phrase which could more forcibly characterise that journal than to call it “The Demosthenes of the Press!”

I shall only mention one other circumstance which contributes to arm ‘The Times’ with the immense power it wields over public opinion. I allude to that of its being so vehemently and incessantly attacked by other journals. Which of its three or four hundred contemporaries in the United Kingdom has not at one time or other had its fling at ‘The Times?’ Its articles, or parts of them, are regularly quoted by a large portion of the press, in order that they may be answered. How many leading articles of the London and provincial journals consist entirely of attacks on ‘The Times’ or of answers to its articles? Some journals live by attacking ‘The Times.’ To many newspaper editors in town

and country its extinction, were such a thing likely to happen, would be a calamity of no ordinary magnitude. The attention thus drawn to the leaders of 'The Times,' and the importance conferred on them by the answers made to them in other journals, necessarily invest it with an immense power over public opinion.

These have always appeared to me the leading sources of the great power which 'The Times' has so long possessed. They account in my opinion satisfactorily enough for a fact, the causes of which, beyond that of the commanding talent and consummate tact of that journal, are so generally regarded as involved in mystery.

'The Times' is ardent in its friendships and implacable in its resentments. When it espouses the cause of an individual or a party, it throws its whole soul into the advocacy of that cause—as much so, indeed, as if its own very existence as a journal were bound up with it. It will encounter any measure of obloquy for those it deems worthy of its friendship: pity, on the other hand, the luckless mortal or body of mortals, who incur its displeasure! It will, as Blair, in his poem on "The Grave," says, "pursue them close through every lane" of "their public life;" not once missing their track, "but

pressing onwards till it has hurried them over the tremendous verge of ruin!" Do 'The Times' an act of friendship, and no journal is more grateful for it: do it an injury, and you have committed an unpardonable sin, for which, should it deem you a person of sufficient weight, you are sure to be visited with condign punishment. The severity of its punishments, indeed, often exceeds the magnitude of the offence.

'The Times' was established in 1788.* For

* 'The Times' had been a few years established before this under the title of 'The Universal Register. The following are the reasons assigned in the first number of 'The Times' for the change of the title, with an announcement of certain contemplated improvements. It is a curious article and will be read with interest:—

" 'The Universal Register' has been a name as injurious to the logographic newspaper as Tristram was to Mr. Shandy's son; but old Shandy forgot he might have rectified by confirmation the mistake of the parson at baptism, and with the touch of a bishop changed Tristram into Trismegistus.

" 'The Universal Register,' from the day of its first appearance to the day of its confirmation, had, like Tristram, suffered from innumerable casualties, both laughable and serious, arising from its name, which in its introduction was immediately curtailed of its fair proportions by all who called for it, the word 'Universal' being universally omitted, and the word 'Register'

a long period it was inferior in circulation and influence to 'The Morning Chronicle,' then under the management of Mr. James Perry. It

being only retained. "Boy, bring me 'The Register.'" The waiter answers, "Sir, we have no library, but you may see it at the 'New Exchange Coffee-House.'" "Then I will see it there," answers the disappointed politician, and he goes to the 'New Exchange Coffee-House,' and calls for 'The Register,' upon which the waiter tells him he cannot have it as he is not a subscriber, or presents him with 'The Court and City Register,' 'The Old Annual Register,' or 'The New Annual Register,' or, if the coffee-house be within the purlieus of Covent Garden or the hundreds of Drury, slips into the politician's hand 'Harris's Register of Ladies.'

"For these and other reasons, the printer of 'The Universal Register' has added to its original name that of 'The Times,' which being a monosyllable, bids defiance to the corruptors and mutilators of the language.

"'The Times'! What a monstrous name! Granted—for 'The Times' is a many-headed monster that speaks with an hundred tongues, and displays a thousand characters, and in the course of its transitions in life, assumes innumerable shapes and humours.

"The critical reader will observe we personify our new name, but as we give it no distinction of sex, and though it will be active in its vocations, yet we apply to it the neuter gender.

"'The Times' being formed of and possessing qualities of opposite and heterogeneous natures, cannot be classed either in the animal or vegetable *genus*, but like the

was not until after the peace of 1815, that 'The Times' began to take the lead among the daily papers of England. It soon after established its

Polypus is doubtful, and in the discussion, description, and illustration, will employ the pens of the most celebrated amongst the literati.

"The heads of 'The Times,' as already has been said, are many; these will, however, not always appear at the same time, but casually, as public or private affairs may call them forth.

"The principal or leading heads are:—The Literary—Political—Commercial—Philosophical—Critical—Theatrical—Fashionable—Humorous—Witty, &c. &c. each of which are supplied with a competent share of intellect for the pursuit of their several functions; an endowment which is not in all to be found, even in the heads of the State, the heads of the Church, the heads of the Law, the heads of the Navy, the heads of the Army, and, though last not least, the great heads of the Universities.

"The political head of 'The Times, like that of Janus the Roman deity, is double-faced; with one countenance it will smile continually on the friends of Old England, and with the other will frown incessantly on her enemies.

"The alteration we have made in our paper is not without precedents. 'The World' has parted with half its *caput mortuum* and a moiety of its brains. 'The Herald' has cut off one half of its head and has lost its original humour. 'The Post,' it is true, retains its whole head and its old features; and as to the other public prints, they appear as having neither heads nor tails.

claims to the title, which it subsequently appropriated to itself, of being the leading journal of Europe. Mr. Walter, the father of the present Mr. Walter, was for many years the principal proprietor of the paper. That gentleman also took an active part in its general management. His son, the Member for Berkshire, was the principal contributor of leading articles to it during some of the most eventful years of the war with France. Dr. Stoddart, now Sir John Stoddart, the Governor of Malta, conducted 'The Times' for several years, ending in 1815 or

"On the Parliamentary head every communication that ability and industry can produce may be expected. To this great national object, 'The Times' will be most sedulously attentive, most accurately correct, and strictly impartial in its reports."

The following was at this time the imprint to 'The Times':—

"London: Printed for J. Walter, at the Logographic Press, Printing House Square, near Apothecaries Hall, Blackfriars; where Advertisements, Essays, Letters, and Articles of Intelligence will be taken in. Also at Mr. Meltenius's, Confectioner, Charing Cross; Mr. Whiteaves's, Watchmaker, No. 39, opposite St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street; Mr. Axtell's, No. 1. Finch Lane, Cornhill; at Mr. Bushby's, No. 1. Catherine Street, Strand; Mr. Rose's, Silk Dyer, Spring Gardens; and Mr. Grise's, Stationer, No. 103, Corner of Fountain Court, Strand."

1816, when the extreme virulence of his attacks on Napoleon Bonaparte was such, that the proprietors saw the expediency of putting an end to his engagement. So annoyed did Bonaparte, when in the zenith of his power, feel at some of Dr. Stoddart's attacks, that he caused the question to be submitted to some of the leading counsel at the English bar, whether he could proceed against the journal for various articles which he pronounced the grossest libels. Dr. Stoddart, in 1817, started 'The New Times,' with the double view of opposing 'The Times' and still further vilifying Napoleon. The result is well known: 'The New Times' promised well for some time, but then began gradually to decline. It eventually expired, and 'The Morning Journal,' conducted by Mr. Alexander, late editor of 'The Liverpool Standard,' arose, phoenix-like, from its ashes. Its term of existence, however, was of much shorter duration than that of its predecessor—it only lived two or three years. It ceased in 1830,—its circulation having fallen so low as nine hundred copies.

Mr. Barnes, the present editor of 'The Times,' succeeded Dr. Stoddart. Mr. Barnes had previously, in 1810 I think, brought himself into favourable notice by a series of sketches of some of the leading public characters of that

period, which appeared in 'The Examiner'—then the property and under the editorship of the late Mr. John Hunt, brother of Mr. Leigh Hunt. These sketches by Mr. Barnes were afterwards republished in a detached form, and excited much interest from the vigour of their style, and the general accuracy of the author's estimate of the intellectual and political characters of the personages of whom he spoke. Since Mr. Barnes' first connexion with 'The Times' as editor—he had previously been a reporter—he has, up to the present time, had the entire conduct of the paper. I have seen various statements of his supposed salary as editor. The sum most frequently mentioned is twelve hundred guineas; but it is, I believe, all guess-work—even with those who speak most confidently on the subject. He is understood to have, some years since, become one of the proprietors.

Captain Stirling has often been mentioned as one of the editors of 'The Times,' and sometimes as the principal editor. There is not the slightest truth in the report. He has not, and never had, any control whatever over its columns; nor does he ever go to the office. The only connexion he is understood to have with 'The Times,' is that of having for some years

past contributed occasional articles; for which he is said to receive a higher rate of remuneration than was ever paid in any other case for newspaper contributions. It is stated with much confidence, by some parties who affect to be conversant with the most secret arrangements in the leading newspaper offices, that Captain Stirling receives one thousand guineas per annum for the articles he contributes to 'The Times.' This, like the amount of the salary of Mr. Barnes, is all conjecture. No one either knows the sum he receives or the number of articles he contributes. Perhaps there is no newspaper-office in London, of the private arrangements of which less is known than of those of 'The Times' office.

Mr. Alsager, brother of Captain Alsager, Member for the Eastern division of Surrey, has for many years supplied the city article of 'The Times.' Those who know him intimately give him credit for having a more thorough knowledge of our monetary system and financial regulations, than any man alive. If private report speaks truth, he has, by means of his articles in 'The Times,' on more than one occasion saved the Directors of the Bank of England from some most serious errors, and the country from the consequences of their blunders. I have

heard Mr. Alsager's salary, for his contributions to 'The Times,' stated by some at seven hundred, and by others at eight hundred guineas per annum. I believe the amount of his remuneration is somewhere about either of these sums.

What the exact extent of the circulation of 'The Times' is no one knows, as the stamp returns include the stamps used for 'The Evening Mail,' a three-times-a-week paper, belonging to the same proprietors, and issuing, from the same establishment. In November, 1834, previous to the change in its politics, the circulation of 'The Times' was supposed to exceed 10,000 copies daily. By that change it lost a considerable number of its subscribers, though it, doubtless, gained others from the Conservative party. It is now generally believed that it has so far recovered the subscribers who had left it, as, with the new ones it has gained, to make its circulation not much under what it was previous to November, 1834. I am aware the newspaper returns for the ten months ending in April of the present year, do not give it an average circulation of 10,000 copies; but the newspaper agents—and they are the best authorities in a matter of this kind—concur in saying that during the last six months it has risen considerably in circulation.

To 'The Times' belongs the merit of having raised the daily press of England to its present respectable rank. It was the first to give a high rate of remuneration for their labour, to all the literary gentlemen on the establishment, and also to improve the mechanical departments of the paper. It was the first to press the amazing capabilities of steam machinery into the service of the daily journals. To Mr. Walter, I believe, the credit of this great improvement is due. He incurred the enormous expenditure of 60,000*l.* in experiments, before he brought it to perfection. It was in November, 1814, that the readers of 'The Times' were for the first time informed, by a short leading article, that the number of the paper they then held in their hand was printed by steam, and at the astounding rate of 4,000 copies an hour. Other establishments, in the course of time, followed the example of 'The Times.' Before the introduction of a steam power into the printing-offices of the daily papers, the proprietors were obliged to cause duplicates of each number to be "set up," in order to get the paper out in tolerable time; and even then, as the most active and powerful pressman could not throw off above 500 impressions in an hour by means of his hand, the publication of part of

the paper was always delayed to a late hour; while the necessity of going to press early prevented the possibility of giving any important intelligence, which chanced to arrive late in the morning,—in any other than a very limited part of the impression.

‘The Times’ was also the first journal to set the example of giving double sheets. For many years, at great expense to the proprietors, it published supplemental sheets when there was a pressure of advertisements, or of other important matter,—on each of which it paid a duty of two-pence, though no additional charge was made to the public. The idea was at length hit on, that by publishing one large sheet of the same size as the former ones, the proprietors would escape this heavy expenditure. This was some years ago; and since that time the practice of publishing occasional double sheets—on an average, during the sitting of Parliament, three or four a week—has been continued by ‘The Times.’ ‘The Morning Herald’ has also often published double sheets during the last few years. ‘The Morning Post’ does the same, though with much less frequency; and ‘The Morning Chronicle’ has done so, perhaps, fifteen or twenty times within the last twelve months. In one of these double sheets there is a quantity of

matter equal to what is contained in three ordinary octavo volumes;—so that you get as much matter in a double sheet of a Morning Paper for sevenpence,* as you get from a publisher of novels for a guinea-and-a-half! What a contrast there is between the appearance of a double sheet of 'The Times' in 1836, and the appearance of the paper when established in 1788! Then it was a small sheet, chiefly printed in large, open type: the quantity of matter it now contains is at least six times as great as it contained at the time of its commencement. The quality of the matter has improved in, perhaps, the same proportion. If, again, a comparison be made between the quantity of matter contained in the first English newspaper—published, I think, in the reign of Charles the First—and a double sheet of 'The Times,' it will be found that there is nearly fifty times as much in the latter as in the former.

To 'The Times' we are chiefly indebted for the plan now adopted by most of the Morning Papers, of procuring important intelligence, in the shortest possible time, by means of expresses. It was the first to set the example. All of these expresses are attended by a heavy expence to the proprietors of the morning journals: some of

* The price since this was written, has been reduced to fivepence.

them incur so enormous an expense, that one is surprised at the spirit and enterprise which prompt the proprietors to undertake them. They often cost fifty or sixty pounds, when the distance to be travelled is only between two and three hundred miles. Owing to accidental circumstances, they sometimes amount to a much larger sum. The expense of sending down two gentlemen to report the proceedings at the Glasgow dinner, given to Lord Durham in 1834, and expressing the report of those proceedings, is understood to have cost the proprietors of 'The Times' nearly 200*l*. The journey, upwards of 400 miles in length, was performed at the rate of fifteen miles an hour.

The proprietorship of 'The Times' is said to be divided into sixteen shares. Of this number Mr. Walter is generally understood to have held, if he do not now hold, nine. It has been very confidently reported, for some time past, that he disposed of the majority of his shares at the time of the ejection of the Melbourne Ministry in 1834, to the Carlton Club: and the price is said to have been 150,000*l*. But the matter is only report: no one, I presume, who is likely to make the matter public knows anything of the precise footing on which 'The Times' in this respect stands.

This journal is a most valuable property. Its estimated worth is given at 250,000*l.*: its annual profits, for some years past, are supposed to be between 20,000*l.* and 30,000*l.*

'The Times' directly employs, in one way or other, nearly one hundred individuals. The number of compositors alone is between fifty and sixty. Including the communications of correspondents from every part of the country and from all parts of the world, there is not perhaps a number which appears that does not contain a portion of the manual or intellectual labour of one hundred and fifty individuals. Supposing therefore the paper were, by some extraordinary casualty, suddenly to be extinguished, how great would be the number of families who would directly suffer from the circumstance!

THE MORNING HERALD was established in 1782, and was for some time the great rival of 'The Times;' but 'The Morning Chronicle' for the last two years has been its principal opponent. There are few journals which have undergone greater vicissitudes of fortune than the 'Morning Herald.' In 1820, it was scarcely ever seen or heard of: its circulation was as low as 1,400 copies per day; and it was only prevented from dying altogether by the advertisements, which still continued, in considerable

numbers, to find their way into its columns. It began to attract attention at the time I have mentioned, in consequence of a series of reports of the proceedings in Bow-street Office, which was then commenced in it. These reports were written by Mr. White, now one of the proprietors and also one of the editors, and were remarkable for their humour. Of course they were, for the most part, caricatures of what actually transpired; but the public got something to laugh at, and it never troubled itself about the fidelity of the representations. They appeared exclusively in 'The Herald' agreeably to an arrangement between the proprietors and the writer. Those, therefore, who wished a dish of fun to be served up with breakfast, and could afford to pay sevenpence for it, were obliged to procure 'The Herald.' The consequence was, that the paper rose in circulation with amazing rapidity. In the short space, I have been assured, of little more than a year, it trebled its circulation. Another accidental circumstance occurred some time after, which contributed essentially to raise the character and extend the circulation of the paper. The property was divided into sixteen shares, which were held by several proprietors. One of them, Mr. Glas-
sington, having disputed with the late Mr.

Thwaites, who held a majority of the shares, the property was thrown into the Court of Chancery. The managing proprietors, in order to exclude Mr. Glassington from a share of the profits—as they considered his conduct to be vexatious in the extreme—threw back almost all the returns on the paper itself. In parliamentary and law reporting—in expresses from all parts of the country—and in procuring with the utmost possible expedition, regular correspondence from all the leading towns in Europe,—“The Herald” entered into a spirited competition with ‘The Times.’ The result, as might have been expected, was that the paper rose with great rapidity both in reputation and circulation; and is now, and has been for many years, only second to its contemporary of Printing House Square. In its foreign correspondence, ‘The Herald’ was for many years especially distinguished: I am not sure that this department has quite sustained its previous reputation, for the last two or three years.

The politics of ‘The Herald’ used to be remarkable for their independence of party spirit. It was one day with the Tories, and the next with the Whigs. It viewed every question according to what the editor conceived to be the justice and truth of that question; and a ~~was~~

spoke its sentiments in plain and straightforward, though moderate language. A better specimen of a strictly impartial and independent journal than 'The Herald' afforded some years ago, I have never seen. It is Junius, I think, who speaking of the view he took of some particular question, says—"This is not the cause of faction or of party, or of any individual, but the common interest of every man in Britain." If ever the words were true of any English journal more than another, that journal was the 'Morning Herald' some years since. But a change has of late, in this respect, come over its spirit. For at least two years, namely, since the ejection of the Melbourne Administration in 1834, its tone has been manifestly Conservative. It is, however, but justice to say, that with its change of politics, or rather with its becoming uniformly what it only was occasionally before, it still retains the character it has had for many years past, of being moderate and measured in its language. It is never personally abusive; nor does it indulge in wholesale vituperation—as is too common with other journals of all parties—of classes of men. It expresses its sentiments with firmness and decision, but always in terms which neither individuals nor bodies of

men, can complain of as coarse, or as exceeding the limits of fair discussion.

'The Morning Herald' used to be subjected to a greater number of prosecutions for libels than any other newspaper in London. This, however, was not always for objectionable original matter; but in many cases, for its reports of the proceedings of public meetings, where a bad spirit and conflicting interests existed among the speakers. 'The Herald,' in reporting the proceedings of such meetings, evinced an unusual boldness. It was equally uninfluenced by fear or favour. Hence the number of actions brought against it about seven or eight years ago. For some years, the annual expenses, I believe, of such actions, including the damages given, were about 4,000*l*. It was only, however, in a very few instances that the parties through whose speeches or communications the actionable matter found its way into its columns, indemnified it for the expenses it incurred. One of the most noble-minded instances of this kind within my knowledge, occurred in the case of Mr. Alderman Scales. In his usually unguarded manner of expressing himself, when speaking of a political opponent, Mr. Scales, in the instance in question, made

use of some very strong language in reference to a gentleman whose name I do not now recollect. His speech was reported in the 'Morning Herald' of the following day, and immediately after, the offended party entered an action against the proprietors of that journal. The moment Mr. Scales was apprised of the circumstance, which was not by any party in 'The Herald' office, but through the law reports in the daily newspapers, he wrote a cheque on his bankers, for 1,000*l.*, which he enclosed to the proprietors, accompanying it with a note to the effect that whatever more, if any, should be necessary to bear them harmless, should be forthcoming. The action was, if I recollect rightly, eventually abandoned by the party bringing it.

One of the most prominent features of 'The Herald' for eight or ten years past has been its humane and benevolent spirit. In advocating the great interests of humanity, it has always stood foremost amongst its contemporaries—oftentimes alone. One very striking illustration of this has been afforded by its conduct on the question of capital punishments. For years has it laboured with great zeal and ability—and laboured too with marked success—to abate the rigour of our criminal jurisprudence. It has proved, times without number, and by a surpass-

ing variety of illustrations and of facts, that, putting out of view the abstract question of the justice or humanity of our criminal laws, they are impolitic in the highest degree, having only increased the very crimes they were intended to repress. Happily the legislature is beginning to perceive, what is not only the dictate of a sound philosophy, but is demonstrable by facts—that it is the certainty and not the severity of punishment that represses crime. Ere long, there is every reason to believe, our statute book will be purged of the bloody enactments which have for so many centuries stained its pages, and we shall have a criminal code more in accordance with the spirit of the Christian religion—the dictates of humanity—the claims of justice—and the interests of a sound policy. Mr. Sydney Taylor, the well-known Chancery barrister, has for several years been the principal writer of the leading articles in ‘The Morning Herald’. It consists with my private knowledge—and I have much pleasure in mentioning the fact—that to his pen we are indebted for the series of able and eloquent articles which have appeared in that journal for many years past, in opposition to sanguinary punishments. But though Mr. Taylor is the chief contributor of the leading articles which appear in ‘The

'Morning Herald,' he is not, as is generally supposed, its editor. He has no control whatever over the miscellaneous matter which appears in its columns; nor does he ever go to the office.

It was very currently reported, and generally believed about two years since, that Lord Ashburton, then Mr. Alexander Baring, had become the entire proprietor of 'The Morning Herald.' Even the price alleged to have been given, was confidently named: it was 75,000*l*. I do not believe, though I am aware some persons still do, that there is any truth in the statement. If I am not misinformed, the property is now, as it has been for years past, chiefly in the hands of the family of the late Mr. Thwaites.

'The Morning Herald' has an offshoot paper called 'The Whitehall Chronicle,' published three times a week. The stamps for both are taken out of the stamp office, without distinguishing those used by the one journal from those consumed by the other. The exact amount of the circulation of 'The Herald,' therefore, is not known; but I learn from a private source that it exceeds 7,000 copies daily.

I have spoken of the late Mr. Thwaites as the principal proprietor of the paper before his

death. He was also the managing conductor for some years before that event. And a more active or spirited manager of a public journal has seldom been known. He never spared any expense, however great, if he thought the character of the paper could be raised in public estimation by the outlay. And not only did he superintend the business department of 'The Herald,' but he was also a voluminous writer of its leading articles. Indeed, for a long time he was the writer of almost all the leading articles of any importance which appeared in it.

THE MORNING CHRONICLE was established by a party of gentlemen in 1769. Mr. Woodfall, the printer of Junius, was one of its earliest editors. Soon after its establishment it came into the hands of the late Mr. James Perry, who was not only the proprietor but editor, till his death in 1823. 'The Morning Chronicle' was for a long period the leading metropolitan journal. Mr. Perry was not only a man of superior talents himself, but he was the personal friend of Fox and Sheridan, and the other leading Whigs, for thirty or forty years before his death. He had consequently, through their means, the earliest access to all important information, not only respecting the movements and designs of the Opposition, but often also respecting the plans of

the Tory Governments of his day. The reputation of 'The Morning Chronicle,' both for leading articles and early accurate information on important questions, was at this time very great; and yet, singular as it may appear, its steady circulation never reached 4,500. It is right, however, to add, that it was the most extensively circulated paper in the country at the period I refer to. A more honourable or noble-minded man than Mr. Perry was never connected with the newspaper press of this or any other country. I could relate many instances of the high and honourable feeling by which he was at all times actuated as the editor of a public journal. He always held himself personally responsible for everything which appeared in his paper, whether it had met his eye before its insertion or not. He would never on any account submit, not even on the advice of his most respected friends, to shelter himself from personal responsibility by giving up the authors of objectionable paragraphs, even when these found their way into his journal without his knowledge. He fought a duel on one occasion with the complaining party, rather than give up the name of the author of the objectionable paragraph, though he had never seen it till it appeared in print. His notion was, that the public

had an undoubted right to see that no improper attacks should be made on men's character in any newspaper, without their having an opportunity of demanding an apology, or personal satisfaction, from the proprietor. He conceived it was no satisfaction, and could be no atonement to the injured party, that the matter complained of had found its way into the paper through an oversight: the injury was as great to the party to whom the paragraph related, when it was inserted without the editor's knowledge, as if it had been published with his special concurrence. It was the duty of a proprietor to have servants under him who should take care that no wanton injury was done to any one, by admitting improper matter into the columns of his paper. If his servants neglected their duty, he had the means of punishing their remissness by ceasing to employ them any longer; but the aggrieved party had a right to demand reparation from the head of the establishment. With regard, again, to the writers of objectionable paragraphs, he thought he could not, in honour, however unjustifiable their conduct, give up their names to the complaining party, because it was the duty of those in his employ to take care that nothing improper should be inserted. When such matter was published, it was practically no longer that

of the writer; it became the opinions or feelings of the journal in which it appeared.

In a year or two after the death of Mr. Perry, 'The Morning Chronicle' was sold to Mr. Clement for 40,000*l.*; and Mr. Black—not Dr. Black, though Cobbett invariably called him so—was continued as editor, having conducted the paper in the interval between Mr. Perry's death and its falling into the hands of Mr. Clement. Mr. Black was the personal friend of Mr. Perry, and had for many years been a reporter on the establishment. Latterly he was, I believe, assistant-editor to Mr. Perry.

The decidedly Whig principles on which 'The Morning Chronicle' had uniformly been conducted in Mr. Perry's time, continued to characterise it while in the possession of Mr. Clement. If, indeed, there was any variation in its tone, it occasionally verged nearer towards moderate Radicalism. Mr. Black is understood to have had no restrictions imposed on him in the conduct of the paper; he had, to use a homely but expressive phrase, "his full swing." The two leading topics on which Mr. Black delighted, for some years, to dwell, were the "Aristocracy" and the "Unpaid Magistracy." These two classes he attacked with a remarkable pertinacity, though always without any coarseness

or virulence. They were standing topics with him. One, indeed, would have thought that, like Hannibal on the altar in the case of the Romans, he had sworn eternal hostility towards them.

Mr. Black's style of writing, at the period I refer to, was much too philosophical to be popular: it smelt too much of the midnight oil to attract the attention of the million. It would have been much better adapted to the magazines or quarterly reviews, than to the columns of a daily newspaper. His leading articles were invariably full of quotations from Locke and Leibnitz, and other distinguished metaphysicians, both of the English and German schools. Many of the authorities he quoted were as much unknown to nineteen out of twenty of the readers of 'The Chronicle,' as if the writers had "philosophised" in another planet. Most people, therefore, turned away from Mr. Black's articles: they wanted the requisite courage to go through them. And even on the minds of those who encountered their perusal, they produced no impression: they wanted the animation and energy—declamation, if you will—necessary for newspaper effect.

Mr. Black used to excite the surprise of every one in the habit of reading 'The Chronicle,' by the readiness, the felicity, and aptitude of the

extracts from works inaccessible to the great majority of readers, which he brought to bear on the particular view which he took of any public question. If Sir Robert Peel, or any other influential member of either House of Parliament with whom he was in the habit of differing, delivered a speech containing debateable matter of importance, at ten or eleven o'clock on any given evening, you might, judging from past experience, have reasonably enough expected an answer to that speech, of a column and a half in 'The Chronicle' of the following morning,—in which answer Mr. Black, not trusting to the weight of his own arguments alone, would press into his service copious appropriate passages from the writings of some ten or a dozen of the philosophers of the seventeenth century; for they seemed particular favourites with him. At the period I refer to, the leading articles of 'The Morning Chronicle' were, in the great majority of cases, from Mr. Black's own pen. Mr. Albany Fonblanque, of 'The Examiner,' had, I believe, about that time, an engagement, which lasted a year, with 'The Morning Chronicle.' With the exception of his articles, and a casual contribution from some Member of Parliament, or some other well-known political character of weight, the leading matter was all written

by Mr. Black himself. 'The Chronicle' is in this respect very differently circumstanced now, as I shall have occasion to show by-and-by.

In March or April, 1834, Mr. Clement disposed of the copyright of 'The Chronicle.' What the sum given for it was, has never transpired, although a variety of conjectures have been hazarded—some of which have been converted into positive statements—on the subject. Nor have the names of all the parties who were the joint purchasers of 'The Chronicle' become known, even up to the present moment. Mr. Easthope, a gentleman on the Stock Exchange, and lately Member for Southampton, is known to have been the most extensive of the new proprietors. The Messrs. Biddulph, the bankers of Charing Cross, were also well understood to be co-proprietors with Mr. Easthope. It was stated at the time by some persons that Lord Durham was another proprietor, though his name was not to be registered at the Stamp Office as such; while others denied as positively that he had any interest, even the most remote, in it,—adding that Mr. Ellice, the Member for Coventry, was the gentleman whose name should be substituted for that of his Lordship. I mention these last reports, which were current at the time, for the purpose of saying that they

were only reports. No reason was ever assigned why they should be credited. With regard to the present proprietorship of 'The Morning Chronicle,' all I believe that is known by persons not immediately interested, is, that the Messrs. Biddulph have disposed of their shares in that journal; and that Mr. Duncan, the publisher, of Paternoster Row, and Mr. Macgillivray, late of the Canadas, have become proprietors since the former gentlemen disposed of their interest in it. Mr. Easthope, however, is still understood to be the largest proprietor.

The proprietors of 'The Morning Chronicle' have expended a large sum in fitting up new premises, and getting new and more extensive machinery, for printing the paper. I have heard this sum mentioned as being, in one way or other, 10,000*l*. The enlargement of the paper must also have incurred a very great additional expense to the proprietors. A very great accession of literary talent has likewise been made at a very heavy expense. Mr. Black is still the leading or responsible editor, but he has now a number of stated coadjutors. Mr. Albany Fonblanque, of 'The Examiner,' is, or very lately was, one of the number,—though not, I believe, in the habit of going often to the office. There are at least three—some say four—gen-

tle men who act in the capacity of foreign and sub-editors. Mr. M'Quin, the author of 'A Voyage up the Danube,' and one of the editors of 'The Dublin Review,' had for some time the charge of the foreign department of 'The Chronicle;' but he quitted it about the time 'The Dublin Review' commenced, and was succeeded by a gentleman who had been on the reporting establishment of the paper. Mr. Hogarth, the author of 'The History of Music,' a work of deserved popularity, was for nearly eighteen months a sub-editor of 'The Chronicle;' but he is understood to have relinquished the office, though he still writes the musical criticisms, and some other articles of a light nature. Mr. Black now writes comparatively seldom himself; and when he does, it is not in the style or manner so long familiar to the readers of 'The Chronicle.' You will not now, once in twelve months, see the names of Bacon, or Boyle, or Locke, or Leibnitz, or Kant, or any other philosopher, quoted as an authority in favour of any particular view which that journal takes of any public question,—though formerly the names of these or some other writers, figured in the columns of almost every number of 'The Chronicle.'

For some time after 'The Chronicle' came into the hands of the new proprietors, they did

little or no good with it, and its prospects were by no means encouraging. In November, 1834, however, about five months after it became the property of Mr. Easthope and the other gentlemen whose names I have already mentioned, the Ministry of Lord Melbourne were dismissed. Considerable excitement ensued in the public mind; and 'The Times' having espoused the cause of the embryo administration of Sir Robert Peel, 'The Morning Chronicle' and 'Morning Advertiser' were then the only two morning papers which identified themselves with the ejected Ministers, and with Liberal principles generally. This was the salvation of 'The Chronicle.' It rapidly rose in circulation, and increased in its advertisements. The last stamp-office returns give it a circulation of about 5,500 copies per day. 'The Chronicle,' like 'The Times' and 'The Herald,' has also its branch paper three times a week. The latter journal is called 'The Evening Chronicle,' and is published on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. Its circulation, according to the stamp-office returns just referred to, is about 1,200. The latter journal is under the editorial management of Mr. Gaspy, for many years, and until lately, the editor, and also part-proprietor of 'The Sunday Times.' This gen-

tleman is favourably known as the author of several novels, which he wrote some years ago.

THE MORNING POST was established in 1771. It was for many years a paper of a peculiar kind. It was, as part of its title professed it to be, the organ of the fashionable world. It showed what Shakspeare calls "the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure." It still retains this original feature in its character. There is, however, this difference:—formerly it was a fashionable record to the exclusion of everything else,—always of course excepting its advertisements: now it embraces a wider range. It is indeed as various in its contents as any of its contemporaries.

The late Mr. S. T. Coleridge was at one time editor of 'The Morning Post.' That was in his younger days, and before he had risen to that eminence which he attained in after life. I have never understood that Mr. Coleridge either distinguished himself, or raised the character of the paper, while it was under his editorial control. The late Mr. Roche, one of the most amiable and kind-hearted men that ever lived, succeeded to the editorship of 'The Post' in 1818. Mr. Roche was a gentleman of highly-cultivated mind, as is abundantly testified

by his posthumous pieces, as well as by his writings as a journalist; and he contributed essentially to raise the character of 'The Post.' Mr. Roche quitted that journal in 1827, after conducting it for fourteen years, and undertook the editorship of the 'New Times.' Mr. Biddleston succeeded Mr. Roche as editor of 'The Post.'

Until 1826, 'The Post' was very limited in its size. It was not much larger than 'The Courier' or 'Globe' now are. Of course there was no necessity for an effective reporting establishment, as there was no room for copious reports. Consequently the parliamentary reports which appeared in 'The Post' for many years, were no better than mere outlines of what took place in either House. At that time, however, the paper was enlarged to about the same size as the other morning journals, and an able and numerous corps of reporters was engaged for it. Since then 'The Post' might justly challenge, in the article of reporting, a comparison with any of its morning contemporaries.

It is often stated by those who affect to be well acquainted with the private affairs of the London Newspaper Press, that Mr. Winthorp Praed, M.P. for Great Yarmouth, is, and has

been for some years, editor of 'The Morning Post.' The statement is altogether groundless. Mr. Praed is not nor ever was editor of that, or, I believe, any other journal. It is true that he does occasionally write leading articles for it; but he never goes to the office, nor does he exercise the slightest controul in the exclusion or insertion of any matter whatever. In fact, generally speaking, he knows as little of the contents of 'The Post,' until its regular publication, as does Mr. Fergus O'Connor. Mr. Praed's own articles are, like those of any other contributor, liable to be altered, or even entirely rejected, at the pleasure of the editor. This latter fact was clearly proved by implication, when Mr. Biddleston, the editor, was summoned to the bar of the House of Lords, in 1834, in consequence of a breach of the privileges of their Lordships' House committed while attacking Lord Brougham. Mr. Croker, it is understood, occasionally, though I believe very seldom of late, contributes leading articles to 'The Post;' so do several members of Parliament, and other persons of literary distinction. Public report ascribes the letters signed "Zeta" which have appeared in the columns of this journal for some years past, to Lord Ellenborough. I am not in a condition either to contradict or confirm the statement.

'The Post' is ably conducted. In point of consistency it need not yield to any paper, daily or weekly, in the metropolis. I doubt, indeed, if there ever has been a more consistent political journal in this or in any other country. It has always been decidedly Tory in its opinions. Most other journals have varied, more or less, according to circumstances, in the complexion of their politics: 'The Post' has always been the same amid all the variations in public opinion, and the many change of Ministries which have taken place, since its establishment.

'The Post' is conducted with much gentlemanly feeling. It is often severe in dealing with its political opponents; but its severity never degenerates into coarseness or personalities.

One of the leading features of this journal for some years past, has been the attention it pays to science, literature, the fine arts, music, &c. It devotes much more space to these topics than any of its morning contemporaries.

The late Mr. Byrne was for many years sole proprietor of 'The Post.' On his death, two or three years since, it came into the possession of his family. His son has the largest interest in it, and occasionally writes for its columns. The series of communications which appeared in it upwards of a year ago, from Germany and

other parts of the continent, were from his pen,— he being travelling on the continent at that time.

About two years ago the circulation of 'The Post' exceeded 3,000 copies. It has suffered to some extent of late from the circumstance of 'The Times' and 'The Herald' identifying themselves with the same class of principles. Previous to the dismissal of Lord Melbourne's Ministry, towards the close of 1834, 'The Post' was the only recognised organ of Tory opinions among the morning papers.

The circulation of 'The Post,' if not so extensive as that of the other Morning Journals, is remarkably select. Its circulation, indeed, is almost exclusively among the very highest classes of society. Not to read 'The Post,' would augur an exclusion from fashionable circles. It is what Shakspeare calls "the glass of fashion!" Every movement in the fashionable world is carefully chronicled in its columns.

THE MORNING ADVERTISER next claims my attention. It is an old-established paper, having made its daily appearance, as regularly as the sun has risen, for nearly half a century. It was established in 1794. It was instituted by the body of Licensed Victuallers, whose property it still is. Every licensed victualler of respecta-

bility, may become a proprietor by paying three guineas—formerly it was one—entrance money, and taking in the paper daily. He can continue a proprietor and receive his share of the profits, though he may have retired from business, if he either continues to take the paper, or pay a certain sum annually instead. In this way there are upwards of 3,000 proprietors altogether. Its financial affairs are managed by a committee of licensed victuallers, chosen at certain periods by the subscribers. A certain portion of its profits generally go to the support of an institution for the education and maintenance of the children, boys and girls, of decayed or deceased members of the Society; and a part is always applied to the support of unfortunate members themselves. The profits of 'The Advertiser' have, in this way, done incalculable good. The number of boys and girls who have been, from first to last, supported and educated by the institution belonging to the Society, is about 750. And lately another institution, intended as an asylum for the aged and infirm belonging to the Society, was built. To the exertions of 'The Advertiser,' under the present editor, who has conducted it for the last nine years, in conjunction with those of the directors, the success

of this institution is to be attributed. Every person becoming a member of the Licensed Victuallers' Society must, in order to his establishing a claim to be elected a committee man, or to deriving any benefit from the institution, have taken in 'The Advertiser' every day for three years, and continue to take it in ever after, or pay a corresponding sum to the funds of the institution. His neglecting to take in the paper, even for a single day, without the payment of the sum in question, is held to be a forfeiture of all title to any advantage from the institution.

Previous to Mr. Anderson's accession to the editorship of 'The Morning Advertiser,' it had been conducted for nearly thirty years by Mr. Franklin. Mr. Franklin is still alive; and is, I doubt not, the oldest person connected with the London Press; for he is in his eighty-sixth year.

I question if the annals of the newspaper press can furnish an instance of a journal having so rapidly improved, in every respect, as 'The Morning Advertiser' has done under its present editorship. Ten years ago it only contained four short and narrow columns on each page, and the matter of these was set up in large types: now it is as large as any of the morning

papers, with the single exception of 'The Morning Chronicle.' I am sure—for it is chiefly printed in a small close type—it now contains three times the quantity of matter it did in 1826. Then there was nothing in the shape of leading articles, beyond a mere summary of what was transpiring in the political world: now it has daily two or three leading articles on every passing topic of public interest,—which articles need not shrink from a comparison with those of any of its contemporaries. In 1826 there was only one editor: now two gentlemen regularly assist the present editor. Then it had only three parliamentary reporters: now it has eleven. Then it never had any sources of information of its own, but was always obliged to give anything important the next day, from the other papers: now it has ample means of procuring early information for itself. In many cases, indeed, it has been the first among its contemporaries to communicate important intelligence to the public. It has now its foreign correspondence; and expresses, like its contemporaries, reports of the proceedings of interesting public meetings, from all parts of the country,—without regard to the amount of expense incurred.

Of late years, 'The Advertiser' has devoted much of its space to matters connected with li-

terature, science, the fine arts, &c. The consequences of these great and manifold improvements have been such as was to be expected. First, the character of the paper has been raised, and secondly, the circulation has very greatly increased. The circulation of 'The Advertiser' is now about 5,000 copies. And what it once gains it scarcely ever loses. Its circulation is the most steady of any paper in London. In fact, it can scarcely ever experience any of those sensible fluctuations to which other journals are subject. I have just mentioned that its circulation has materially increased of late: it has been steadily increasing for the last eight years, and very rapidly since its recent enlargement. It is still, I understand, rising in circulation. It is understood that more than one member of the present Cabinet, and several Members of the House of Commons, occasionally contribute to its columns. It will be recollected that an article which appeared respecting Mr. O'Connell, about a year since, created an unusual sensation in consequence of its being universally ascribed to Lord Brougham, and that his Lordship took the trouble of publicly stating that it was not written by him. The article was not written by his Lordship; but, if I am not mistaken, it was one of a series which,

about that time, proceeded from the pen of a person of great distinction in the political world.

'The Advertiser' is a thoroughly independent journal. It has always identified itself with the interests of the people without regard to party considerations. Its consistency, and its decidedly liberal tone, have largely contributed to invest it with a power over the metropolitan "masses" which, I believe, is not possessed by any of its daily contemporaries. It distinguished itself at the time the Melbourne Administration was overthrown, in 1834, by the decisive stand it made in favour of Liberal principles. On the morning after that overthrow, it felicitously declared it would "nail its flag to the mast" of Reform. Its vigour and decision on that occasion were not only beneficial to the popular cause, but of great service to itself.* At that great crisis the public stood in peculiar need of an honest and

* I may mention, as a proof of the estimation in which the services of 'The Morning Advertiser' were held at that eventful period, that in May of the following year, a public dinner, at which 150 gentlemen were present, including several of the Metropolitan Members,—was given to the Editor; on which occasion a splendid silver cup and cover, worth fifty guineas, were presented to him as an expression of their sense of the value of those services. Mr. Blake celebrated the cir-

unflinching advocate; and they found such an advocate in 'The Morning Advertiser.'

Last of all among the morning papers comes 'THE PUBLIC LEDGER.' Were mere antiquity

cumstance in the following song, which was sung on the occasion amidst the greatest applause:—

When the State's noble vessel, by Tories betray'd,
 Forsook her bright course and dishonour'd became,
 When the slaves of corruption their 'Standard' display'd,
 And 'The Times' struck her colours and blighted her fame,
 Though the storm howl'd around, as the fierce battle rose
 'Twixt the Sons of Reform and fair Liberty's foes,
 There was one gallant bark that still smil'd at the blast,
 For her pilot so staunch "nail'd her flag to the mast,"
 And defied ev'ry foe to assail her.

Let the *Cup* then with wine to our Pilot o'erflow,
 May he long at the helm of our vessel preside;
 May his broadsides strike terror to each Tory foe,
 And the pole-star of Freedom be ever his guide.
 Though the battle still rages, yet undaunted our crew,
 With our Pilot so steady—our Officers true—
 Still we'll fight our trim ship till the danger is past,
 With the colours of Reform firmly "nail'd to the mast,"
 And defy all the world to assail her!

to regulate the claims of a journal to priority of notice, 'The Public Ledger' ought to have had precedence of 'The Times' and its other morning contemporaries; for it is the oldest daily newspaper in London. It was established so far back as 1758.

Goldsmith, and several other persons who afterwards acquired great literary reputation, commenced their career by writing for the early numbers of 'The Public Ledger.' This journal is supposed by some to be that in which the Letters of Junius originally appeared. This is a mistake. It was 'The Public Advertiser,' an altogether different paper, and established many years after 'The Ledger,' that first gave publicity to the Letters of Junius. For some time 'The Ledger' was the "leading journal."

But it is with newspapers as with everything else: they experience the general mutability of the world. And what a change is here! It is now scarcely ever heard of: but comparatively few even of the people of London are aware of its existence. It is not quoted by any of its contemporaries, except 'The Standard,' above once in five or six months. Its circulation, according to the last newspaper stamp-office returns, did not give a daily average of above 350 copies. It is read only among a certain class of city mer-

chants, and in some public-houses in Wapping. The former read it for its commercial intelligence; the latter for its shipping information. These are the two grand features of the paper. Its information on both points is, perhaps, more copious than that of any of its contemporaries. I am not aware that a single copy ever finds its way westward of Temple Bar. I will engage for it that none of my readers recollect having met with it on the Westminster side of the City.

'The Public Ledger' is chiefly supported by its advertisements. To its columns a certain class of advertisements, for many years given under the incomprehensible head of "Sales by the Candle," are secured. These advertisements relate to auctions of hides of leather, pipes of wine, boxes of oranges, large quantities of tallow, logs of timber, and all sorts of grocery goods. They are secured to 'The Ledger' exclusively in consequence of the advertisers being members of some society or societies which have a pecuniary interest in the paper. Mr. Alderman Crowther was for many years one of the parties most deeply interested in 'The Public Ledger.' For a long time past the property has been let for a given term of years to the highest bidder,—the same as if it were a farm or

house. Some years ago the lessees were Messrs. Richards and Harwood. When they got possession of it, it was a good property. For some time they cleared between 700*l.* and 800*l.* per annum by it. It was got up at remarkably little expense. I believe there were only one or two parliamentary reporters, at a trifling salary, on it, and the managers scarcely ever paid for any other matter. The dimensions of the journal, too, were limited, and the type large. The circulation then was about 800. Since that time, however, it has been gradually falling, until it has almost ceased to exist. The politics of 'The Ledger' were then of a neutral character. Its motto was, "Open to all parties—influenced by none." The property passed eventually out of Mr. Richards' and Mr. Harwood's hands, and, at the close of 1832, or beginning of 1833, Mr. Mallalieu became the lessee, at a rent of 200*l.* per annum. He enlarged the paper—gave to its politics a decidedly Tory complexion—and made great exertions and incurred considerable expense, with a view to raising its character and increasing its circulation. The money, labour, and talent, however, expended on it were all lost; and Mr. Mallalieu, after conducting it for eighteen or twenty months, threw up the concern. The proprietors carried it on, at their

own expense for some time: when other proprietors, headed by the late Mr. Hindmarsh, the then largest proprietor of 'The True Sun,' engaged with it. The title was changed to that of 'The Morning News,' and the paper was printed at 'The True Sun' office. Mr. Stevens, previously a reporter on 'The Sun,' was entrusted with the conduct of 'The Morning News;' but it excited no more interest than before. It was impossible, indeed, it could have done so; for anything in the shape of original political discussion was never given in its columns. Had the paper at that time been conducted with spirit and talent, I think it was likely, under the new name, and with the advantages under which it was printed at 'The True Sun' office, to have done some good. In less than twelve months another change took place in the lesseeship of the paper. Some of the parties went out, and others, headed by Mr. Alderman Pirie, came in. The title of 'The Morning News' was now dropped, and that of 'The Public Ledger' resumed. It is still in the hands of the same parties, and Mr. Stevens continues editor. It is laboriously sub-edited by Mr. Harwood, formerly one of the lessees.*

* While these sheets are going through the press, the title of 'The Public Ledger' has been discontinued,

These are the Morning Papers. It is worthy of remark, that the youngest of them has been in existence for nearly half a century. The numerous efforts which have been made during the lapse of this long period to establish morning papers, have not only failed, but have in almost every instance been attended with a very serious pecuniary loss to the parties concerned in them.

The task of conducting a morning journal of large circulation and influence, is a most arduous and responsible one. The time for getting up each successive number is of necessity short: hence the labour and responsibility of the editor are increased. He is often obliged to decide on the insertion or rejection of matter, on the spur of the moment. Then there is such an amazing quantity to examine and select from. That, under these circumstances, so little matter personally injurious to individuals, or adverse to the interests of society—for abundance of such matter daily comes before an editor—should find its way into our leading morning papers, is really surprising. Nothing but a sort of intuitive sagacity on the part of their conductors can account for the circumstance. No one not initiated and that of 'The Constitutional' substituted. Some alterations have also taken place in the proprietorship.

mately acquainted with the newspaper press of London, can have any notion of the laboriousness of the task of reading the communications sent by correspondents, alone. If I recollect rightly, 'The Times' once mentioned, two or three years since, that on some occasions of great public excitement as many as from three hundred to three hundred and fifty letters, were addressed to the editor daily. A large proportion of the letters addressed to newspaper offices are written in so bad a hand, that to compel a person to read them fairly through would be as great a punishment as one's most inveterate enemy could wish to inflict. Of course, the editor of 'The Times' could not be expected to read such a quantity of letters himself; that, indeed, would be physically impossible in the time allowed, even supposing he had nothing else to do; but much of his time is necessarily occupied in such cases, in listening to the representations made by his assistants respecting the contents of particular communications; and much judgment is required to decide on those which shall be rejected or inserted, or remarked upon in leading articles.

Then, again, much of the time of the editor of a morning paper is consumed by interviews with persons who call on him on the business of

the paper. It may be that the object of their visit is to ask that some portion of his columns should be appropriated to bring into notice some society, or cause, or other thing, in which the person applying is individually, either directly or indirectly, interested. Of course, however, the pretext is that the public—a personage in whose behalf every one professes to feel a prodigious interest—and not the individual, will be benefited by compliance with the request which he makes. The modesty, or cool assurance—I know not which is the best term—which is displayed in such cases, exceeds anything of which any one but an editor can form any idea. And yet the office he holds and the station he occupies in society, dooms him to the necessity of hearing all such applications and requests, with as much politeness as if the parties were some of the most distinguished men in the land, come to invite him to dinner.

But these, irksome and inconvenient though they be, are not the most annoying interviews which an editor has to encounter in his *sanctum sanctorum*. A still more unpleasant kind are those in which the parties have come to complain of some real or supposed injury done them by the paper, and to demand that the *amende honorable* be made in the publication of the

following day. You may, in a great measure, save yourself the annoyance which the first class of visitors would inflict on you, if you refuse to see them. But a "Not within," or a "Cannot be seen just now," or any other expedient, will not avail you in the latter case. The parties are furious: they are smarting under some wound you have—quite unconsciously it may be—inflicted on them; and they will take no denial. They must see the editor, or the *heditor*,—just as the outraged parties have been taught the pronunciation of the word; and if you shut the door against them you will soon find you gain nothing by the step. Whatever truth there may be in the proverb in other cases, that an Englishman's house is his castle, the poor editor finds it is all a fiction in so far as his *sanctum* is concerned. To shut the door against a party an editor has offended, who comes to seek for reparation, is the surest way he could take to have it broken in pieces, and most probably his own head into the bargain.

None but an editor of a morning paper himself, can have any idea of the annoyance and interruption to his business which are caused by parties intruding on him about matters of trifling importance. Not only is his time uselessly wasted, but the train of his thoughts in writing

is stopped, and it is twenty to one if he gets into as happy a train again.

The editor of a morning paper is subject to countless other annoyances arising from circumstances connected with the office, which would not be very well understood by the public, though I were to detail them. Mistakes are every hour occurring in one or other of the various departments of the paper, for which the editor is held responsible by the proprietors, and for which he is blamed by the public, though they are entirely the result of the negligence or defective judgment of some subordinate. The unfortunate editor has not only to answer for his own sins, but for those also of the whole establishment. He is a sort of scape-goat for the transgressions of all below him. If a correspondent in Dublin, Paris, Vienna, Constantinople, the Antipodes, or anywhere else, happen to fall into an error—no matter how unimportant—the ill-fated editor may rely on it that some lynx-eyed reader will discover it, and make a pompous parade of his superior discernment in so doing. He will also visit the editor with his unmeasured indignation for allowing it to escape. If a reporter has misconceived some expression of one of our legislative orators, who chooses either not to make himself heard at all, or in disregard of Hamlet's advice

to the players, so "mouths his words," that it is impossible for any one, however great his powers of attention, to comprehend what he says,—all the blame is attached to the editor, and he is accordingly abused by the M. P. If a compositor makes a typographical error which escapes the corrector of the press, in the advertisement of some "Maid of All-work" who wants a place, and "who can have an undeniable character from the situation she has left," there could not be a fairer ground for "pulling up" the editor. It is true her Maidship does not do it herself; for a very good reason—she cannot, not having been visited by the schoolmaster though so long abroad; but then she is acquainted with some footman who can do a little in the way of making hieroglyphics, and can spell one word accurately in twenty; and nothing can afford him greater pleasure than to become the medium of conveying Sally's indignation to the 'keyditor.' Nay, if even the machine-men and the devil—I mean of course the printer's devil—do their work slovenly, the public visit in their own minds, if they do not express it, their indignation on the hapless head of the editor. He is abused everywhere and by everybody. Every donkey conceives himself privileged to have a fling at him. In this respect he is worse off than the lion in

the fable; for the ass did not kick him till he was dead, and therefore the noble animal was insensible of the indignity offered him. The poor editor gets all his kicks while alive.

But these are only a few of the annoyances to which an editor is subject. There are others innumerable, which arise from sources altogether different. If there be a human being in the world who is entitled to speak about the impossibility of pleasing everybody, that personage is the newspaper-editor. His hourly experience, indeed, is an exemplification of the maxim, that it is impossible to please everybody. He has great reason to be thankful if he do not *displease* everybody; for if he please his readers in one respect, it is a thousand to one if he do not offend them in some other. The Radical is delighted beyond measure to see 'The Chronicle' or 'The Examiner' abusing Lord Lyndhurst, but then why does the editor give Sir Robert Peel credit for being a man of distinguished talents, and of admirable business habits? The Tory luxuriates in hearing 'The Times' or 'The John Bull' calling Mr. O'Connell "the big-beggarman," "a ruffian," and all manner of bad names: but then, what business had the editor to admit in the same breath, that some of the Whig-Radical Ministers were men of talent

and moral worth? It were all very well if the readers of the papers would only be contented with feeling in their own minds dissatisfied with an editor's conduct because he does not happen to "go the whole hog" with them in everything; for in that case, ignorance would prove bliss to him. But the evil is, they are not content with nursing this dissatisfaction in their own breasts; no, nor in expressing it to others; but they must needs either "apprise" the editor of it themselves, or mention it to some one of his ten thousand excessively good-natured friends, who, they are sure, will do it for them.

Then there is the difficulty of pleasing readers whose tastes and principles are "wide as the poles asunder." What excites the admiration of one reader, appears to another to display the worst taste on the part of the editor. "Why do you not devote more of your space to literary and scientific subjects?" writes one critic. "If you take up so much of your columns, to the exclusion of other important matter, with subjects which are fit only for magazines and other literary works, I must discontinue taking your paper any longer," writes another personage, signing himself, of course, like the first, "A Constant Reader." What is the editor to do amidst such conflicting representations? For a

while he is perplexed, but at last he finds himself obliged to act as exclusively on his own judgment, as if he had no "constant readers" whose wishes and tastes he was bound to consult.

But of all the endless sources of annoyance which beset the path of an editor, that of disposing of the communications of amateur correspondents of his "valuable journal," is undoubtedly the greatest. The badgering to which these personages subject him, were enough, though everything else were smooth as the unruffled stream, to make him curse his destiny. They are the most unreasonable and unmanageable class of animals on the face of the earth. If their communications are rejected, the editor is set down as the greatest dolt in Christendom, and he may expect next day to be told that he is so. When the communication was sent, a little flattery was resorted to, in the hope of paving the way for the insertion of the article; the journal in whose columns the amateur sought to shine, was incomparably the best extant: now it is the vilest and dullest print which ever issued from the press. In rejecting the communication the editor has proved to demonstration that he is unfit for his office: he has compromised the interests of the proprietors, and ought to be dis-

missed forthwith. If the editor accepts the communication, but is obliged from a press of matter to delay the insertion for a short time, the amateur correspondent writes complaining of the postponement, and worrying the luckless editor as much about it, as if the destinies of the world were dependent on its publication. Every such correspondent always looks on his own communications as the most important matter which could find its way into the columns of a newspaper; and feels a supreme contempt for the judgment of an editor who could insert an account of a French, or any other revolution, in preference.

These and innumerable other annoyances are the lot of the editor of a popular public journal. Of his course, it may with much more truth be said than it can be of that of true love—it never does “run smooth.” He is emphatically a doomed man. And what aggravates the misery of his situation, is the circumstance of his seeing no prospect of deliverance from it. When Campbell sung so sweetly of Hope as being the inheritance of every descendant of Adam, he entirely forgot, for the moment, that there existed a class of men called editors of morning* papers.

* Of course the same observations apply, to a greater or less extent, in the case of all newspaper-editors; but

He may speculate about the blessing of hope; but it is a blessing of which he knows nothing from experience. "Hope that cometh to all, cometh not to him." When a person is installed in the office of editor of a morning paper, his mind, if he have any notion of the duties he has undertaken to discharge, cannot fail to conjure up the recollection of Dante's celebrated inscription over the gates of hell—"All hope abandon ye who enter here!" Every day brings with it its own calamities. He has not the slightest prospect of even one hour's respite. His woes can only end with his editorial existence.

I have said nothing of the unseasonableness of the hours at which the editor of a morning paper has to perform the duties which devolve upon him. He goes to the office about seven or eight o'clock. Until ten or eleven—sometimes later—he is usually employed in seeing parties on business, examining communications, or attending to other matters of minor moment. It is after that time that his more arduous and important labours commence; so that when other people are about to retire to rest, he

they apply with a peculiar force to those who have the management of morning papers, because of their establishments being much more extensive, and the editorial duties much more onerous.

is beginning to "cudgel" a leading article out of his brains, wherewith to instruct and amuse the metropolitan world, on the morrow. Between eleven and two o'clock the editor of a morning paper is usually hardest at work for his readers; a period at which most of them are firmly locked in the arms of Morpheus.

I have often been led into a train of curious reflections when I have had occasion to be in his private room at two or three o'clock in the morning, and there seen him, "alone in his glory," busily engaged in inditing an article, bearing sensibly, it might be, on the destinies of his country, if not on those of the civilized world.

Oftentimes the editor of a morning journal does not get to bed till half the world are out of theirs; sometimes not at all. Of all men in the world, it can be said of the editor of a morning paper with the greatest truth, that he does not lie on a bed of roses. The little sleep he does get, is disturbed by the mere than Atlasian weight of anxieties and responsibilities which press on his mind.

To conduct a morning paper with success, the most consummate sagacity, coupled with great facility in writing, is requisite on the part of the editor. He has no time for deliberation:

he must choose his subject in a moment, as if he possessed the attribute of intuition in such matters. If ever a human being had need of the hundred eyes of Argus to observe the innumerable topics claiming his attention, he is that person. And his time for writing is as limited as that for selection; it must, also, be done on the spur of the moment. His ideas must flow rapidly from his pen: he has no time to wait to see whether they will come in answer to his call from the "vasty deep" of his mind: he forces them up whether they will or not. It is surprising to see the able articles which appear, day after day, in the leading morning papers, notwithstanding the extreme haste and manifold disadvantages under which they are written. Some of them are as finished and masterly pieces of composition as if they had been the result of weeks and months of careful thought. They are as masterly in conception and accurate in style, as if, like the *Æneid* of Virgil, they had been written for eternity, instead of only for the passing hour. Hazlitt often expressed his surprise at the finished theatrical criticisms which every now and then appeared in the morning papers, in reference to pieces produced on the previous evening: the ability and taste which the leading articles displayed in his time,

as well as now, ought especially to have elicited from him expressions of wonder and admiration.

The difficulty of establishing a morning paper is very great. Persons not intimately acquainted with the details of the morning press can have no idea of it. The most consummate talent alone will not do it, though superior talent is indispensable to success. There must also be great sagacity or tact, united to first-rate business habits. I could mention instances, were it not an ungracious task, in which certain journals have suffered to a very great extent from the absence of the latter qualities,—where there was no lack of talent. But in addition to great talent blended with tact and business habits, there must be an immense expenditure of capital before a morning paper can be established. Less than 50,000*l.* would not give any new undertaking of the kind, even a chance of success. Mr. Murray, the publisher, of Albemarle Street, thought that 20,000*l.* would suffice to establish 'The Representative' morning newspaper. In less than six months he found that 15,000*l.* were expended without the least benefit; he found, indeed, that matters were daily getting worse, and therefore he judiciously determined to abandon the idea altogether, rather than run

the risk of ruining himself by prosecuting it further.

The daily expenses incurred by a morning paper, conducted with any degree of spirit, are enormous. To those unacquainted with them they must appear incredible. The sum weekly paid by the leading morning journals for the intellectual and manual labour expended on them, without regard to the price of stamps, the advertisement duties, &c., is from 250*l.* to 300*l.* The price paid by 'The Times,' which is greater than that of its contemporaries, owing to the greater frequency of its double-sheet publications, is not much under the latter sum. No morning newspaper could pay its expenses, provided it had no advertisements, with a circulation under six or seven thousand. As few of the morning papers have so large a circulation as this, it is therefore clear that the advertisements are the great source of profit. When these are numerous, they are extremely profitable to the proprietors; for in London they are charged at a very high rate. The smallest, though consisting of only one line is, in the front page, five shillings. The charge for one of a column in length would vary in different papers—for the proprietors of the several journals have not a uniform scale of charges—from fourteen to sixteen guineas. The

price, if I remember rightly, which 'The Times' charged for the advertisement, in 1835, of the Conservative Electors of the City of London, which contained 5,000 or 6,000 names adhibited to a petition to Parliament, was two hundred and fifty guineas. The advertisement, if my memory does not mislead me, filled about four pages of a double sheet. On some occasions 'The Times' double sheets contain between nine hundred and a thousand advertisements. The profits, then, from this source must be enormous. Before the reduction of the advertisement duty, the yearly sum 'The Times' paid to government for advertisements alone, was not much under 20,000*l*. Its own statement of its contributions to the revenue in 1828, was as follows :

	£.	s.	d.
For stamps	48,516	13	4
For duties on advertisements . .	16,269	11	6
Excise on paper consumed . . .	3,351	3	0

Making a total contribution to
the revenue in one year of . £68,137 7 10

I do not know of a more interesting scene than that which is to be seen in the office of a morning paper when all hands are at work. Not-

withstanding the extent of the place, the variety of departments, and the number of persons employed, everything not only proceeds with the regularity of clockwork, but the most perfect order prevails. Every one knows his own duty and cheerfully performs it, without interrupting or interfering with his neighbour in the discharge of his. There is no talking, nor any noise of any kind: every word that is spoken is in a suppressed whisper; and when any one has occasion to go from one part of the establishment to another, he treads the floor as softly as if he were afraid of the sound of his own feet. The profound stillness which prevails, is only broken by the gentle "clicking" caused by the dropping of the types into the brass receptacles called composing-sticks, provided for them. I know of no other instance, that of a Quaker's meeting excepted, in which, where so great a number of persons are in the same place, so profound a silence reigns. I wish our legislators in the Lower House of Parliament, would, in this respect, take an example from the compositors and other persons employed in getting up a morning paper. In that case their proceedings would be alike creditable to their own characters and beneficial to the country. As matters are

at present managed in that assembly, it is a glaring and unpardonable perversion of language to apply the term deliberative, either to themselves or their proceedings.

CHAPTER II.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS—THE EVENING PAPERS.

The Globe—The Courier—The Sun—The Standard—
The True Sun—Miscellaneous Observations.

IN speaking of the Evening Papers, I shall not have occasion to occupy so much space as in the case of the morning journals. They are five in number—‘The Globe,’—‘The Courier,’—‘The Sun,’—‘The Standard,’—and ‘The True Sun.’

I place **THE GLOBE** first on the list, because, for some time, it has not only had the name of being the ministerial evening paper, but is the largest in circulation, though it would appear from the last stamp office returns, ‘The Sun’ is following, in the latter respect, close on its heels. It was started many years since, in conjunction with ‘The British Press,’ a morning journal, which

ceased to exist ten or twelve years ago. For some years 'The Globe' continued to be published without either great profit or loss to the proprietors. In 1823 the copyright was purchased by the proprietors of 'The Traveller,' an evening paper which had been established, with but very indifferent success, a few years previously. Both the papers were joined together under the title, which they still retain though that of 'The Globe' only is used,—of 'The Globe and Traveller.' Since the junction with 'The Traveller,' 'The Globe' has wedded other five evening papers, namely, 'The Statesman,' which for many years belonged to Mr. Wardell, who was lately murdered in New South Wales;—'The True Briton,' a journal started by Lord Kenyon;—'The Evening Chronicle,' one of the many unfortunate newspaper speculations of Mr. Buckingham, the member for Sheffield;—'The Nation,' a foolish speculation of Mr. Wooler;—and 'The Argus,'* another short-lived enterprise of Mr. Buckingham. The number of papers thus incorporated with 'The Globe' is, therefore, no fewer than six.

Colonel Torrens, late member for Bolton, was for many years principal proprietor of 'The

* 'The Argus,' if I am not mistaken, did not live a fortnight.

Globe.' He used also to write many of the leading articles in it. Those which related to topics bearing on political economy were chiefly from his pen. Colonel Torrens is understood to have disposed of his interest in 'The Globe' a few years since. Mr. Coulson, now one of the Poor Law Commissioners, was then its principal editor. He contributed much to raise it to the reputation it now enjoys. He was succeeded by Mr. John Gorton, well known as the author of the "Topographical Dictionary." The paper did not advance either in name or profits under the editorial supervision of the latter gentleman. Mr. Gorton did not long control the destinies of 'The Globe;' he quitted it in the end of 1834, or the beginning of 1835; and was succeeded by Mr. Wilson, who still presides at the editorial helm. Under the management of Mr. Wilson, the leading articles of 'The Globe' display much spirit and acuteness. Who the gentleman is who is entrusted with the sub-editorial department, I do not know; but it has for some years displayed much taste and judgment. Mr. Charles Buller, member for Liskeard, has been often said to be the editor of 'The Globe;' there is no truth in the statement. That gentleman, I believe, did, some time ago, occasionally write leading articles for it; but he

never went to the office · nor had he any control whatever over the management of the paper.

‘The Globe,’ according to the last newspaper returns, has a circulation of nearly 3,000. It is a good property. When a transfer of shares was made five or six years ago, the value of the property was estimated at 50,000*l*. I do not suppose its value has depreciated since. On the contrary, I am of opinion that it must now be worth considerably more, owing to the great increase which has taken place in the number of its advertisements within the last few years. For a long time, indeed until within the last two or three years, the advertisements in ‘The Globe’ did not average more than three columns : of late it has seldom had less than a page of these most profitable articles.

I know of no evening paper which is conducted at less expense than ‘The Globe.’ It does not, like its contemporary evening journals, publish second editions, during the sessions of parliament, and is consequently spared the expense of an establishment of reporters. I believe, indeed, it has not more than one gentleman regularly employed as a reporter. Its account of any thing which transpires in the metropolis before the hour of going to press,

when it has any such account, is always remarkable for its brevity. And for the little it gives, excepting in the case of the courts of law, it is indebted to the penny-a-liners, a class of persons, of whom I shall have to speak on a future occasion. Several of the other evening papers occasionally express important late intelligence: 'The Globe' never incurs this expense, which is a very heavy one.

Lord Palmerston is very often represented as a contributor of leading articles on questions of foreign policy to 'The Globe.' The statement is not correct. 'The Globe,' it is true, often shows that it has sources of information peculiar to itself on foreign subjects of importance; and it has been the invariable and zealous advocate of his Lordship's foreign policy; but he is, according to authorities which I cannot doubt, as innocent of writing the foreign leading articles, as he is of the leaders in 'Cleave's Police Gazette.' He may express an occasional wish to have a certain view taken of a particular question; and some of his subordinates in the Foreign Office may furnish the facts and information on which such an article as would meet his views, may be grounded; but I speak with some degree of confidence when I say, that he has nothing further to do

with the foreign leaders which appear in 'The Globe.' It is quite common to ascribe articles in particular papers, to some Minister of State ; if people generally knew the cares of office as well as the parties do who fill official stations, it would be seen at once that the duties they have to perform are of so arduous a nature as to leave them but little time, had they all the disposition in the world, for newspaper writing.

THE COURIER had for many years incomparably the largest circulation of the evening papers. In the time of the French war, its circulation, for a considerable period averaged, 10,000 copies daily. On one occasion, when it contained some important exclusive intelligence 16,500 copies of 'The Courier' were printed and sold : had the pressmen been able to meet the demand, it was calculated that 30,000 would have been sold. So extensively was it then read by the clergy of the church of England—it was then a high Church and State paper—that it was calculated no fewer than 5,000 of its impressions went into the hands of the clergy alone. Its influence, as well as its circulation, was then great. It was not only looked on as the organ of government, but was actually its accredited and exclusive organ. It almost invariably, through its connexion with the Percival and Li-

verpool Administrations, procured the earliest information on every subject of importance during the eventful period of the war. So great was the demand on such occasions, that almost any price would have been given for a copy. As steam printing was unknown at that time, it was necessary, in order to insure the publication in ordinary time, to have duplicates of every number of the paper composed, and to have four presses constantly at work. After the peace, 'The Courier' began gradually to decline in circulation; first, because there was much less excitement in the public mind, and secondly, because of the formidable rivalry with which it had to contend on the part of other journals. But what gave it the most serious blow was the frequent changes it underwent in its politics, from 1827 to 1830. From being a thorough-going Tory, which it had been ever since it renounced, in 1800, the Jacobin principles with which it set out, it became, on the accession of Mr. Canning to the office of Prime Minister, a most zealous supporter of that right honourable gentleman's government. Mr. Mudford, the present editor of 'The Kentish Observer,' and author of several novels, as well as of the series of popular tales, under the title of "The First and Last," which appeared six

or seven years ago in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' then conducted 'The Courier;' and it was generally believed by those who had access to correct information on the subject, that the singular zeal with which he vindicated the Administration of Mr. Canning from the attacks of the Tories, was in a great measure the result of the personal friendship which subsisted between the parties. The opinion of the majority of the proprietors was that his zeal outran his discretion, and but for the personal interposition of Mr. Canning—at least so I am assured by those who ought to have accurate information on the subject—he would have lost his situation. Mr. Canning, as everybody knows, died after a short-lived reign as Prime Minister; and his opponents—those very persons to whose factious opposition to his Administration his death has been generally ascribed—became the successors of himself and colleagues, after the temporary dynasty, if such it may be called, of Lord Goderich. Mr. Mudford's editorial connexion with 'The Courier' then closed as a matter of course; and under a new editor that journal became as ultra Tory in its politics as it had been in the good old days of Lord Liverpool. Liberalism under Lord Grey—a much more decided Liberalism than that which characterized the

government of Mr. Canning—once more regained the ascendant in the councils of the King, and 'The Courier' again became the champion of Liberal principles. In a word, in the short space of two or three years, it had enlisted itself under the banners of four Administrations, all based on different principles; and what gave these various metamorphoses the most suspicious aspect, was the fact of every successive change taking place the moment the change occurred in the various governments. These repeated and sudden changes in so short a period, necessarily destroyed all confidence in the integrity or disinterestedness of its principles, and the result was, that while the high Tory clergymen and other zealous adherents of that class of principles, withdrew their names as subscribers, the few friends of Liberalism, who, while it advocated the latter principles, had given in their adhesion, threw it up again the moment it recurred to its former Tory notions and practices. It was consequently deserted and distrusted by all parties; and whatever number of supporters it retained, consisted chiefly of those whose political prejudices were not strong on either side. Its editors, too, were changed with every successive change of its principles,—which was another circumstance which operated

much against it. In the limited space of the three years I have mentioned, the proprietors changed the editors four or five times. Mr. Roche succeeded Mr. Mudford, and Mr. Galt, the celebrated novelist, succeeded, if I remember right, to the editorial chair on the death of Mr. Roche. Mr. Galt, after a four months' tenure of office, was obliged to make away for Mr. Merle. Mr. Galt once mentioned to me that the reason why the proprietors were dissatisfied with his management of 'The Courier' was, that he gradually endeavoured to give it a more Liberal tone.

Before 1827, the salary of the editor of 'The Courier' was 1,000*l.* That was the sum which Mr. Roche had when he died that year. As was to be expected, however, a reduction took place in the editor's salary on the falling off in the circulation of the paper to which I have already referred. What the amount of salary now is, I have not the means of knowing. When Mr. Galt was editor, he received at the rate of 800*l.* per annum.

In 1833, Mr. James Stuart, the well-known author of "Three Years' Residence in America"—one of the best works, perhaps, which have yet appeared respecting the New World—became the principal editor of 'The Courier,' and also

the proprietor of several shares in it. Mr. Stuart was for some time assisted by Mr. Rowcroft; but the latter gentleman, in the autumn of that year, quitted 'The Courier' office, and was succeeded by Mr. Hodgkins, for some years one of the reporters on 'The Morning Chronicle.' Mr. Stuart and Mr. Hodgkins still continue to conduct 'The Courier.' Since the connexion of the former gentleman with that journal, it has been distinguished for the earliness and accuracy of its information on subjects of importance. The most prominent feature of its leading articles is the common sense view they take of the question discussed. Its principles are decidedly Liberal; they are substantially the same as those of the Melbourne Administration; but it is by no means, in the usual acceptance of the term, a Ministerial paper. In fact, it was never so independent of all party influence as it has been under the management of Mr. Stuart.*

'The Courier,' in the palmy days of Toryism, was one of the best newspaper properties in the country. For some time before the peace of 1815, its profits averaged from 12,000*l.* to

* Since the above was written, Mr. Stuart has been appointed a Factory Commissioner, at a salary of 1,000*l.*, and of course must close his editorial connexion with 'The Courier.' Mr. Hodgkins is to be the principal editor.

15,000*l.* per annum. *The value of the copyright was at that time estimated at 80,000*l.* It is still a good property, owing to the great number of advertisements which continue to go to it. In this respect, notwithstanding the extent to which it has suffered in circulation, it is still nearly as good as it was when in the zenith of its glory as a Tory ministerial paper. 'The Courier' affords a remarkable confirmation of an observation which every one must have made who has paid any attention to the philosophy of newspapers, namely, that as advertisements are the last things to come to a paper, so they are the last to leave it.

'The Courier' is divided into twenty-four shares. Mr. William Stuart, of Knightsbridge, continues, as he has done for many years, to hold a greater number of shares than any of the other proprietors. Some say the number is nine: others say it is five. The last I take to be the correct number. Mr. Michael Attwood, the Member for Whitehaven, is another of the proprietors; so is Mr. Pearce, the solicitor, of St. Swithin's Lane. Who the others are, I have not the means of knowing, as several changes in the proprietorship have lately taken place.

'The Courier' is conducted at great expense.

It wisely acts on the maxim, that nothing can be more injurious to a paper than a parsimonious economy, where a liberal expenditure of money will procure important matter. It never grudges any reasonable price for really interesting intelligence. It regularly publishes a second edition during the sitting of Parliament; and has two or three reporters always retained for the purpose of reporting the proceedings up to the moment of going to press. Mr. Stuart has had great disadvantages to struggle with in the management of 'The Courier.' He became connected with it when it was staggering under the blow which it had received when under the control of his predecessors. That it has not lost greater ground under his management, is only to be ascribed to the enterprise and judgment which he has shown in the difficult task of guiding its fortunes under so many adverse circumstances.

It is a curious fact, that for nearly forty years, three gentlemen, all of the same name, have been the principal parties in the management of 'The Courier.' In its palmy days, during the reign of Toryism, Mr. Daniel Stewart, Sheriff of Oxfordshire, was the principal proprietor, and took the most active management. He sold out, and was succeeded by Mr. William Stuart, of

Knightsbridge. A few years since, Mr. James Stuart, as already stated, was entrusted with the entire management of the paper. It is, perhaps, also worthy of remark, that though these three gentlemen are all of the same name, they are no relation to each other. The former spells his name differently from the two latter. Messrs. William and James Stuart are Scotchmen: Mr. Daniel Stewart is an Englishman.

THE SUN newspaper now holds a distinguished place among the evening journals of the metropolis. It is an old established paper: it has been upwards of forty years in existence, though for many years previous to 1825 it was hardly known. At that time its circulation was only 300 or 400: it was bought that year by Mr. Patrick Grant, brother-in-law to Lord Glenelg, and of Sir Robert Grant, one of the Civil Judges in Bombay. The price, if my memory does not prove treacherous, for the copyright, presses, types, and all, was only 500*l*. The types and presses, however, were, as may well be supposed when I have mentioned the smallness of the sum paid for the whole, the worse for the wear. New printing materials were forthwith procured; and Mr. Murdo Young, the present proprietor, was engaged by Mr. Grant as editor. The paper, under Mr.

Young's management, at once started into a new and vigorous existence. Large sums were given for valuable political, or other interesting intelligence; and expresses were run, at the enormous expense sometimes of 300*l.*, throughout the whole country, with copies of the paper, when it contained matter of absorbing interest; a thing unheard of in the history of the newspaper press of this or of any other country. In a word, 'The Sun' was now conducted with a degree of spirit and enterprise quite unparalleled, and which excited the surprise and admiration of the country. The consequence was, that orders for 'The Sun' poured in from all parts of the kingdom,—even from its remotest extremities; and in two or three years the circulation rose to nearly as many thousands as it had been hundreds before Mr. Grant and Mr. Young became connected with it. In the course of little more than three years, upwards of 16,000*l.* had been expended on it. Mr. Grant eventually became embarrassed: the property was seized by his creditors, and being eventually put up to the hammer, it was sold to Mr. Young, who had a claim on the property, in consequence of a debt to a considerable amount owing him by Mr. Grant on its account. Mr. Young also held a fourth share of the paper;

so that the property was worth more to him than it would have been to any one else. The price he paid for the copyright, and the printing materials, was about 6,000*l*. This was in 1833. In 1832 Mr. Grant started another paper, 'The True Sun'—of which I shall have to speak presently—in opposition to 'The Sun.' From this opposition Mr. Young's paper suffered for a time, to a very considerable extent. He, however, never allowed himself to get for one moment disheartened by the circumstance. He felt satisfied in his own mind, that 'The Sun' would eventually, and at no distant day, recover from the shock it had sustained; and under this impression he never slackened in his spirited exertions. He determined on convincing the British public, that if it was not in his power to command success he would, like Cato, do more—he would deserve it. He continued the system of expressing, at an immense expense and in an incredibly short space of time, important intelligence to all parts of the empire. And still further to merit the support of his countrymen, he, in 1834, enlarged his paper—at an additional annual expense of 1,200*l*.—to such an extent, as not only to make it the largest evening paper, but to make it equal in size to any of its morning contemporaries. Mr. Young's

nopes have been proved by the event to have been well founded: his exertions have met with their reward. The circulation of 'The Sun' is now nearly equal to what it was before the establishment of its rival. The last newspaper returns give it a circulation of little short of 3,000. Mr. Young is sole proprietor of 'The Sun.' He occasionally writes leading articles for it; but is assisted in the editorial department by another gentleman.

The spirit and enterprise which characterise the management of 'The Sun,' necessarily entail on it a very great expense. One considerable item in its expenditure are the salaries of its reporters. It has a numerous and a very able corps. Its reports of important meetings which take place in the course of the day, are given at full length, and, considering the expedition with which they are necessarily prepared, with surprising accuracy,—up to the hour of publication. The same observation applies to the reports of the proceedings in Parliament, which are given in its second editions. These are regularly brought down to the hour, seven o'clock, at which the post-office shuts. During the session of parliament Mr. Young has seven or eight reporters regularly engaged on 'The Sun,'—an establishment nearly approaching in effectiveness

to what the reporting establishments of the morning papers used to be.

One prominent feature in 'The Sun' is, the space it devotes to literature. It reviews every new book of importance; and on the first of every month notices all the leading periodicals under the head of "Magazine Day." Mr. Deacon, I believe, writes the literary notices. They are written with much taste and cleverness, and often display as intimate an acquaintance with the work reviewed, as if the notices appeared in a quarterly instead of in a daily publication. This has often surprised me, knowing as I do the great haste with which everything connected with a daily journal is necessarily got up: in the case of the reviews in 'The Sun,' the haste with which they are written must be equally evident to others, from the shortness of the space which intervenes between the publication of the work reviewed and the appearance of the review itself. Mr. Deacon is the author of "The Bashful Irishman," and a contributor to Blackwood's Magazine, and some of the other leading periodicals. "The Old Manor House," in the August number of Blackwood was from his pen.

THE STANDARD is a journal comparatively young in years. It was established in 1827, for the purpose of opposing the Government of Mr.

Canning and supporting the political views of the Wellington party. For a year or two its success was extremely doubtful. About twelve months after its establishment 'The Morning Chronicle,' in the course of a controversy between the two papers, characterised it as a journal which had lately "crawled into existence and was fast hastening towards dissolution." That 'The Standard' was likely to be soon discontinued, was at that time the general opinion of those who knew the circumstances in which it was placed. It had great difficulties to contend with. The Tory party had been greatly divided by the split between Mr. Canning and his personal friends, and the ultras of that party; it was consequently very doubtful to the mind of every one, whether the extreme Tories could of themselves support a daily evening paper, in addition to 'The Morning Post' and 'The New Times.' For about two years it seemed likely the apprehension would be proved by the event to be but too well-founded; for, during that period, it had to struggle with all the disadvantages of a very limited circulation, and hardly any advertisements at all. Its circulation, if I am correctly informed, did not, at the period I refer to, amount to 700 copies, and it did not average above half a column of full-paid adver-

tisements: including what are called quack advertisements, which in most papers are inserted at reduced prices, it did not average a column. And yet, notwithstanding all the discouragements which attended 'The Standard' during the first two years of its existence, it was under the same editorial control, and was conducted with the same talent, as at present. Its prospects, however, eventually began to brighten: the ability, the zeal, the gentlemanly feeling, and the undeviating consistency with which it supported the principles on which it started, notwithstanding all the great disadvantages with which it had to contend, attracted the attention, and elicited the approbation, of men of all parties. A more liberal patronage was consequently extended to it; it began, in addition to the vigour it had always evinced in the support of its principles, to show symptoms, from the increase in its advertisements, of coming prosperity. Every day after this added to its list of subscribers, as well as to the number of those who advertised in its columns, till at length it attained that measure of prosperity which it now enjoys.

'The Standard,' until about nine months since, was one of the smallest of the evening papers; it was then enlarged from five to six

columns, and is now, with the exception of 'The Sun,' the largest of its evening contemporaries.

For some years, after its establishment, 'The Standard' was generally supposed to be conducted by Dr. Maginn, well known for his contributions to Blackwood's Magazine, Fraser's Magazine, and other Tory periodicals: this was a mistake. Dr. Gifford, a barrister, was from the first, as he is still, the principal editor of 'The Standard.' Dr. Maginn was never more than assistant editor, which he still is.

In dealing with an opponent 'The Standard' evinces singular acuteness; but it is often very unfair in its reasonings. I do not, of course, mean to say that it is intentionally so. I would rather ascribe its misrepresentations of the arguments of an opponent, to the circumstance of misconceiving them, owing to the violence of its political prejudices. As a disputant, 'The Standard' stands in the foremost rank, not only among its contemporaries of the metropolis, but among the newspaper press of this country. When in the wrong, its sophistries are most specious; when in the right, its arguments in favour of the view it takes of a question, are remarkable for their conclusiveness. Its style of writing is never declamatory; it is more purely ar-

gumentative than that of any of its contemporaries. It usually displays good tactics; it is well acquainted with the fears and prejudices of its party, and seldom fails to turn them to account, in its selection of topics for discussion.

It has one excellent feature: it never, under any circumstances, suffers the violence of its political hostility to betray it into an invasion of the sanctities of private life. No paper, perhaps, has been conducted for so long a period, which has been more exempt from personally libellous matter. The only case of complaint on this score, which I recollect having been made against it, was in the case of Lord Durham, in 1833; and even in that case, the matter complained of was not original; it was, by an oversight, transferred into its columns from some other journal. It has, I believe, occasionally given great offence to some of its party, because it has on every occasion resolutely refused to avail itself of the private peccadilloes of an opponent, wherewith to annoy him in his public capacity. The late "untoward affair" between Lord Melbourne and the Hon. Mrs. Norton, is a case in point. If report speaks truth, it was most pressingly solicited by some influential members of its party to make that affair the instrument of annoy-

ance to his Lordship : it turned a deaf ear to the solicitations ; it peremptorily refused even to make the matter the subject of editorial allusion.

‘The Standard’ is fond of dealing in hyperbole. There is scarcely a day in which its columns do not give one or more instances of this. One very late instance, was, when it pronounced the speech of Mr. Hardy, in the case of the O’Connell and Raphael affair, as the “most masterly oratorical effort ever made within the walls of parliament.” To any one who, like myself, heard that speech delivered, or to any one who read it, the extravagance of this compliment to Mr. Hardy, must have made those unacquainted with ‘The Standard’s’ habits of prodigal praise, take it for granted it was intended as a piece of bitter irony. But ‘The Standard,’ a few weeks afterwards, was guilty of a still greater extravagance—one that fairly carried the force of that species of philosophy, if philosophy it should be called, as far as it could go. Speaking of a pamphlet which Mr. Fielden, M. P. for Oldham, had, at that time, published on the subject of the factory children, ‘The Standard’ said, that before it saw the pamphlet, it set it down as a work of genius, because it was written by one who was an admirer of the late Mr. Cobbett, adding, that “it set down every one as a

genius who admired the writings of that singular man." If this new criterion of genius be a correct one, it will be found that geniuses are as plentiful as Falstaff's blackberries, among the working classes of England; for they are, almost to a man, admirers of Mr. Cobbett's writings. Nor would geniuses be found a scarce crop even among that class whom Cobbett himself used to call "clod-poles;" for many of them are great admirers of his writings. They are so, for substantially the same reason as that which induced Dryden to pronounce the promissory note of Lord Rochester for 500*l.* to be decidedly the best specimen of composition amidst the various excellent specimens by distinguished writers, which were at that time submitted for his decision. The "clod-poles" admire Cobbett's writings, because their leading object is to procure them better wages for their labour, and otherwise to improve their social condition.

'The Standard' is the sole property of Mr. Charles Baldwin; and a very excellent property it is. It must derive a large revenue from its advertisements alone; for they are numerous. I have heard its profits estimated at 10,000*l.* per annum; and I am satisfied that that sum is no exaggeration. Mr. Baldwin has three other

papers, 'The St. James's Chronicle,' three times a-week; 'The London Packet,' twice a-week; and 'The London Journal,' once a-week; all of which have a pretty extensive country circulation; and as they are got up, with scarcely any expense, out of 'The Standard,' the profits from them must be also considerable. I am assured by one who ought to know something of the matter, that Mr. Baldwin's profits from his entire newspaper-property for the year 1835, were nearly 15,000*l*.

THE TRUE SUN is the only remaining evening paper. It was started, as I have already mentioned, in 1832, by Mr. Patrick Grant, in opposition to 'The Sun.' For a season it promised well. The public mind was wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement at the time of its appearance on the subject of the Reform Bill; and as it started on more decidedly Liberal principles than were at the time advocated by any other daily paper, morning or evening, its advent was hailed by all the advocates of extreme measures. It was, in other words, received with open arms by the Radicals, who constituted at that crisis "the masses of men," and the persons to whom 'The Times' referred, when it intimated the possibility of bricks and bludgeons being resorted to, should the Tories continue to

lend a deaf ear to the softer arguments of words. What was further in its favour was the talent embarked in it; for it was undoubtedly, for some time, conducted with considerable talent; and it would have been singular if it had been deficient in this respect, as the services of no fewer than four editors were for some time—afterwards, I believe, there were five—regularly engaged for it. Then there was the lavish expenditure of money, and the great exertions otherwise which were made to bring it into notice. Many—indeed, I have reason to believe most—of the country papers received copies for three or four months gratis. With all these means and appliances, it would have been “passing strange” if ‘The True Sun’ had not found its way into a considerable circulation. The excitement on the subject of Reform began, however, to diminish after the passing of the bill of Earl Grey; the novelty of the new paper wore off, as a matter of course; and the proprietor, Mr. Grant, found it necessary to become less lavish of his money. The result of these and other circumstances was, that ‘The True Sun’ soon began to fall off in circulation. By-and-bye—before, I believe, the paper had been eight months in existence—notice was given in the editorial department, that the concern was in difficulties. Public meetings

of the Radicals,—in a great measure under the auspices of Dr. Wade,—were called for the purpose of raising subscriptions wherewith to support a paper which was justly represented to be their only organ and advocate among all the daily papers. Considerable sums were collected, and the paper continued to struggle on for some time in the hands of Mr. Grant. Eventually Mr. Francis Westley, the bookseller in the Strand, and Mr. Hindmarsh in the City, became, some how or other, connected with it as proprietors; and by bringing a considerable capital into the concern, it was kept on for some time longer, nominally as still Mr. Grant's property, though in point of fact belonging to his creditors. Mr. Westley, after losing all the money, some say 3,000*l.* which he had embarked in it, quitted the concern, and Mr. Hindmarsh, the other principal proprietor died, after having lost several thousands by the undertaking. The property then fell into the hands of the executors of the latter, who carried it on at a great loss for some months, when it was sold to Mr. De Santaz, a gentleman of some property and of Dutch extraction. The sum which he paid for the copyright and the printing materials, is understood to have been little short of 3,000*l.* In the course of some

time afterwards, other parties became connected with it as joint proprietors. Among these were Mr. Gadsby, and Mr. Thomas Murphy, the well known vestryman of St. Pancras, and formerly one of the candidates for the representation of St. Mary-le-bone. It is still understood to be in the hands of the same parties, all of whom are Roman Catholics.

The highest point the steady circulation of 'The True Sun' ever attained was between 1,700 and 1,800. It has been gradually diminishing in circulation since the commencement of the year 1833, and is now under 1,000 copies.

I have said that when 'The True Sun' started, it had four editors, and that soon after it had no fewer than five. Mr. John Bell was the principal editor: this gentleman continued with it for three years, and had some pecuniary interest in it as part proprietor. Mr. Thelwall, the celebrated lecturer on elocution, and well known as one of those who were tried for high treason in 1794, was also for some time one of its editors. Who the others were soon after the establishment of the paper, I never could learn. In 1833, there were Mr. Bell, Mr. Forster, Mr. Blanchard, and another gentleman, regularly acting as editors. In 1834, Mr. Leigh Hunt

was engaged to conduct the review department. He continued his connexion with it some months, and then left it altogether. In 1834 and in part of 1835, Mr. Carpenter was entrusted with one of the editorial departments. On the paper falling into the hands of Mr. Fall, of Lambeth, as the executor of Mr. Hindmarsh, Mr. Carpenter soon found that he and Mr. Fall could not agree, and therefore he quitted the concern. Mr. Courtenay, who had been a reporter on the establishment, was then raised to the office of editor; and he conducted it for about five or six months, when circumstances led to his leaving the establishment. Mr. Gadsby succeeded him in the editorial chair, which he is still understood to fill, assisted by Mr. Murphy, and some of the other parties interested in the paper.

From first to last the sum lost by 'The True Sun' has been enormous. I have heard it estimated at little short of 40,000*l.*; nor do I think the amount is any very great exaggeration, if it be an exaggeration at all. Some persons say, that Mr. O'Connell has given 1,000*l.* to assist it in its difficulties, and that he may be considered one of the proprietors. That he has contributed to its support, is a fact which I know, but whether the amount of his contribution be

1,000*l.* is a question, on which I cannot speak with certainty.

One circumstance which goes to account for the heavy losses sustained by 'The True Sun,' is the extravagantly expensive manner in which it had always, until of late, been conducted. When the late Mr. Henry Hunt, of Radical and matchless blacking notoriety, brought his action against it, because it inserted a paragraph from a correspondent, stating that his nose had been bitten off—in some affray in Preston, if my memory does not deceive me,—he drew a graphic picture in court of the splendour of the various editorial apartments, and of the five editors with large salaries,—contrasting the appearance of the place with the then *sanctum sanctorum* in which Mr. Black presided over the fortunes of 'The Morning Chronicle;' where, he said, the chairs were not worth three halfpence each, and the entire furniture would not have brought, if put up to the hammer, more than half-a-crown. The paper was conducted at very great expense in other respects which I need not detail.

Then again, 'The True Sun' never had any share of advertisements. I do not suppose it has averaged, since its establishment, more than a column and a half, if so much, of regularly paid advertisements; in fact, it would have been

out of the question to have expected that it ever could become an advertising medium to any extent. The class of persons to whom it exclusively addressed itself, and the parties with which it committed itself, must of necessity have excluded from its columns any great share of advertisements. It has always been the great organ of the sentiments, and the champion of the interests of the working classes, who are but comparatively little interested in the great majority of the advertisements which appear in the daily journals. Its circulation, also, as I have already mentioned, has never been permanently high.

It deserves all praise for the consistency with which it has uniformly adhered to the principles with which it set out. To these it has clung amidst all its reverses. When under the editorial superintendence of Mr. C. the first, it was a dull and spiritless paper; nor was it well conducted by his immediate successor, Mr. C. the second; but before, it was edited with considerable ability; and it has, under the present management, been much better than it was for some time previously. It has three reporters regularly retained throughout the year, and publishes, like most of the other evening papers,

second editions every day during the sitting of parliament.*

These five are the only existing evening papers. It would be ungenerous to omit all mention of an evening journal which closed its existence on the last day of 1835. I allude to 'The Albion,' which, after struggling with difficulties for five years, was then discontinued as a separate publication, and incorporated with 'The Standard.' It was decidedly Tory in its politics; and was generally supposed to have been started and supported by a few of the leading members of the Conservative party. For the first year or two its circulation was under 500, but it had risen to about 800 at the time it

* Since the above was written concerning 'The True Sun,' it has passed once more into new hands. It is now the property of Mr. Daniel Whittle Harvey, the member for Southwark. The honourable gentleman got the copyright without paying anything for it, on the condition of his taking the presses and printing materials at valuation. Before coming into Mr. Harvey's hands, the average loss on the paper was 30% per week. I have this statement from the mouth of one of the late proprietors. The Rev. Mr. Fox, minister of the Unitarian chapel, South Finsbury-place, is now the principal editor; and the paper is conducted with greater spirit than before.

ceased to exist, and was steadily, though slowly, progressing. Its extinction under these circumstances appeared a mystery to most persons—even to those on the establishment. It was a most consistent journal, conducted with very considerable ability, and with the most honourable feeling. Its selection of news was excellent, and the whole getting up evinced great care on the part of its conductors.

An evening journal is conducted at much less expense—in some cases at a half less—than the morning papers. The expense varies, according to the parsimony or liberality with which the paper is conducted, from 120% to 150% per week. One heavy item of the expenses of a morning paper, from which an evening journal is exempted, are the salaries of regular foreign correspondents. Then the expenses of reporting on an evening journal are not, in many instances, a tenth part so great as on its morning contemporaries. A morning paper, again, has to incur a heavy expenditure in the course of the year, from running expressers, when there is important intelligence to communicate, from the continent and from all parts of the country. The size of the evening papers, too, being for the most part much less than the morning papers, the former have not so much chance matter, in

the shape of penny-a-line reports, nor so much to pay for compositor's wages.

I have alluded to the difficulty of efficiently conducting a daily paper. It is a common proverb that men do not see the difficulty of a thing until they have tried it. The remark holds good in an especial manner in the case of a daily journal. How many men, otherwise deemed, and justly, clever, have completely broken down when they have undertaken the management of a daily journal! I could mention numerous instances, but it were an invidious task. Let it suffice to say, and those acquainted with the daily metropolitan press know it to be the fact,—that some of the most distinguished names in modern literature have made a sorry exhibition as editors of daily newspapers. 'The Courier' and 'The Representative,' short as was the existence of the latter, could severally unfold some tales on this point. The truth is, that a man may write well when he gets his own time to it, and is allowed to choose his own topics, but that is not the case, as I formerly mentioned, with the poor editor of a daily newspaper. He must discuss on the spur of the moment whatever topic engrosses the public mind at the time. No wonder, then, that when editors sit down to write an editorial article, they find themselves in precisely the

same predicament as Addison, who, when he rose to address the House of Commons, found that though he could "conceive,"* he could bring forth nothing.

* It is related of Addison, that soon after he was chosen a member of the House of Commons, he rose three times to address the House, saying each time, "I conceive," and then sat down without uttering a single word more.

CHAPTER III.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS—WEEKLY PAPERS.

The Examiner—The Spectator—The Atlas—The Observer—Bell's Life in London—The Weekly Dispatch—Bell's Weekly Messenger—Bell's New Weekly Messenger—Sunday Times—The John Bull—The Age—The Satirist—The News—The Weekly True Sun—The Mark Lane Express—The Agriculturist—The County Chronicle—Baldwin's London Journal—The Weekly Post—The Patriot—The Christian Advocate—The Watchman—The Court Journal—The Naval and Military Gazette—The United Service Gazette.

I COME now to speak of the Weekly Newspaper Press of the metropolis. Though the political journals published hebdomadally in London are numerous, I shall not have occasion to occupy so much space in speaking of them, as I have devoted to the daily newspaper press. On the subject of priority of notice no journal will

have cause for complaint, as I shall take the papers pretty much at random, and not in accordance with my opinion of their relative merits.

THE EXAMINER, though by no means among the highest in circulation of its weekly contemporaries, as will be afterwards stated more fully, is a household word in the metropolis. It has been so almost ever since its commencement; and it has the rare good fortune of being popular, even among the party to whom it is most inveterately opposed. Tories are well nigh as lavish in their compliments to the integrity, and talent, and wit, of 'The Examiner,' as are the Radicals themselves—that class to whom it is almost exclusively addressed. It is now twenty-eight years since it started. From its commencement it has been ably conducted. When the joint property of the late Mr. John Hunt and the present Leigh Hunt, it was always distinguished for the able and uncompromising character of its political articles—for the taste and judgment with which the literary department was conducted—and for the excellence of its dramatic and musical criticisms. The way, indeed, in which its dramatic department was conducted by Leigh Hunt—for he was for many years the sole writer of the theatrical criticisms—contributed in a very great measure to raise

it to that distinction among its contemporaries which, for more than a quarter of a century, it has enjoyed. As a dramatic critic, Leigh Hunt was allowed by universal consent to be the first of his day. For some years past—ever, indeed, since ‘The Examiner’ became the property of another party—he has seldom visited the theatres, and still less seldom written dramatic notices. While the property of the Hunts, the late Mr. Hazlitt was a frequent contributor to ‘The Examiner.’ Keats, Shelley, and other eminent men, also occasionally enriched its columns by original articles.

Soon after Mr. John Hunt’s death, some six or seven years since, Mr. Albany Fonblanque became the proprietor of ‘The Examiner.’ It is still his property, and is, as it has been ever since it came into his hands, conducted by himself. Until within the last few years it was sold for tenpence; the price was then reduced to sevenpence—that being the usual price of a newspaper.* It underwent at the same time, or soon after, a change in its external appearance. For the three columns in a page, and the quarto size, the form in which it had pre-

* The usual price, while correcting these sheets, has been reduced to fivepence, which is now the price of ‘The Examiner.’

viously appeared, were substituted two broader columns, and a good deal more of the folio size.

'The Examiner's' popularity has always, as it still does, rested almost exclusively on its original articles. Its selections have been generally made with excellent literary taste; that is to say, they would be good for a literary journal; but in the matter of the news of the passing hour, its columns have been generally looked on as deficient. Nor does it ever bring down the little intelligence of the kind it gives, to a very late hour. You need never look in it for any detailed account of anything which occurs on the Saturday, however important. The matter is in most cases all ready by the Friday night. Its original articles, however, amply compensate for any deficiency of this kind. They are always full of wit and argument. You never read one of them without being struck with the brilliancy of some of the writer's ideas or illustrations. There is, too, a vein of quiet subdued sarcasm pervading the whole of Mr. Fonblanque's articles, which possesses the rare good fortune of being equally perceived and admired by the most intellectual and the least informed readers of newspapers. Hence there is, perhaps, no weekly journal whose readers are in such equal proportions among the higher and

lower classes. 'The Examiner' never indulges in declamation. This is somewhat surprising, when every one knows that Mr. Fonblanque's attachment to his principles is not exceeded by that of any man. He feels strongly on all great questions: he is the uncompromising advocate of the most Liberal principles; he is incessant in his attacks on a Tory oligarchy, and a most strenuous assertor of the rights of the people, and yet he never betrays the least warmth or violence of manner. 'The Globe,' when twitted some time ago by 'The Times,' on an alleged loss of temper, took credit to itself for being "as cool as a cucumber." If ever one journalist was entitled more than another to claim this credit for himself, that journalist is Mr. Albany Fonblanque. How he would behave—whether he would take matters as coolly, were his house on fire, I know not; but amidst the sound of trumpets and the clash of arms, in the political conflict, he retains the most perfect composure. Many persons, when looking on the agitation and excitement and ardour of feeling, evinced by all its contemporaries on both sides of the question, have felt 'The Examiner's' coolness to be provoking. How much more annoying must Mr. Fonblanque's frigidity of manner prove to his brother journalists, when they see

facilities worked up to what I once heard a coalheaver somewhat happily characterise as a "jolly good passion." But though Mr. Fontblanque never suffers himself to lose his temper, and consequently guards against that coarse abuse, in dealing with an opponent, which is the usual accompaniment of undue ardour of feeling, his wit and irony are felt more sensibly by a delicate mind, than would the most abusive language which it were possible to employ.

One great beauty of 'The Examiner's' articles is, the singular ease with which they are manifestly written. There is no appearance of effort about them: they seem to proceed quite naturally from the writer's pen; as easily, indeed, as if he were unconscious at the time his most ingenious arguments and happiest illustrations are following each other in rapid succession, that he was giving expression to any thoughts at all.

Mr. Forster is the assistant editor of 'The Examiner.' He has filled that office for some time. The literary notices and theatrical criticisms are understood to be, with very few exceptions, his. In both these departments of a newspaper he has acquired a deserved reputation. His dramatic criticisms are among the best perhaps to be met with in the metropo-

litan press. The only drawback on the review department of 'The Examiner' is, that the notices are often delayed,—so that the books reviewed are in a great measure forgotten before the notices appear.

Some years ago, when the number of weekly labourers in the Radical vineyard was much less than it is at present, 'The Examiner' had a circulation of a good many thousands,—some say as many as 7,000 or 8,000. Now, according to the last newspaper stamp returns, its circulation does not exceed 3,400; and this, notwithstanding the circumstance of 'The Ballot,' a paper started by Mr. Wakley, the member for Finsbury, having, three or four years ago, been incorporated with it, with a circulation of considerably more than 1,500. In this reduction in its circulation, 'The Examiner' is not peculiar: almost all its Sunday contemporaries have suffered more or less in the same way,—as I shall have occasion to mention more fully in the next chapter.

THE SPECTATOR, like 'The Examiner,' has a distinguished reputation among the Sunday papers for its original matter. That matter is fully as good as that of 'The Examiner,' though written in a different strain: 'The Spectator's' style is clear, easy, and close; and

its articles are usually remarkable for their acuteness, their good sense, and for the important information embodied in them. They display an entire mastery of the subject discussed, and often excite our surprise and admiration because of the new light in which the writer puts it, when we had thought that everything had been advanced which human ingenuity could bring to bear on it. The instances in which 'The Spectator' has struck out new views of a question, which had been supposed on all hands to be exhausted, are innumerable. In fact, the whole plan of 'The Spectator' is perfectly original. It is a paper by itself: it is the first, and the only one as yet, of a class which is likely enough to become large when the entire abolition of fiscal restrictions on the press, will give full scope to newspaper enterprise. 'The Spectator' is, perhaps, the most striking exemplification afforded by the weekly newspaper press, of what political economists call the division of labour. There are several gentlemen distinguished as writers on political and literary subjects, regularly engaged for it; and each has his own department. Mr. Rintoul is what is called the conducting editor; that is, he has the option of accepting or rejecting what articles he pleases. Mr. Southern, the poet, is one of the

leading writers of 'The Spectator:' who the others are I cannot undertake to say with confidence, though some gentlemen have been mentioned to me as permanently employed on it.

I question if there ever was a paper got up with greater care. This remark applies to the mechanical as well as to the intellectual departments. Mr. Rintoul enforces on the printer the necessity of displaying the best taste in what is technically called spacing. Indeed, the typographical part of 'The Spectator' is as scrupulously attended to as if, instead of a weekly newspaper, it were a book by an author whose established reputation was likely to insure it an extended and permanent circulation.

'The Spectator' contains more original matter than any of its Sunday contemporaries. In fact, it may be said to be original from beginning to end,—always, of course, excepting the advertisements, births, marriages, deaths, and some of the other less prominent features in the paper. The parliamentary reports are entirely re-written: this, indeed, is manifest from the form in which they are given.

Literature, the drama, the fine arts, and music, are subjects to which a considerable portion of 'The Spectator' is regularly devoted.

These departments are severally in the hands of competent persons. In each, but especially in music, 'The Spectator' has always been considered a first-rate authority. Mr. Hogarth, late of 'The Morning Chronicle' as mentioned when speaking of that journal, wrote the musical criticisms for 'The Spectator,' before his engagement in 1834 with its daily contemporary. I do not know the name of the gentleman to whom that department of 'The Spectator' is at present confided.

'The Spectator' rose into notice with a rapidity which has few examples. It was started in 1827, and in less than twelve months it took its standing in the first rank of the metropolitan weekly press. It could scarcely have failed to raise itself into sudden distinction; for, as I have already intimated, it struck out an entirely new and popular path for itself, and carried its plans into effect with spirit and ability. For some years it incurred a heavy expense in advertising. Its various laborious and careful analyses, too, at different times, of complicated matters of importance, were of great service to it. Its price at starting was ninepence: in a year or two after its establishment the paper was enlarged, and the price was raised to one shilling. As I write, it is again reduced to ninepence.

'The Spectator' was started by Mr. Rintoul, formerly of the 'Dundee Advertiser,' but latterly of 'The Atlas.' Mr. Rintoul was the first editor of 'The Atlas;' and it was after he had concluded a two years' engagement with the proprietors of that journal, that, assisted by those gentlemen who had chiefly supplied 'The Atlas' with its leading matter, he commenced 'The Spectator.' I am not sure on what footing the proprietorship stood in the outset. Mr. Day, of the firm of Day and Martin, is said to have been one of the proprietors; but I have reason to believe that the principal proprietor was the late Hon. Douglas Kinnaird. At all events, that gentleman was the chief, if not the sole proprietor at his death, some three or four years ago. The paper has since been carried on by his executors. A great deal of money has been expended on it. I have heard, indeed, and from an authority which leaves me no room to doubt the truth of the statement, that so resolved has Mr. Rintoul always been to procure the best articles, be the price what it might, which the intellectual market exhibits for sale,—that about 40*l.* are paid weekly for its matter alone. It is a favourite medium of advertisements, especially with booksellers, and must now be a good property. Its circulation, it is true, is not large

—nothing in comparison of what it ought to be; but then, the fact of its being fourpence dearer in price than newspapers generally, will ensure it as much profit on a circulation of 2,500 as its fivepenny contemporaries will derive from a circulation of two or three times that amount. The circulation of 'The Spectator' is steadily rising, and is sure to rise suddenly and to a great extent, when the stamp duties are entirely repealed.

'The Spectator' is decidedly Liberal in its principles: in fact, it advocates Radical opinions. But there is none of that coarseness in its columns which is to be weekly seen in those of many of its Radical contemporaries. 'The Spectator' is fearless in its attacks on its opponents; but rarely suffers its zeal to hurry it into the use of intemperate language. It is a strictly independent paper.

THE ATLAS, as I have just mentioned, in speaking of 'The Spectator,' was started under the auspices of the editor and leading contributors to the latter journal. On its first appearance, its immense size, coupled with the originality of its plan, created a sort of sensation in the metropolis. It was, and still is, one of the largest journals in the kingdom. It started with a

circulation considerably exceeding 5,000, which it retained for some time; but the appearance of 'The Spectator,' after it had been two years in existence, gave it a serious blow.

Mr. Whiting, the printer, of Beaufort Buildings, and another printer of the name of Stanston, were the original proprietors of 'The Atlas.' I believe Mr. Whiting is now the sole proprietor. Though 'The Atlas' has fallen in circulation to less than 2,500, it is still considered to be a good property. It has a fair share of advertisements. It has many features in common with 'The Spectator.' It devotes a large part of its space to literature, the drama, music, and the fine arts. With all these topics it is intimately conversant: its opinions are largely quoted by publishers in their advertisements of books which it favourably reviews. It deserves praise for the impartiality of its literary notices; it equally disregards the frowns and smiles of publishers. Sometimes, in "cutting up" a book, as it is called, its language would admit of a little more refinement: it transgresses the rules of courtesy. The cases, however, it is fair to add, in which it does this, are comparatively few and far between. The paper, in every other respect, is conducted with the

most gentlemanly feeling, as is indeed to be expected from the character of its editor, Mr. Robert Bell.

The politics of 'The Atlas' are moderately Liberal; but it does not occupy much of its space in political disquisitions of its own. It has one or two short leading articles in each number; but they rather glance at than enter profoundly into the various engrossing political topics of the day. Instead of elaborate articles of its own, it gives in the first page, under the general head of "The Politician," extracts from the leading journals, including the magazines and quarterly reviews,—on both sides of the question. This is an excellent feature in 'The Atlas.'

Like its contemporary, 'The Spectator,' 'The Atlas' is got up in its various departments with great care. The utility of a division of labour is exemplified in its case. It gives an excellent epitome of the news of the week; and is altogether a readable journal.

THE OBSERVER, were the priority of the notices of the various weekly journals to be regulated by the extent of circulation, ought to have been noticed before either of the three papers to which I have drawn the attention of

my readers. Its precise circulation is not known, as the stamps for it and for 'Bell's Life in London,' are taken out in the same name,—Mr. Clement being proprietor of both papers. The circulation of 'The Observer,' however, is understood to be very great: the united circulation of the two journals is between 18,000 and 20,000. 'The Observer' is an old established paper; it was started upwards of thirty years since. It has a large and increasing share of advertisements, and is an excellent property. It is one of the best paying papers among its weekly contemporaries. It is distinguished for the priority and accuracy of its information on important subjects. It has one feature peculiar to itself—the quantity of Saturday's intelligence it contains. It has seldom less, often more, than ten or eleven columns. The proceedings in all the law courts are given at full length when they are interesting. Almost all the other Sunday papers are printed and published on Saturday: 'The Observer' does not go to press till three o'clock on Sunday morning. It is consequently enabled to receive information up to two o'clock the same morning: in some cases of great importance it has brought its intelligence down to the very late hour of four o'clock.

In the conducting of 'The Observer,' no expense is spared. It not only has an effective corps of reporters of its own, constantly employed on Saturday; but in order to induce other parties to send it any piece of intelligence which may have escaped its own reporters, or which they could not from their other engagements attend to,—it pays at the enormous rate of three pence for every line it uses of such information. The usual rate of payment among the other metropolitan newspapers, daily and weekly, is three half-pence per line. The consequence of the high rate of remuneration given by 'The Observer' for interesting matter, is, that reports are brought to it from all quarters. It very rarely indeed happens, that anything of importance which occurs on the Saturday in the metropolis, or within a circuit of many miles of it, is missed in 'The Observer' of the following morning.

One prominent feature in 'The Observer' is, the space it devotes to the drama; not merely in the shape of criticism on new pieces, but in that of intelligence about forthcoming novelties, the engagements of popular actors, their salaries, and so forth. Its sources of information on matters of this kind, appear to be at once ample, accurate, and peculiar.

For the last two or three years it has devoted much attention to literature; not so much in the way of lengthened and elaborate notices of new publications, as in the earliness and quality of its reviews.

The politics of 'The Observer' are decidedly Liberal without approximating to Radicalism. It is quite independent of party, though it has for the most part been a strenuous supporter of the Melbourne Administration.

It is conducted with much gentlemanly feeling. Anything in the shape of coarseness or violence never finds its way into its columns. It is an excellent paper for families, the greatest care being always taken to exclude anything which could bring a blush to the cheek of female modesty. Indeed, everything in it is previously examined, often re-written with the greatest care, both with the view of guarding against any impropriety of expression, and insuring a condensed accuracy in its statements of facts. 'The Observer' has been under the editorial superintendence of the same gentleman for upwards of a quarter of a century.

BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON belongs, as already mentioned, to the same proprietor as 'The Observer.' It was started in 1822 by Messrs. Pincock and Maunders, two well-known booksellers

at that time. The former gentleman is the proprietor of the popular little "Catechisms" which go by his name; and the latter is favourably known as the compiler of "Maunder's Treasury of Useful Knowledge." Though this journal took the title of "Bell's Life in London," there was no person of the name of Bell, except the printer, in connexion with it,—at the time of its establishment. It took the name of Bell because that name was popular at that period, owing to the success of "Bell's British Theatre," "Bell's British Poets," and "Bell's Weekly Messenger," &c. The other part of the title was adopted by the proprietors because of the popularity of a work published at that time under the name of "Pierce Egan's Life in London," which was illustrated by a number of humorous wood-cuts by Robert Cruikshanks; and which was dramatized by Mr. Moncrieff, as mentioned under the head of "The Adelphi Theatre," with extraordinary success. The original features of "Bell's Life in London" were its sketches of life, and its fun and frolic, mingled with decidedly Liberal politics. Mr. Clement purchased the property in 1824, and by a spirited expenditure of money, coupled with the excellent tact and great enterprise of Mr. Vincent Dowling, the gentleman to whom

Mr. Clement confided its editorship,— the circulation was raised in a short time from under 3,000 to above 24,000 copies. What its present amount of circulation is, I cannot speak with certainty; but, with the single exception of 'The Dispatch,' it is the largest of any paper, daily or weekly, in the United Kingdom. Its most prominent feature is its Sporting Intelligence. The quantity of information on sporting matters which it gives every week, is surprising, and can only be procured at great expense, by great industry, and by means of established channels of communication in all parts of the empire. Every number contains a humorous wood-cut, accompanied with an appropriate piece of poetry. The 'Post's Corner' also contains contributions, satirical and humorous, on passing events. The wood-cuts, with illustrative pieces of poetry, have been republished on four detached sheets of paper, at threepence each, under the title of "The Gallery of Comicalities," and have met with the amazing sale of nearly 500,000 copies.

One very prominent feature in 'Bell's Life in London,' is that of its being a general unspice throughout the kingdom, in all matters of a sporting nature, whether connected with chess, games of cards, or the turf; on all matters, in short, on which doubts exist, and speculations

depend. I have seen nearly one hundred answers to questions on topics of this nature, and can easily imagine the variety of information, as well as the labour and research, necessary to conduct this department of the paper.

'Bell's Life in London' is moderately Liberal in its politics. It is not a party paper: it takes its stand on entirely independent ground, — occasionally blaming the Melbourne Ministry for particular measures, though supporting it in the main; and giving credit to the Conservatives in peculiar cases, though generally denouncing their principles and measures.

I do not think there is a journal in the metropolis, published at the same price, which contains so much matter as 'Bell's Life in London'. Its size is a large folio, and the type is small and close. The third page, which is exclusively devoted to sporting intelligence, is printed in a particularly small type, and contains as much matter as two pages of some of its contemporaries. It is an excellent property: there are only one or two of the Sunday newspapers which pay so well.

The paper of largest circulation in the metropolis, or, indeed, in the country, is THE WEEKLY DISPATCH. Its circulation, according to the last newspaper returns, exceeds 39,000.

This is an enormous amount of circulation. It is the more surprising as the price has always been higher than that of most of its contemporaries. It has hitherto been eightpence-half-penny; it is now, while I am writing, reduced to sixpence. But though higher in price than the generality of the journals, it has always contained a proportionably greater quantity of matter. Its dimensions are very large, and being printed with a small close type, it contains a great quantity of matter. Its immense circulation is the result of very great and persevering exertions on the part of the proprietors and editor, coupled with a liberal expenditure of money. When Mr. Harmer, many years ago, became principal proprietor, its circulation was only a few thousands. That gentleman, however, immediately loosened his purse strings, paid handsomely for literary assistance, advertised the concern throughout the whole country, and employed every possible means to procure subscribers. One thing which contributed much to bring 'The Dispatch' into notice were the portraits it gave of the King and the Queen, when they acceded to the Crown. William was in the zenith of his glory then, and as the portraits were well executed on steel, and were given gratis, first one and then the other.

to the purchasers of particular numbers of the paper, those particular numbers reached the un-
heard of and almost incredible sale of 130,000
copies each. This was followed up by a conti-
nued system of advertising, and the most strenu-
ous exertions otherwise, to raise the permanent
circulation of the paper. The ultimate result has
been what I have stated—a steady circulation of
nearly 32,000.

The Dispatch' often published formerly an
extra half sheet, not on a detached piece of
paper as a supplement, but on an enlarged sheet,
without any additional charge. It did this, on
an average, once every four weeks. It now
does so regularly. Its numerous answers to
questions are most useful and interesting.

'The Dispatch' has now a very large share of
advertisements. The increase in its advertise-
ments, though not keeping up with the increase
in the circulation, has been steady since the
property came chiefly into Mr. Harmer's hands.

One attribute in 'The Dispatch,' which has
largely contributed to raise it to its present ex-
tensive circulation, is the extreme liberality and
uncompromising character of its political prin-
ciples. It advocates Radicalism in its purest
form, and with an earnestness and fervour which
are not to be exceeded. It never conceals its

sentiments. So far indeed from shrinking from a free and fearless expression of them, it glories in its practice of plain speaking. I have sometimes thought that it carries this practice to an extreme,—inasmuch as expressions occasionally escape it which are, perhaps, too strong. Its tone, however, I think, has been more subdued of late, without abating one iota of its zeal in the Liberal cause. 'The Dispatch' has attracted attention, and enlarged the list of its subscribers, by its fearless attacks on corruption in its various strongholds, whether that corruption appear in the conduct of individuals or in that of bodies of men.

Mr. Smith is the editor of 'The Dispatch.' The writer of the series of letters which has appeared in it, for some years past, under the signature of "Publicola," is Mr. Williams, for a long time a parliamentary reporter on several daily papers, and latterly on 'The Morning Post.' I have been told that Mr. Williams is also the writer of the leading article in the first page, under the head of "History of Politics," but I am not sure whether or not the statement be correct. Five guineas have been mentioned to me as the sum which Mr. Williams receives weekly for his contributions to 'The Dispatch,' but I do not know whether such be the sum. Mr. Cumming, formerly a writer of theatrical

articles in 'The Scotsman' newspaper, has for some years written all the dramatic notices in 'The Dispatch.' He is also the author of the articles which occasionally appear under the signature of "Moraviensis,"—Morayshire in Scotland, being his native place.

BELL'S WEEKLY MESSENGER is next to 'The Dispatch' and 'Bell's Life in London,' in the extent of its circulation. The last returns give it a circulation of nearly 13,000 copies. It is an old established paper, and was at one time the most extensively circulated of any in the country. It was, and is still, chiefly read in the country, and especially among the farmers. It has always been the advocate of their interests, and usually devotes a large quantity of its space to intelligence of an agricultural kind. For a long period it occupied neutral ground on the scene of the political conflict, though its leaning was towards moderate Toryism; but of late years it has identified itself with the fortunes of the Conservative party. It is not, however, violent in its Toryism; it is never abusive towards those who differ from its politics. Its leading articles are characterised by moderation, though sufficiently decided in its opinions. It takes credit to itself, and it deserves it, for its scrupulous exclusion from its columns of anything which would

be improper for the perusal of females: on this account it is a good family paper. It contains a judicious abridgement of the news of the week. One of its more prominent features is the space it devotes to police intelligence. Usually a whole page—and its pages are larger than those of any of its weekly contemporaries—is occupied with the reports of the proceedings at the police offices.

'Bell's Weekly Messenger' has, for some time past, paid considerable attention to literature. Its reviews of books are not elaborate or lengthened; they are brief and numerous, there being sometimes as many as eight or ten in one number.

Mr. Bell, lately deceased I believe, the proprietor of 'Bell's Standard Edition of the British Poets,' &c. established 'The Weekly Messenger' upwards of thirty years ago. The same gentleman also established a Ladies' Magazine under the title of "La Belle Assemblée," which was amazingly successful for a long time, and is so still to a certain extent. 'The Messenger' is understood to be in the hands of his executors. Very little, however, is known regarding its private matters. I have heard the name of the gentleman said to be the editor, but I do not mention it, as I am not at all confident of the accuracy of my information.

The paper, as I have already stated, is large

in its dimensions. It contains eight pages, each consisting of five broad columns, and being nearly as large as 'The Globe' or 'Courier' newspapers. Its matter, however, is somewhat open; still it gives a large quantity for the price,—which is sixpence. Its advertisements are not numerous; but it is a good property, owing to the extent of its circulation. About three years since 'The Farmer's Journal,' an old established, and once popular journal, but whose circulation had dwindled down to about 1,000,—was incorporated with 'Bell's Weekly Messenger.'

There is another weekly paper, making four in all, which takes the prefix of 'Bell' I allude to BELL'S NEW WEEKLY MESSENGER. It was set up in opposition to 'The Old Bell's Weekly Messenger,' by a relation—I have heard it said a son—of the late Mr. Bell, the proprietor of the latter journal. It has a good circulation, being considerably above 5,000. It has not yet got into a large advertising connexion, but will probably do so in the course of a little time. It is only a young journal, being established no farther back than 1832. It is published at the same price, sixpence, as its rival and namesake. Its form, however, is very different. It is something of the half-

folio half-quarto form. It contains sixteen pages, and four columns on each page, making sixty-four columns in all—a greater number, so far as I am aware, than any other newspaper in the world contains.

The politics of 'Bell's New Weekly Messenger' are decidedly Liberal. They verge, indeed, on extreme Radicalism. Hence it is popular among those holding that class of principles. Its leading articles are more remarkable for the tone of good sense which pervades them, than for anything brilliant in conception or vigorous in expression. It has on several occasions brought itself into notice by its bold exposure of cases of individual corruption, as well of the jobbing or misconduct of bodies of persons. It devotes a great proportion of its space to reviews of new publications, which are always written with an evident desire to be courteous and impartial. It very properly accompanies the expression of any opinion of its own, for or against a book, by one or more extracts; so that the public may themselves decide whether or not the praise or censure has been justly awarded. The only justification of other journals not acting on the same principle, especially where the book is severely condemned, is to be found in the comparatively limited space of most of them.

'Bell's New Weekly Messenger' devotes a good deal of attention to the drama. Who the writer of the theatrical notices is, I know not; but he is one who is clearly in the habit of mixing a good deal amongst the professors of the histrionic art. It is no less evident that he is a good judge of dramatic pieces.

'Bell's New Weekly Messenger' occasionally displays a great deal of spirit in its anxiety to bring its claims before the public. It has in several cases gone to considerable expense in getting wood engravings, bearing on some subject or event in which the public felt a deep interest at the time. At the end of last year it gave, in addition to the usual variety of matter, the most interesting portions of the three leading almanacks. Its enterprise was on that occasion rewarded by an extra sale of about 20,000, making the entire impression of that number above 25,000.

THE SUNDAY TIMES is one of the best known of the weekly papers. It was established in 1822, by Mr. Daniel Whittle Harvey, the member for Southwark. A great deal of money was expended in bringing it fairly before the public. Its exertions, for some years, to commend itself to the country, were as unintermitting as they were great. It met with its reward in a very large

circulation, and in the influx of a great many advertisements. Mr. Harvey, some years after its establishment, disposed of his interest in it for a very considerable sum. Between the money paid down, and the annuity which Mr. Harvey received for some years, the purchase money was considered equal to 14,000*l*. Mr. Valpy, the extensive publisher of Red Lion Court, Fleet-street, was the purchaser, and he retained the property for four years. Mr. Clarkson conducted it during the time it was in Mr. Valpy's hands. At the end of four years, Mr. Colburn, the enterprising publisher of Great Marlborough-street, purchased a majority of shares from Mr. Valpy, and Mr. Gaspé was appointed editor in the room of Mr. Clarkson. Mr. Gaspé had been previously favourably known as a literary gentleman. From being editor of 'The Sunday Times,' he eventually became part proprietor; but still continued to discharge the editorial functions as formerly. Under his management 'The Sunday Times' steered a somewhat middle course between the Tories and Liberals. It rarely expressed an opinion on any great subject of political influence one way or other; but when it did, the leaning obviously was towards the Liberal side. The leading articles were written cor-

notly enough, but they were deficient in energy, and consequently excited little or no attention. Mr. Gaspy, however, showed good judgment in his selections of matter. 'The Sunday Times,' under his management, was as readable a paper as one could have wished. There was, too, something attractive in its very appearance. Mr. Gaspy's connexion with it, both as proprietor and editor, ceased early in 1835. Who the new proprietors are—for I understand there are several of them—I have not heard. Mr. Derbyshire, at that time a reporter on 'The Morning Chronicle,' and some years since editor of 'The Courier' for a few months, was chosen one of the editors—a sub-editor I believe—on Mr. Gaspy quitting the paper. Who the other gentleman is, I have not the means of knowing. Mr. Derbyshire did not long continue his connexion with 'The Sunday Times.' He quitted this country in the end of last year, or the beginning of the present, for Madrid, where he now is as the regular correspondent of 'The Morning Chronicle.'

Under the new editorship, 'The Sunday Times' has taken an active part in politics. It is thoroughly Liberal in its opinions, and advocates them with great zeal. The chief fault of

its leading articles, is the too frequent use of short quotations, mostly from our popular poets. These, if appropriate and sparingly used, give much of liveliness and effect to an article; but if they are pressed too liberally into the writer's service, they only weaken the impression his own observations are calculated to produce.

This is the only essential alteration made in the mode of conducting 'The Sunday Times.' The other attractive features which originally gained it its great popularity, are still retained. It is still as readable a paper as one could wish to see. It gives brief literary notices. Here it has improved on what it formerly was; for its reviews, if so they might be called, then only consisted of six or seven lines; and it was but seldom any definite opinion of the book was expressed either way. Now, its literary notices, though still brief, are deserving the name of notices, and do convey to the reader what the reviewer thinks of the work to which he is referring. Occasionally, the opinion expressed is accompanied by one or two extracts, varying in length from an eighth to a fourth, or third, of a column. 'The Sunday Times' has always been considered an excellent paper for theatrical intel-

ligence: it is so still. It gives, occasionally, a considerable quantity of Saturday's news, when interesting.

The most spirited exertions continue to be made by the proprietors to merit public patronage. It often publishes an entire double sheet*—without making any extra charge to the public. It gives in these double sheets abstracts of important bills, and sometimes the bills themselves, lengthened reports of interesting debates in Parliament, or such other matter as may be deemed most important at the time. Every year, for some time past, it has given in its double sheets a vast mass of information gleaned from the almanacks. It gives, too, as occasion is supposed to require, expensive wood-cuts. Its wood-cut representation of the destruction of both Houses of Parliament by fire, in 1834, procured it an immense extra sale of the number in which the engravings appeared.

Almost every week the dead walls of the metropolis are posted with announcements in what Dominie Sampson would have called "prodigiously" large letters, of the leading matter which the forthcoming number is to contain;

* Since this was written the stamp-duties have been repealed, and 'The Sunday Times' regularly publishes a double sheet at sixpence.

and a host of men are employed on Friday and Saturday to parade the streets, with a board on their shoulders, containing, on both sides, the same advertisement. Towards evening these troops meet in the front of the office, where they stand for an hour or two, having all the appearance of a little army, with their respective boards on their shoulders. The thing has a remarkably fine effect to the eye: it ought to have an equally good effect in the way of inducing the passers-by to purchase the paper.

'The Sunday Times' is still a good property, though it has shared to some extent in the general adversities of the weekly press. Its circulation was some years ago about 8,000: now it is somewhere about 5,000. It still, however, retains a large share of well-paid advertisements. I should think the sale, too, must have increased of late.

Perhaps no paper ever met such sudden and complete success as *THE JOHN BULL*. By the time it was two months in existence, it was an excellent paying property. It was started with funds furnished by the Liverpool government, in 1820,—immediately after the conclusion of the trial of Queen Caroline; and it was got up for the avowed purpose of assailing her in every

possible form. Its very first number showed the *animus* of the conductors towards that unhappy Princess. Anything more virulently and coarsely abusive, was never before seen in the columns of a newspaper. So great was the disgust which these attacks on 'Queen Caroline' excited in the public mind, that the newsmen, who are generally pretty exempt from strong political feeling, burnt the paper, in dozens, in the streets. This was just playing, unconsciously, into the hands of the originators of the paper: it gave it notoriety, which was the thing they sought to obtain. The enemies of Caroline, who were numerous among the higher classes, immediately rallied round the proprietors and conductors of 'The John Bull,' whom they regarded as martyrs to their zealous opposition to one they held to be a most profligate woman. Orders for the paper poured in from the aristocracy in town and country, and large donations of money were given to the parties engaged in the undertaking. The consequence was, the thing was fairly established at once; and the proprietors, seeing the hit they had made, took care to turn their discovery to the best advantage. They grew, if possible, more reckless week after week in their attacks on the Queen; and speedily bethought them-

selves of vilifying all those persons of distinction, male and female, who had espoused her cause. This, as was to have been expected, not only gave additional satisfaction to their earlier supporters, but procured them a host of new patrons. In short, in little more than twelve months, 'The John Bull' attained a circulation not much short of 10,000. Thus, finding the trade of libelling so profitable, they went on improving as they proceeded. It mattered not to the principal parties that the two or three men of straw,—the printers of the paper who were put forward as the proprietors,—were proceeded against by the injured party, found guilty, and sent to prison: so far from being disadvantageous to the paper, it brought it still further into notice; and the trade of libelling grew more flourishing than ever. Indeed, to such an extent did 'The John Bull,' in its earlier days, carry this system of libelling, that a great many read it for the very purpose of seeing whether they themselves were singled out for its vilification or not.

Queen Caroline, however, did not live long after its establishment; and with her death the intensity of the interest which had been felt in her case naturally subsided. In the course therefore of a year or two after her death, 'The

John Bull' began to decline in circulation, which it has been regularly doing ever since. As, however, great literary talent had by this time been embarked in it, and as it became the most zealous Sunday champion of Church and State, and the most violent opponent of the Reformers as a body,—its decrease in circulation was, for a considerable period, only gradual. Eventually it procured a good advertising connexion, which still continues with it, though the circulation is now reduced to less than 4,500.

'The John Bull' is now, and has been for some years, in the hands of very different parties from those with whom it originated. It is still the inveterate opponent of Reform and Reformers, and the uncompromising advocate of Church and State, with all the blemishes and abuses which the Conservatives generally admit to be mixed up with the Constitution; but it does not now indulge in slander at the expense of private character. It displays occasionally great asperity of spirit; but it deals only with the public conduct of public men.

I am not aware who are the proprietors. Mr. Theodore Hook is generally understood to be the editor. Mr. Mudford was a short time ago in the habit of regularly contributing to it: whether or not he be so now, I cannot tell. Mr.

Croker is also supposed to be a very extensive contributor. It undoubtedly evinces much talent in its leading articles.

It is one of the smallest-sized papers in London, and as a large portion of its space is occupied with advertisements, it does not contain much news. Indeed it is chiefly read for its leading articles, which usually occupy from a page and a half to two pages.

The readers of 'The John Bull' are chiefly among the clergy. It is supposed, indeed, that more than one half of its subscribers are of that body. It pays particular attention to that sort of intelligence which is most interesting to them. Its information in ecclesiastical matters is much more copious than that of any of its contemporaries. It is a good property, as it is got up at comparatively little expense.

THE AGE has proved a formidable rival to 'The John Bull.' The former journal was established in the year 1819. It struck out an entirely new path for itself. Not only was the whole of its matter original, as it still is; but there was in its articles and paragraphs a wit and piquancy mingled with the personalities which characterized them, that the paper soon attracted attention. It started on Tory princi-

plea. It avowed the most devoted attachment to the King and the Constitution—to the Church and State. Its principles, in other words, were precisely the same as those of 'The John Bull;' and hence the injury it has done to that journal. The number of prosecutions for libel to which 'The Age' was subjected soon after its commencement, contributed greatly to bring it into notice. After being some five or six years in the hands of the parties who established it, it was bought by Mr. Westmacott for a small sum. The number of prosecutions instituted against it, and on almost all of which verdicts were obtained by the plaintiff,—subjected it to such an enormous expense as to reduce its profits, notwithstanding its great circulation, to a mere trifle. That was the reason why Mr. Westmacott got the copyright for a small sum: that sum, however, I do not now recollect. Mr. Westmacott, by the spirit which he infused into it after it had been a short time in his possession, brought 'The Age' still more extensively into notice, and greatly increased its circulation. An increase in the number of advertisements followed. For some years it has been a most profitable concern. I have reason to believe that, in 1833, Mr. Westmacott derived nearly 4,000*l.* clear profits from it. He is still,

so far as I can learn, the sole proprietor, though, I understand, he has been for the last three years willing to dispose of the half of the property, could he get a partner and a price to his mind.

If the information communicated to me be correct—and the quarter whence it comes leaves me no room to doubt its being so—there are four literary gentlemen who regularly, as editors, assist Mr. Westmacott in the management of 'The Age.' Dr. Maginn is one of these: what the names of the other three are, I do not know. Dr. Maginn is understood to furnish one or more of the leading articles every week. Mr. Westmacott, however, reserves to himself the sole right of inserting and excluding matter: nothing of any importance can find its way into the columns of 'The Age' without his concurrence. He takes an active share also in managing the business department of the paper. For this purpose, though he lives seven or eight miles out of town, he is constantly to be seen, during certain hours of the day, at the office.

The circulation of 'The Age' was one time between 8,500 and 9,000. The last newspaper returns give it a circulation of 7,250. The opposition given to it by 'The Satirist,' which, though differing in politics, is conducted on the

same plan and in the same spirit, is supposed to be the principal cause of the reduced circulation.

'The Age' has steered pretty clear of libels of late, and as from the smallness of its size the expenses of the mechanical labour cannot be great, it must, with its large circulation and the great number of advertisements which find their way into its columns,—be still an excellent property. It is chiefly read by the Tory aristocracy. In the clubs it is also in great request.

THE SATIRIST was started in 1831. Various parties have been named as the originators; but nothing certain is known either of them or of those in whose hands it is at present. Its plan, as I have already mentioned, is the same as that of 'The Age,' though its politics are the very antipodes of those of its rival. It is full of personalities, but there is generally something so amusing, blended with good-nature in the manner in which its paragraphs are written, that even those parties at whose expense the laugh is raised, can hardly be angry with it. Indeed it is clear on the face of the paragraphs themselves, that the writers have no private malignity to gratify; but merely seek to amuse their readers by seizing on anything ludicrous in

the character or conduct of the parties referred to; or, where nothing ludicrous exists ready made to their hands, conveniently assuming its existence. Its witticisms are often good; some of its puns possess great point. Its columns always furnish materials for a hearty laugh.

'The Satirist' is a thoroughgoing Liberal in its politics. Yet it spares not its political friends any more than its foes. In its satire it is perfectly impartial. Lord Melbourne can speak to this point; so can Dr. Wade, Mr. Fergus O'Connor, Mr. Savage, and the leaders of the whole fraternity of Radicals. It appears to have excellent means of information as to what is going on among the upper classes of society: curious disclosures, by means of what are called "broad hints," are often made in its columns before the public mind has been awakened to even the slightest suspicion on the subject. An instance was afforded in the case of Lord Melbourne and the Honourable Mrs. Norton. For more than two years before a whisper was heard in any quarter—keeping out of view, of course, the private friends of the parties—of the supposed improper intimacy that existed between the Prime Minister and the authoress of "The Wife,"—was the circumstance alluded to, times without number, in 'The Satirist.'

'The Satirist,' like 'The John Bull' and 'The Age,' soon rose into a large circulation. The number of actions brought against it for libels, contributed largely, in its case also, as in those of its two contemporaries just named,—to bring it before the public. It has a good number of advertisements and an extensive circulation. It appears by the last newspaper returns to have a weekly sale of nearly 4,500. And it is understood to be steadily rising in circulation.

THE NEWS is an old established paper. It was started in 1805 by Messrs. John and Leigh Hunt. The latter first brought himself into notice as a theatrical critic in 'The News.' The late Mr. Phipps, soon after its establishment, became the proprietor and editor, and continued so till his death, some eighteen or twenty months since. Until within the last eight or ten years, 'The News' never admitted advertisements into its columns. But as the price was, until two years ago, eightpence halfpenny, the type used large, the matter open, and the circulation extensive, it was a very lucrative property. Mr. Phipps acquired a handsome independency by it. Its circulation for very many years far exceeded that of any of its contemporaries, weekly or daily. It vacillated for some years between

20,000 and 25,000 copies. "O what a falling off is here!" Its circulation now does not much exceed, if indeed it exceeds at all, 2,500.

Soon after Mr. Phipps's death, 'The News' was sold to the present proprietor. The price asked for the copyright and the printing materials was 1,000*l.*; but I have no doubt a much smaller sum was accepted. The paper has been much enlarged, and great exertions have been made to extend its circulation. The success, however, has by no means corresponded with the efforts made and the expense incurred. Its advertisements are not numerous, and they are not of that class which pays best. They are chiefly procured after a good hard canvass on the part of an agent employed to collect them. In the hope of attracting attention, it has, in the course of the present year, published a series of medallion portraits, accompanied with memoirs, of celebrated persons. It deserves better success than it has met with. The leading articles are written with spirit; and the selection of news is good; but the beneficial effect which the other meritorious qualities of the paper are calculated to produce, has been neutralised by the spirit in which the reviews were written for some time after the property came into the hands of the present proprietor. All the conventional cour-

tesies of language were violated when speaking of an author who had the misfortune to incur the displeasure of the reviewer. "Blockhead," "ass," "dunce," and other epithets, equally coarse and abusive, were liberally applied to the author whose book was condemned. Not only did this mode of reviewing offend readers of refined taste, but it caused authors and publishers to withhold their advertisements from the paper. Cut up a book by all means when it deserves it, but let it be done in temperate and gentlemanly language. A refined severity will be more sensibly felt by an author than the coarsest abuse; while it will not offend the taste of the reader. In the case of the literary notices of 'The News,' there was this other awkward circumstance—that the reviewer had the misfortune of not only almost always differing from his contemporaries in the opinion expressed of the book reviewed, but its success was sure to demonstrate the unsoundness of the judgment given. If a book was liberally abused in 'The News,' and handed over to the trunk-maker, there was every probability of an extensive sale: if a great and permanent popularity was predicted, the author had reason to tremble for the result—the odds were infinitely in favour of his work immediately becoming to "dumb forgetfulness a prey."

Let it be distinctly understood that my observations apply to the review department of 'The News,' as conducted for some months before the end of 1835, and for the first four or five months of the present year. During that period I was in the habit of reading that journal pretty regularly: since then I have not so often seen it; and therefore cannot say whether or not the literary notices are still written in the same spirit.

'The News' identifies itself with the most thoroughly Liberal politics. It is and always has been Radical. The proprietor, as already intimated, has made most spirited exertions to make the paper deserving of patronage: it is, to be hoped they will yet be crowned with success.

THE WEEKLY TRUE SUN is got up from 'The True Sun' evening paper. It was established in 1833, and for a considerable time was under different management from that of its daily namesake and relation. By dint of active canvassing through town and country, conjoined with its unusually large size and the varied and amusing nature of its contents, it was speedily raised to a large circulation—to nearly 5,000 copies. It did not, however, long retain its hold on the public mind. Those who commenced it quitted both papers; and their successors did not pay the same attention to it; nei-

ther did they display the same talent. Latterly its contents have almost entirely consisted of matter transferred from the daily 'True Sun.' Its circulation is said not to be half what it once was, though nothing definite can be known on the subject,—the stamps for both papers being taken out in the same name.

'THE COUNTY CHRONICLE' is scarcely ever heard of in London. Its circulation is confined to the farmers in the county, and to those persons connected with county offices. It has very little original matter, and takes no decided part in politics. Its columns are chiefly occupied with intelligence of an agricultural character. It has a fair share of advertisements, and a tolerable circulation. As it is got up at little expense, it is understood to be a passably good paying concern.

Of Mr. Baldwin's LONDON WEEKLY JOURNAL, I need say nothing more than that its contents are made up of a selection from the matter which appears in 'The Standard' and 'The St. James's Chronicle.' So far as I can learn there is not a line of matter written for it. Its circulation, which is pretty good, is exclusively in the country. It often appears without so much as a single advertisement: I never saw it with more than six.

THE MARK LANE EXPRESS is a paper devoted chiefly to the agricultural interests. It was started four or five years ago. Great expense has been incurred in endeavouring to bring it into circulation. Its success has not been equal to the exertions made to deserve it. The circulation is somewhere about 1800. The editorship has been in various hands; but the politics of the paper have been uniformly Liberal.

Another paper was started at the commencement of the present year for the avowed purpose of advocating the cause of the farmers. It is called **THE AGRICULTURIST**. I never knew a paper start under more auspicious circumstances. Two or three weeks before the appearance of the first number, a resolution had been unanimously passed at a large meeting of the leading agriculturists of England, held in the Freemason's Tavern, to the effect that such a paper was a desideratum, and deserved the cordial support of the farming interest. There was every disposition to support it; but by mismanagement in the outset, all its bright prospects were blasted. It fell a victim to the number of persons who interfered with its management. Its fate afforded a marked illustration of the homely proverb, that "too many cooks spoil the broth." Mr. Brown, secretary

to the Agricultural Association, and Mr. Robert Montgomery Martin, author of 'The History of the British Colonies,' were the recognised editors; but others interfered with the arrangements of the paper who knew little or nothing of newspaper details, and the result was, that what was well done by one party was marred by another. A third editor was brought up from the country in two or three weeks after the publication of the first number. The publication of the second number was particularly mismanaged, which, with a variety of other circumstances, gave the paper a blow, from the effects of which it has not yet recovered, nor will for a long time, if it ever do entirely. The *bond fide* circulation of the fourth number did not amount to 400; since then it has gradually risen two or three hundred higher.

In less than seven weeks from the establishment of 'The Agriculturist,' it became the property of Mr. Mellish, the City banker; and shortly afterwards Messrs. Brown and Montgomery Martin both quitted the concern. Who the present conductors are, I do not know; nor am I certain that Mr. Mellish is still the proprietor, though I believe he is so. The politics of 'The Agriculturist' wear a Conservative hue.

THE WEEKLY POST is a paper of yet more modern origin than 'The Agriculturist.' It

was only started in April last. It belongs to the same proprietors, and is published at the same office as 'The Morning Post.' It is not, however, conducted by the same gentlemen. Mr. Land, formerly assistant editor of 'The Albion,' is the principal editor. It started auspiciously, having a circulation of about 1,800 copies, and a tolerable sprinkling of advertisements, to begin with. It is conducted with spirit, and is altogether a readable paper. One of its leading features is that of giving the Saturday's news at some length. It also gives expresses, when the matter is important, which arrive from Paris on the Sunday morning. Its politics are of the same complexion as those of its daily namesake.

There are three papers essentially of a religious character. 'The Patriot,' 'The Christian Advocate,' and 'The Watchman.' THE PATRIOT has been established about four years. It is the organ of the Calvinistic or Evangelical Dissenters,—chiefly of the body called Independents. It is conducted with much talent by Mr. Josiah Conder, author of 'The Modern Traveller,' and editor of 'The Eclectic Review.' Its circulation approximates to 2,500, and it has a fair share of advertisements. It has not, however, by any means met with the success it

deserves. As it is the only organ, and a very able one, of the interests of the Congregational Dissenters, I am greatly surprised, knowing as I do the number and respectability and influence of that body, that it is not much more cordially and effectively supported. The politics of 'The Patriot' are decidedly Liberal.

THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE started a few years since as the organ of Wesleyan Methodism. For a time it was tolerably supported by those entertaining that class of principles; but its politics were too liberal for them.* It was—and still, I believe, is—the property of Mr. Stephens, the brother of the Mr. Stephens, a Wesleyan methodist-preacher, who broke off from the Conference, along with Dr. Warren and others about two years ago, and established a new and more liberal system, in so far as discipline is concerned,—of Wesleyanism. 'The Christian Advocate' supports the latter body. It is conducted with spirit, but its circulation is limited. It is under 1,500.

THE WATCHMAN was started in opposition to 'The Advocate,' by a body of Wesleyan Methodists representing the interests of the Conference. It has only been in existence two

* The Wesleyan Methodists, as a body, are in favour of Tory, or Church and State-principles.

years. I have not heard who is the editor. There is talent in it. Its principles are purely Conservative. Its circulation exceeds 2,000.

Mr. Colburn, the publisher, has two papers, which, though not strictly newspapers, approach nearer to that class of publications than to any other. I allude to 'The Court Journal' and 'The Naval and Military Gazette.'

THE COURT JOURNAL arose, in 1839, from the ashes of 'The London Weekly Review.' Its price is eightpence. It contains sixteen quarto pages, with three columns in each page. In the editorship, it has undergone a variety of changes. Mr. Patmore, who afterwards started 'The New Court Journal,' a short-lived enterprise in opposition to it,—conducted it for some time, at a salary of ten guineas a week. Who the gentleman was who had the management of it in the intervening period, I have not heard; but Mr. Leman Blanchard has been the editor for some time past. The politics of 'The Court Journal' have undergone several changes, with the changes of its editors, which has not been in its favour. Latterly it has, very judiciously, abstained from politics altogether. Now its contents principally consist of light articles on topics bearing on aristocratic notions, customs, &c., and of intelligence re-

specting the movements of the fashionable world. The precise number it circulates is not known, as the stamps are taken out in conjunction with those of 'The Naval and Military Gazette.' 'The Court Journal' is well advertised.

THE NAVAL AND MILITARY GAZETTE was started in 1833. I forget the name of the first editor, but he was soon succeeded by Mr. Robert Montgomery Martin, the author, as already mentioned, of the 'History of the British Colonies.' Mr. Martin's salary was ten guineas a week.* He held the office some time, when he was succeeded by another gentleman. The paper is well conducted; but its success has not been anything like what it ought to be. It contains a vast quantity of information, which must be highly interesting to the members of both services. It does not take an active part in political conflicts; nor when it does discuss political questions, does it betray any very strong feeling on either side. With its naval and military, and miscellaneous intelligence, it judiciously blends a moderate proportion of literary matter, chiefly in the shape of reviews of new publications. It has a fair share of advertisements. Its

* There are few men who so liberally remunerate literary labour as Mr Colburn.

original price was one shilling, but Mr. Colburn, finding that too high, reduced it to the usual price of sevenpence. Mr. Colburn has sunk a large sum of money in endeavouring to secure public patronage to it.

There is another paper, THE UNITED SERVICE GAZETTE,* conducted on the same plan as Mr. Colburn's 'Naval and Military Gazette. It was started, too, at the same time; of course, the papers are decided rivals to each other. 'The United Service Gazette,' takes an active part in politics, always zealously espousing

* The reduction of the newspaper stamp duty having taken place as this part of "The Great Metropolis" is going through the press, I may take the opportunity of mentioning, that 'Cleave's Police Gazette,' 'Hetherington's Dispatch,' and the 'Weekly Times,' all formerly unstamped, are now duly stamped. Several new papers have also made their appearance. 'The London Mercury,' is conducted by Mr. John Bell, formerly of 'The True Sun.' 'The London Journal,' formerly 'The General Advertiser,' is edited by Mr. Carpenter. 'The Weekly Chronicle' is started and conducted by Mr. Holt, the proprietor of 'Holt's Magazine;' and 'The Champion' is conducted by the two sons of the late Mr. Cobbett. Mr. Fielden, the Member for Oldham, is understood to be the proprietor, and I have reason to believe the hon. gentleman has advanced £,000*l*. to establish the paper.

the Ultra-Tory side of a question. It is conducted by Mr. Alaric Attila Watts, who is one of the proprietors, and I believe the chief. It is, like all the publications with whose destinies Mr. Watts has been entrusted, vituperative of those who have the misfortune to incur his displeasure. Its leading articles invariably display more or less of that gentleman's acerbity of spirit. It has but few advertisements, and these are not of that kind which pay well. The circulation is tolerably good, but nothing more.

CHAPTER IV.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS—GENERAL REMARKS.

Comparative number of the Liberal and Conservative Journals—Their comparative circulation—Difficulty of establishing Weekly Newspapers—Difficulty of making them pay—Decrease in the amount of their circulation—Metropolitan Press conducted with great talent—Its character greatly improved of late—Absence of a jealous feeling among the Editors generally—Different in this respect from the Editors of Provincial and American Journals Sensitiveness of some of the London Newspaper Editors to the attacks made on them—An Editor is supposed to be a man of very varied feelings—Character of a Newspaper—Diversity and usefulness of its contents—Its advertisements.

I HAVE thus glanced, in the three preceding chapters, at the newspaper press* of the Great

* There is one religious newspaper of which I have said nothing, because it could not with propriety be

Metropolis. The number of daily journals, it will be seen, is eleven, and of the weekly twenty-seven. The aggregate circulation of the daily papers is about 40,000; that of the weekly 120,000, making a total circulation, in round numbers, of 160,000.

If the number of newspapers advocating Liberal sentiments, compared with those supporting an opposite class, may be regarded as indicative of the state of public feeling on political topics, it will be found that Liberal principles are much more prevalent in the metropolis than those of a Conservative hue. In the daily press the Liberal cause has seven out of the eleven daily papers—‘The Morning Chronicle’—‘The Morning Advertiser’—‘The Constitutional’—‘The Globe’—‘Courier’—‘Sun’—and ‘True Sun.’ ‘The Times’—‘The Herald’—‘The Post’—and

ranged under any of the previous heads: I allude to ‘The Record.’ It is published twice a week—on Mondays and Thursdays. It has been conducted from the first with some talent. It has now been nine years in existence. A large amount of money has been expended in its establishment. I believe it is now beginning to pay its expenses. Its circulation is 2,000, and it has a fair share of advertisements. It is a thorough high church and state paper. Its religious principles are decidedly evangelical; but its columns sometimes breathe an intolerant spirit.

'The Standard,' belong to the Conservative interest.

Among the weekly press, again, it will be found there is a much greater preponderance of strength on the Liberal side. The Liberals have 'The Examiner'—'The Spectator'—'The Observer'—'Bell's Life in London'—'The Weekly Dispatch'—'Bell's New Weekly Messenger'—'The Atlas'—'The Satirist'—'The Weekly True Sun'—'The News'—'The Sunday Times'—'The Patriot'—and 'The Christian Advocate,' making thirteen in all; while the Conservatives have only seven, namely, 'Bell's Weekly Messenger'—'The John Bull'—'The Age'—'The Weekly Post'—'The Watchman'—'The United Service Gazette'—and 'The London Weekly Journal.'

If viewed in regard to the amount of their united circulation, it will be found that the Liberal interest is still better supported than the Conservative. In the circulation of the morning papers, it is true, the Conservatives can claim the advantage; but what the Liberals lose as regards them, they considerably more than make up by the circulation of the evening journals; while with respect to the circulation of the weekly papers, the strength of the Liberals is as four to one to that of the Conservatives. 'The Dis-

patch' alone has a greater circulation than that of all the Tory Weeklies put together.

In speaking of the daily press, I have adverted to the difficulty of establishing a morning or evening journal in the metropolis: it is also a much more difficult thing than most people suppose, to establish a weekly one. What greater proof could be desired of this than the fact, that out of the seventy or eighty attempts which have been made to establish weekly newspapers during the last twenty years, not above six or seven have been successful. To establish a weekly newspaper in London, is a much more difficult task than in a country town. There the appearance of a new journal is a sort of era in the place; it creates a kind of sensation among the inhabitants; all eyes are on the persons making the effort; and if they display tact or talent, and have a few hundred pounds to expend on the undertaking, the chances are immeasurably in favour of success. Here it is quite otherwise: you may start a dozen papers, and a tenth part of the inhabitants not be even aware of their existence: even those who are so, feel comparatively little interest in the undertaking. Hence, nothing but great talent, consummate tact, and a lavish expenditure of money, or much personal influence, will, in ordinary circumstances, give even a chance of success.

I have referred to the number of papers which have been started within the last twenty years, but very soon disappeared. In endeavouring to establish some of these, immense sums of money have been expended. About eight years ago, a religious newspaper called 'The World,' was started by Mr. Bourne, now one of the stipendiary magistrates in the West Indies. It continued for five years, when, after losing upwards of 5,000*l.* by the undertaking, it was incorporated with 'The Christian Advocate.' Four or five years ago 'The Town' was started: it eventually came into the hands of Mr. Bentley, the publisher, of New Burlington Street; and betwixt the sum he expended on it, and that spent by the originators, about 5,000*l.* were sunk in the concern in four years, at the end of which time the circulation did not exceed 500. It was then sold to the proprietors of 'The Sunday Herald' for 50*l.* So great were the exertions made to establish 'The Town,' that, in addition to engaging the first-rate talent,* the proprietors spent no less a sum than 800*l.* on a map of England and Wales, which was presented to the subscribers gratis. On 'The United Kingdom,' another journal started before 'The Town,' and

* Mr. Kennedy, author of 'Fitful Fancies,' and Mr. S. C. Hall, were among the editors of 'The Town.'

which, after a brief existence of four or five years, was also incorporated with 'The Sunday Herald,' a sum of nearly 6,000*l.* was in one way or other, expended. 'The Sunday Herald' itself, which after having in the course of its two years and a half existence swallowed up, in addition to 'The United Kingdom' and 'The Town,' 'The Weekly Times' and 'Merle's Weekly Register,' was at last merged in 'The News,'—took some two or three thousand pounds out of the pockets of the proprietors. In 1833 a paper called 'The New Weekly Dispatch' was started. It soon fell into the hands of Mr. Morrison, of "universal pill" notoriety, by whom it was carried on some twelve or fifteen months, at a loss, it was supposed, of at least 3,000*l.*; and yet he got the copyright cheap enough—it only cost him 5*l.* The person who started 'The New Weekly Dispatch' was not worth a farthing; and yet he commenced on so independent a principle,—in other words, seemed to have so little regard to immediate profits,—that he made the paper nearly twice the usual size of a Sunday journal, while the price was only sevenpence. It was calculated that, though this bold speculator's paper had been so popular as to reach a circulation of 30,000 copies weekly, his profits would only have been—what

does the reader suppose they would have been? Why, about the fourth part of a farthing: in other words, as was remarked by a person experienced in newspapers, who made the calculation, they would have been barely sufficient to purchase salt for the proprietor's potatoes.

There are some men who have been long well known as connected with the London press, who, by a sort of fatality, have failed in every newspaper speculation in which they engaged. Mr. Merle is an instance. His 'Intelligencer,' his 'Weekly Register,' and other journals, were all of short-lived duration. But perhaps there is no man of the present day who has sent so many newspapers to their long home, as Mr. C. has done. Indeed, it may be augured with the confidence of certainty, if you see him editor, or influentially connected with a public journal, that its dissolution is not far distant.

It is amusing to contrast the lofty pretensions and prodigal promises made in the prospectuses or first numbers of some papers, with the fate to which they are doomed. Not long since a weekly paper started on Conservative principles. Never was journal ushered into the world amidst a greater flourish of trumpets. It was started for the purpose of rescuing the Constitution from the clutches of the Radicals, and of saving the

Church from the destruction with which it was threatened by infidels. It was not the worst part of the joke, that the two editors engaged to conduct it were actually, in their private opinions, both Radicals and infidels. The crisis to the country which this Conservative hebdomadal pledged itself to avert, by timely arresting the progress of Radicalism and Infidelity, speedily, alas ! happened to itself. It only lived six weeks, and during that time the average of the number sold—a good many copies were given away gratis—did not amount to thirty. This may appear so improbable to those unacquainted with newspaper speculations, that I think it right to state that the fact was communicated to me by one of the parties interested.

The number of weekly journals, owing to the difficulty of getting them to pay, is less than it used to be ; and almost all of them—I mean the oldest established ones—have fallen off in circulation of late. I alluded to this fact in the last chapter. The causes are various. One of these I take to be the establishment of so many provincial papers in all parts of the country. Within the last five years, at least 100 provincial journals have been established in the United Kingdom. As was to be expected, the result has been that many subscribers to the London papers hav-

discontinued the latter in order to take in the journals published in their own respective localities.

Another cause of the diminution in the circulation of the London weekly journals, is the circumstance of many of those persons who formerly contented themselves with a weekly paper, having discontinued them to take either a whole daily paper, or a share of one. The number of weekly journals which have been given up by subscribers in this way, is, I am persuaded, much greater than is generally supposed. The great increase in the circulation of the daily papers, during the time the weekly ones have been decreasing, sufficiently proves this fact.

But the chief cause, undoubtedly, of the falling off in the circulation of the Sunday papers, is the establishment, of late years, of so many of the unstamped. Of the unstamped journals, taking them in the aggregate, the average circulation for some time was, incredible as it may appear, about 200,000 copies weekly. Mr. Cleave mentions to me that of his 'Police Gazette' he regularly sold, for many weeks, no fewer than 50,000; and that Mr. Hetherington, his republican coadjutor, sold at the same time 28,000 copies every week, of his 'Twopenny Dispatch.' These and the other unstamped

papers suffered to some extent by the stringent measures resorted to in the course of the present year to put them down; but their united circulation was at one time, what I have stated above. The mere statement of the fact must be sufficient of itself to satisfy every one who thinks on the subject, that the legal weekly newspapers must have been seriously injured in consequence.

The London newspaper press, daily and weekly, is conducted with great talent. The "Journalism," to use once more Sir Robert Peel's favourite expression when speaking of newspapers,—the Journalism of no other part of the world displays equal ability. The 'Gazette de France,' and two or three others of the Paris papers, are perhaps conducted with as much talent as any of the London journals; but taken as a whole, they are much inferior to the English metropolitan press.

As regards the general character and size of the newspapers of the two countries, the superiority of the English to the French is immeasurable. A French journal contains no accounts worthy of the name, of the proceedings at public meetings, in courts of law, or other places. Numerous circumstances of importance are hourly occurring in Paris, and throughout France,

of which no notice is taken in the newspapers. There is no such thing as general intelligence in the French journals; and the debates in the Chambers are given so briefly that one reporter might do all the duties of that department of the paper, himself. An editor's labour in getting up a French journal, is mere amusement compared with that of the editor of a London paper in preparing it for publication. With respect to the size, again, the French papers look absolutely pitiful by the side of the London journals. Those who have seen an English paper sixty or seventy years back, will have a very good notion of the appearance of a French journal of the present day. There is at least six times as much matter in a London newspaper, as there is in one of the Paris journals.

It is curious to compare an English newspaper of the present day, with what it was at the commencement of the last century. Then, it only consisted of one leaf, or two pages, of the quarto size, each page divided into two columns. There was not then anything in the shape of reports of the proceedings in Parliament, in the courts of law, or at public meetings. All the intelligence the newspapers of that day contained, was given in a few gene-

ral paragraphs. Anything in the shape of original remarks or disquisitions, there was none. Indeed it was not until 1758, that the practice of making original observations in a paper, was resorted to. Even then it was rather in the shape of an essay on some literary or moral topic, than a discussion of any political question. The first original article that ever appeared in any newspaper, was an essay by Dr. Johnson in 'The Universal Chronicle and Weekly Gazette,' published by Mr. John Newberry, of St. Paul's Churchyard. This was in the year I have just mentioned. 'The Universal Chronicle' was a paper of four folio pages, printed with a large type; and Mr. Newberry, the proprietor, in order to add a novel feature to his journal, engaged Dr. Johnson to furnish original articles for it, in consideration of which the great lexicographer was to have a share in the work. The essays which Dr. Johnson furnished to 'The Universal Chronicle,' were afterwards republished in 'The Idler.'

The character of the newspaper press of the metropolis, has been greatly raised within the last quarter of a century. Before that time no man of any standing either in the political or literary world, would condescend to write in a newspaper; or if he did, he took special care to

keep the circumstance as great a secret as if he had committed some penal offence of the first magnitude. Now, the most distinguished persons in the country, not only often contribute to newspapers, but are ready to admit it, except where there may be accidental reasons for concealment. Many of our Peers, and still more of our representatives in the House of Commons, write for the London newspaper press. In speaking of the daily papers, I have mentioned some of the distinguished persons in the habit of writing for the London journals. Mr. Canning and Sir James Mackintosh, were both connected with the newspaper press, for a considerable time.

Among the editors of the metropolitan newspapers, there exists scarcely any feeling of jealousy, with one or two exceptions, towards each other. In the majority of cases, where they are personally known to one another, they are on the most friendly footing together. They readily accommodate each other with any reports of meetings or other articles of intelligence, when one has received anything important and the others have not. It is far otherwise in the country, especially in those small towns in which only two newspapers exist. The animosity in such cases is most deadly.

The editors are always meditating how they may annoy each other. I have known many amusing instances of this. There are two papers in the north of Scotland,—‘The Inverness Journal’ and ‘The Inverness Courier,’—which used to afford much entertainment to his Majesty’s lieges in the Highlands, by their abuse of each other. ‘The Journal’ was in the habit of attacking ‘The Courier,’ in a strain of virulent abuse, which Cobbett himself might have envied. Not the least amusing part of the matter was, that ‘The Courier’ never turned assailant; but always acted on the defensive. Mrs. Humby used to sing a song in “The Knights of the Round Table,” in which a servant-maid, speaking of the Knights’ warlike propensities, was represented as exclaiming

“To fights they goes,—to fights they goes,
But what it is all about, nobody knows.”

In like manner, nobody could divine the ground of the quarrel which ‘The Journal’ had with ‘The Courier;’ but for years, with scarcely the intermission of a single week, it attacked its unoffending contemporary with a bitterness which has no parallel in this country. ‘The Edinburgh Observer’ was confident, on more than one occasion, that there would be a regular throttling match between the editors, and peo-

ple generally thought the Sheriff of the county remiss in his duty, in not binding over 'The Journal' to keep the peace. Its wrath, however, was confined to printer's ink. When 'The Courier' returned the blow, 'The Journal' was discomfited at once. It never had any other resource than the publication of what it called the comparative circulation of the two papers, beginning with:—"To Elgin there go—eighteen Journals for six Couriers; to Forres, there go—fifteen Journals for five Couriers." If 'The Courier,' in repelling the attack, convicted 'The Journal' of the grossest misstatements, the answer was the publication of the "comparative circulation." If it was proved that 'The Journal' blundered so egregiously in grammatical composition, that a school-boy who had made such havoc with the rules of Lindley Murray would have been soundly flogged,—out came the "comparative circulation." If 'The Courier' quoted some of the wit in which several of the other Scottish papers occasionally indulged at 'The Journal's' expense,—the answer was the "comparative circulation." If it was hinted that the printer's devil had failed in his duty, and sent out a slovenly printed paper, the same answer was forthcoming—the "comparative circulation." In short, every thing 'The Courier' said about 'The Journal' was met,

not by some other retort — for ‘The Journal’ was never remarkable for the brilliancy or promptitude of its wit—but by the everlasting “comparative circulation.”

But by far the most amusing circumstance* that has ever come to my knowledge respecting the rivalry of any two country papers, occurred some years ago in the case of two West-of-England journals. As the chief recommendation of all provincial papers, is the interest and quantity of their local news, the two editorial personages to whom I refer, principally displayed their hostility to each other by a deadly rivalry in that kind of intelligence. The one journal was published on the Friday, and the other on Saturday. It occurred one moonlight Thursday evening, while he of the Saturday paper was walking alone about half a mile distant from the town, that he observed, a short distance off the road, the body of a man suspended by the neck from a tree. The man, in other words, had committed suicide by hanging himself. A fit of alarm seized the editorial “we,” lest the discovery of the man having destroyed himself should be made that night, and consequently the rival journalist be

* I am assured, improbable as some may deem this story, it is strictly true.

the first to give the particulars of a circumstance which could not fail to produce a great sensation in the place. If Friday's 'Chronicle' had the intelligence before the Saturday's 'Courant,' it would be the making the fortune of the former, while it would be all but the ruin of the latter. What was to be done to prevent it? A thought struck the conductor of 'The Courant:' he would, assisted by a confidential person employed in the office, cut down the body, and secretly convey it to a stable of his own, where he would conceal it till the following night,—against which time the rival journal would be published,—and then return with it to the spot where he found it. A horse and cart were procured, and the deceased was conveyed to the editor's stable, where the body was covered with straw. Next morning, a servant having occasion to remove part of the straw, discovered the body of the deceased. He immediately informed some persons who were passing the door of the stable at the time: in ten minutes the authorities were apprised of the circumstance. An inquiry into the matter was immediately instituted. Suspicions fell on the journalist: he had been seen, attended by one of the men in his employ, taking something out of a cart and carrying it into the stable on

the preceding night. He was taken into custody: a coroner's jury sat on the body: a number of circumstances, strongly presumptive of his having strangled the deceased, transpired in the course of the coroner's investigation; and his own life, according to all appearances, was about to become the price of his anxiety to deprive his rival of "interesting local news," when happily a small slip of paper, which had been overlooked in the first instance, was found in one of the deceased's pockets, which contained, in his own hand writing—he had by this time been identified—a declaration of his resolution to destroy himself. His narrow escape, and the trouble he got himself into, made the journalist more cautious in future as to the means he took to obtain "exclusive" local news.

But if there be a great contrast between the feelings with which the editors of the London newspapers regard each other, and those which actuate the breasts of editors in provincial towns, the contrast between the American and the London editors is, in this respect, infinitely greater. As I have in some measure digressed already, I content myself with the following specimen of the feelings the New York editors entertain towards each other. It is copied from 'The New York Herald' of May last, and is headed:—

"FRACAS IN NEW YORK.

"Editor James Gordon Bennett was assaulted in the streets by a rival editor, James Watson Webb, of 'The Courier and Inquirer.' The former gives the following opening of this affair:—'It was about half-past two o'clock—the sun was shining brilliantly—the sky was clear—and no doubt the angels and spirits in heaven were looking down through that azure sky, to witness how brutal—how mad—how villanous—how cowardly—how ruffianly it was possible for one man in New York to make himself. As soon as I found myself attacked, I turned upon him. His superior personal strength, which God Almighty in his wisdom has given him for some inscrutable purpose, was altogether too powerful for me to contend with. The great crowd of brokers and others who collected around, cried out, 'Shoot him, Bennett,'—'Shoot the d—d rascal,'—'Shoot him down, he deserves it.' I wish I had had with me my good pistols, which I kept loaded in my office. . . . After a scuffle we were separated by the crowd. My damage is a scratch, about three quarters of an inch in length, on the third finger of the left hand, which I received from the iron railing I was forced against, and three buttons torn from my vest, which my tailor will reinstate for 6d. His

loss is a rent from top to bottom of a very beautiful black coat, which cost the ruffian forty dollars, and a blow on the face, which may have knocked down his throat some of his infernal teeth, for anything I know. Balance in my favour, 39 dollars 94 cents.

“‘As to intimidating me, or changing my course,’ proceeds Mr. Bennett, ‘the thing cannot be done. Neither Webb nor any other man can or shall intimidate me. I tell the honest truth in my paper, and leave the consequences to God. Could I leave them in better hands? I may be attacked—I may be assailed—I may be killed—I may be murdered, but I never will abandon the cause of truth, morals, and virtue. It is not, nor ever was, in James-Watson Webb to intimidate or frighten from the exercise of his rights James Gordon Bennett. If the public authorities do not choose to protect the peace of the city, and secure peaceable men in the enjoyment of their rights, I shall carry arms for my own protection.

“‘Hereafter I shall be obliged to carry weapons to defend my person, and if he gets killed in the street, the blood be upon his own head.’

“After insinuating that his antagonist is mad, the writer in the ‘Herald’ proceeds—

“‘Out of pity to the poor maniac, I shall to-

day make an application to the Commissioners of Bellevue Asylum, and humanely request Mr. John Targee, the worthy head of that establishment, to take him into his custody—to give him good lodgings—to treat him kindly—and by all means to have his head shorn, and every bit of his whiskers shaved off. With the help of Heaven and tropical bathings, I may be the means of restoring poor Webb to his long-lost senses. May Heaven grant it! Amen.'

"The writer, after modestly comparing himself to Socrates, goes on telling of the inward promptings of his ——. 'I hear a voice, as it were, from heaven, by morning, noon, and night, crying me onward in the cause of truth, morals, and civilization. In the mazes of Wall Street—amid the solemn chantings of Trinity—in all places of public resort, where the pretty milliner girls in town fish for lovers—at the kissing academy in Sullivan Street, in the midst of the very smack—nay, even at that graceless fellow's theatre, Hamblin the humbug,—this voice is continually sounding in my ear, like the distant voice of many waters, almost articulated into words, 'Go on; the day of another Athenian civilization is at hand—a new Athens will again arise in another land; the barbarian and brute who wears whiskers, and

attempts to beat down truth, will himself be struck to the earth.' ”

I have seldom read anything more rich than this. It is truly amusing to see how “Editor James Gordon Bennett” assumes that the “angels and spirits in heaven” took such a special interest in him, instead of siding with the rival editor, James Watson Webb, of the ‘*Courier and Inquirer*.’ The injury, too, which James Gordon Bennett did to the “very beautiful black coat” of his “ruffian” rival, which cost forty dollars, while his own wardrobe only suffered to the extent of the loss of three buttons, “which any tailor would reinstate for sixpence,”—is mentioned with inimitable effect. The comparative pecuniary damage which the martial editors sustained is given, no doubt, with great impartiality. Poor Editor James Watson Webb seems to have been sadly “punished,” even supposing there had been no ground for the fact hypothetically put by James Gordon Bennett, namely, that the blow he gave his rival had “knocked some of his infernal teeth down his throat.” Then comes the “humane” wish to see Editor James Watson Webb safely deposited in “good lodgings,”—which, being translated into yet plainer English, means a lunatic asylum,—“with his head shorn and every bit of his

whiskers shaven." The last is the worst cut of all. Depend on it that James Watson Webb is inordinately proud of his whiskers—as much so, no doubt, as Mrs. Hoffman's celebrated Russian hero was. He of the 'New York Herald' knows that the whiskers are the sore point with him of the 'New York Inquirer,' and hence his description of the latter as "the barbarian and brute" whose whiskers should be shaved! James Gordon Bennett, in conclusion, depicts in glowing colours the useful results which are likely to accrue from his exertions in the cause of "truth, morals, and civilization." Not only will the "barbarian and brute who wears whiskers be struck to the earth," but "the day of another Athenian civilization is at hand."

This graphic description of a trans-Atlantic editorial scuffle has seduced me into a short digression. I now return to our metropolitan editors and newspapers.

Accustomed as the editors of London newspapers are to take a conspicuous part in all kinds of mental conflicts, one would think they would be in a great measure insensible to any attacks made on them in their character of journalists. This is the fact in many, perhaps in most cases; but by no means in all. I know the editor of an old-established London paper—

himself for many years a keen disputant in the political arena—who felt a sort of horror when Cobbett threatened to attack him, and who sensibly smarted under every vigorous assault made on him. I know another, who, having been severely handled in a review of a work of his, which appeared in an obscure periodical long since extinct, felt so sore on the subject, that he went to the publishers with a view of getting the name of the author, in order that he might give him a sound cudgelling. “Who’s the writer of that article abusing the author of — in such unmeasured terms?” said the indignant journalist to the publisher, as he entered the shop of the latter. The question was put in the usually blunt manner of the editor, and without any previous “How do you do?” or other courteous expression.

“What right, Sir, have you to inquire?” said the vender of the periodical in which the offensive article appeared.

“Sir, I am the person so grossly abused.”

“We never, in such cases, give up the names of our writers. It is nothing but fair criticism; nothing but fair criticism, Sir.”

“I tell you, Sir,” said the journalist, with an emphasis expressive of the deepest indignation, “I tell you, Sir, it is grossly abusive of me per-

sonally; and I demand the name of the libeller."

"Never give up the names of writers, Sir; never give up the names of writers," observed the publisher, stroking his chin, and otherwise appearing to take the matter coolly.

"You don't! Then, Sir, I hold *you*, as the publisher, responsible," said the journalist, at the same time swaggering through the shop, and stamping two or three times with his walking cane on the floor.

"Sir, I really think you are——"

"There is no use," said the journalist, interrupting the frightened publisher, and significantly eyeing him through his pair of glasses: "there is no use in having words on the subject. Do you, or do you not, give up the name of the slanderer?" continued he, raising his voice to a pitch worthy of Stentor himself.

"Sir, Sir," stammered the alarmed vender of periodical literature, "will you allow me to——"

"I will allow nothing, Sir; say at once," observed the enraged journalist, at the same time brandishing his stick in his face, "say at once whether you will give up the name of the author or not."

"Mr. Jones!" said the publisher, quite in the "York, you're wanted!" style, at the same time looking significantly towards the door of a small

room, which was the office of the periodical, at the back of the premises.

"Did you call me, Sir?" said a ragged broken-down looking figure, quivering on his pedestals with fright, and holding the door of his *sanctum sanctorum* in his hand.

"This gentleman is the author of ———, and he wants to see you on the subject of your review of the work."

The reviewer, looking with dismay at the journalist, made a slight bow, and advanced two or three steps tremblingly towards the centre of the shop.

"So, Sir," said the journalist, raising his walking-cane from the floor, and assuming an attitude well calculated to frighten the poor reviewer out of his wits—"So, Sir, you are the person who has poured out all this scurrility on me. I should like to know——"

"I do assure you, Sir," interrupted the reviewer, in a tone and manner which, with his ragged starved-like appearance, would have softened the heart of Nero himself; "I do assure you, Sir, I am heartily sorry to think I have given you offence."

The journalist's indignation at the abuse heaped on him gave place to a feeling of pity for the abusing party, when he saw the tattered

condition of his wardrobe and his destitute appearance generally; and, instead of laying his cane unsparingly on his person, as he had fully intended, he put his hand into his pocket and gave him a sovereign, cautioning him at the same time, when he next cut up a book, to be more guarded in the use of epithets abusive of the author.

The editor of a newspaper, if you may credit his own columns, is a man of many joys and sorrows mingled together in pretty equal proportions. "It is with extreme regret" he announces deaths of persons of whose existence he never heard. He apprises his readers "with the most painful feelings" of some serious accident which has occurred in some remote part of the country, though he knows nothing either of the sufferer, or of the topography of the place in which the said accident happened. But the fact is, that the editor is a man of universal philanthropy: his sympathy with the distressed of his fellow beings, is only limited by the confines of intelligent creation. He obeys the scriptural injunction (on paper) of going to the house of mourning, and sorrowing with those who sorrow. But then immediately above or under the paragraph in which the editor is represented as overwhelmed with sorrow, you find

him "extremely happy" in announcing to his readers that somebody or other has succeeded to a large fortune, or been appointed to a good place. The sources of his joys are thus as numerous as those of his sorrows. What a singularly compounded being he must be thus to participate equally, and at the same moment, in the joys and sorrows of the whole human race! Extremes are said to meet: in the case of the editor of a newspaper they are never parted. His mind, or at any rate his columns, is a world in miniature of pleasures and pains—happiness and misery.

The newspaper is incomparably the noblest and most useful purpose to which the invention of printing has been turned. It is by far the most glorious of the triumphs which typography, in all probability, is destined to achieve. The newspaper pre-eminently comes home to the business and bosoms of men. Talk of the varied information and utility of the cyclopædias and almanacks! Why, these publications are not to be mentioned in the same breath with the newspaper; it addresses itself to your immediate wants; affords you that information, without which you could not spend even the day on which you have entered, with any degree of comfort. Deprive us of our newspapers, and a

greater calamity could not befall us. Life without them would scarcely be worth the having. What to the man accustomed to his morning paper, along with his rolls and butter, would be his breakfast without one? Speak to this point, ye subscribers to the morning journals, who have occasionally, through heavy debates in parliament, important expresses received at a late hour, or other causes,—been deprived of your paper until eleven or twelve o'clock,—say, have you not, in such cases, spent a most miserable morning? Has not your breakfast been deprived of its usual relish? Have not even the smiling faces of the members of your family, supposing you to be married, lost the charm which they possess at all other times? The newspaper is now become a necessary of life. Its uses are innumerable; it addresses itself to its readers as intellectual men, as members of the body politic, and as private individuals. It is the first to inform them of any new discovery of importance in the science of mind. It points out, by its reviews, its reports of the proceedings of literary and scientific societies, its advertisements, &c. everything of interest which transpires in the republic of letters. As to politics, again, it is pre-eminently its province to communicate the amplest information regarding them. Whatever

bears, either directly or indirectly, on the destinies of the nation, is to be found in the columns of the newspaper. To all such matters it has an eagle eye; and not to the politics of this country only, but to those of the whole civilised world. Read your newspaper carefully, and it is your own fault if you have not a clear view, without rising off your chair, of the state of matters in all parts of the globe. I was much struck with an observation which a pious Baptist minister made some years ago to a friend of mine, when on a visit in the north of Scotland. A newspaper having been brought into the room, he held out his hand to receive it, saying, "Be kind enough to let me have it for a few minutes, till I see how the Supreme Being is governing the world!" A more forcible or felicitous expression, as applied to a newspaper, could not be employed. The newspaper is indeed a mirror in which you see reflected the mode in which the Deity administers the affairs of the world. As regards its readers, considered in their capacity of private individuals, the newspaper is an article of the greatest importance. What sort of information does any one want? Be what it may, he is sure to find it among its universally varied contents. Is he a fundholder, and is desirous to see whether the particular kind of

stock he holds is "looking up," or "on the decline?" Let him go to the column set apart for "City Intelligence," and there he will at once meet with the information he desires. Has he been "speculating" in the railways, the joint-stock banking companies, the mining associations, &c., and is anxious to see whether the shares are at a premium or discount; or in other words, what is the present aspect of his speculation? Let him consult the same authority, and it will afford him the information of which he is in quest. Is he a capitalist, and looking out for the most eligible investment? Let him carefully scan the columns of a newspaper, and they will acquaint him with every conceivable investment which may be made,—Bank stock, all sorts of joint-stock property, landed estates, houses, &c. &c., leaving it to his own judgment to decide as to which of the various competitors for his capital, affords the safest and most profitable investment. Has the reader money to lend? Let him look to the newspaper, and he will hear of plenty of borrowers. Or does he want to borrow a certain amount himself? Let him have recourse to the same oracle, and it will inform him of parties who will be happy to accommodate him,—because in so doing they will be accommodating themselves,—provided he can give them the requisite

security. If the reader is in want of a servant—cook, maid of all work, footman, coachman, gardener, porter, errand-boy, or anything else,—let him be off instantly to his newspaper, and there he will find such numbers of persons “wanting places,” and all having “undeniable characters from their last employers,” that he will have an opportunity of picking and choosing so as to suit himself. Does he want a tutor for his family? He will find a host of personages in one of the advertising columns, all offering to do the very service he wants performed. Does he want a house? There are scores of them, in the newspapers in all parts of the town and suburbs, and at all rents. Possibly, being a single man, or one of “a newly-married couple,” he would prefer board or furnished lodgings. Very well; there is nothing to prevent his wish being gratified. There are dozens of “respectable families,” who will receive him to board, and hundreds of houses “genteelly furnished,” whose doors are open to the young couple at a moderate rent,—and no lack of promises of attention to their comfort, to the bargain. Are you a stranger in London about to depart for India, and wish to find out the vessel which sails earliest? You need not take a cab down to the Docks to inquire, and, in addition to the expense,

and inconvenience, run the risk of a broken neck; you will get the information without stirring from your apartment, by glancing your eye over the advertising columns of your newspaper. There you will find that "The Triumph, 600 tons, Captain Thomas Green," or some other ship equally excellent, starts in a day or two for the very place to which you are destined. Do you wish to start for any part of the country, and would find out the coach which will suit you best, without much trouble? To your newspaper, as Hamlet says to Ophelia when urging her to shut herself up from the world in a nunnery,—to your newspaper, and you will at once obtain the information you want. "The Telegraph" or some other "vekel," (vehicle,) as the coachmen say, starts at the very moment that suits you best. But it were an endless task to specify the uses of the newspaper. Are you unwell? No matter what your complaint, or however near the gates of death, you will find some one advertising nostrums which, if you are inclined to take his word for it, will infallibly work an immediate and entire cure. If your wife is dying, and you wish to look out for an undertaker, go by all means to your newspaper, and you will read of dozens who "perform funerals." Or

are you haunted with the fear of resurrection-men, after your own bodies shall have been confined to the narrow house? Consult your oracle, the newspaper, and you will read of the Harrow Cemetery, where, on the payment of a small sum, your bones shall assuredly rest quite secure till the crack of doom. There is, in fine, no conceivable information which you will not find in its columns; you can have no want, but it will point out to you the means of supplying it, provided always the means exist. Every line is pregnant with information of some kind or other. The Delphic oracle had no pretensions to the name, compared with the newspaper. The information of the former was limited, as well as often false: that of the latter is unlimited; it embraces every subject both in the world's business and the world's philosophy. Its comprehensive grasp takes in everything on earth; aye, and many things which are not of the earth. The most momentous and most trifling matters are all attended to by the newspaper. It embraces all events which occur, from a revolution in the State down to the election of a parish beadle. While paying due attention to the proceedings in Parliament, it does not forget to chronicle those at the Radical meetings of some half dozen of the unwashed in Mr. Savage's

'Mechanics Institution, Circus-street.' In juxtaposition with the speeches of Lord Melbourne, the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Lyndhurst, in one branch of the legislature, and those of Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel in the other,—you have the seditious harangues of Dr. Wade and his democratical compatriots at No. 8, Theobald's-road. The truth is, that the editors of a newspaper are aware they have a motley assemblage of readers, and therefore they must do the best they can to please every variety of palate. It is no less requisite that the taste of the politician who swigs his pint of porter in the tap-room; or gulps, to use one of Mr. Cleave's terms, his muddy cup of coffee, be suited,—than that of the member of the Carlton Club or of Brookes'. And not only is the newspaper universal as regards the number of subjects it embraces, it is also ever watchful. It never loses sight, for one moment, of any subject to which it has ever called attention, so long as it possesses any public interest. It is the same with individuals of consequence. It tracks them with dogged perseverance from the cradle to the grave. It registers their birth; it tells you when they have attained their majority; it announces their marriage; accompanies them in their honey-moon excursion; informs you of the

circumstance—that is, when the parties are so fortunate—of their getting an heir or heiress; makes a regular entry of the births of all succeeding sons and daughters to the end of the chapter; pays due attention to everything out of the beaten track of life; is most exemplary in proclaiming their vices as well as their virtues; apprises you of their death, and the circumstances under which it took place,—whether in the course of nature or by the person's own hand, or by the hands of some other party. It were impossible, indeed, for anything to exceed the vigilance of the newspaper; nothing, positively nothing, of any importance to anybody, escapes its ever watchful eye. But the importance and interest of the newspaper are not solely owing to the character of its contents: its form, and the amazing rapidity of its transmission to all parts of the country, are circumstances which give a great adventitious value to it. In the case of other publications, however interesting the contents, you have to turn over a great many leaves, owing to the inconvenience of their form, in searching for the information you want. Not so with the newspaper; it spreads out its varied and copious stores at once before you, so that your eye ranges over its contents at a few glances. Books and

other publications only find their way even into local circulation, slowly: it requires months, however valuable, before they can be generally seen. The newspaper is in the hands of every body within a circuit of many miles, the instant it issues from the press. I have often been amazed at the rapidity with which a newspaper reaches the hands of its local subscribers. It is one of the great triumphs of good arrangements, coupled with great exertions, to do the thing expeditiously. Even the readers of newspapers in the remotest parts of the kingdom, may be said to have them instantaneously. In the short space of three days, through our admirable post-office arrangements, they are spread over the length and breadth of the land. Hence their news is in reality news: were the transmission of a newspaper impeded, it would deprive it of half its interest.

In the above sketch of the contents of a newspaper, I have glanced indiscriminately at the advertisement and intelligence departments. There are some people who never think of looking into the advertisement columns of a journal, at all. To me, on the contrary, the advertisements of a London newspaper constitute the most interesting part of its contents. If you would study human nature under circumstances most

favourable for an accurate judgment, go by all means to the advertisements of a London newspaper. There you will find it exhibited under all its varied phases. Advertisements are infinitely better instructors, as to the opinions, habits, and tendencies of the human mind, than the works of our most profound philosophers. The latter only describe human nature speculatively: in the advertising columns of a London newspaper, you see it practically exemplified. I take a morning paper of the 20th of June,—the day on which I write this,—and what do I find in the department filled with advertisements? Were I to attempt to do justice to these advertisements, it would take up a volume as large as the one now in the hands of the reader. Let me glance at a few of these advertisements. My eye first rests on a column in which I find no fewer than eighteen governesses all wanting situations. A governess! In most cases the term is but another name for slavery and indignity combined. I can easily perceive, from the tone which pervades their advertisements, that these young unprotected creatures, are, in the majority of cases, the daughters of men who have moved in a respectable sphere of life, but have either been reduced in circumstances, or been removed by death; and therefore they are obliged

to support themselves. I can also easily perceive that they are of a modest and retiring disposition, and that nothing but dire necessity compels them to appear in the columns of a newspaper. There are, however, exceptions to every rule; and, among the advertisements to which I refer, I observe one young Miss, who has the most exalted notions of her own qualifications,—ten times as great, I will answer for it, as the mother of the daughters whom she may be employed to teach, will have when she has had two or three months' trial of her. She is, taking her own word for it, perfectly mistress of the French, German, Italian, and all modern languages,—which she speaks with the purity of the natives. Her musical talents are not to be surpassed; and, in drawing, she is perfectly unrivalled. To crown all, she is of a most amiable disposition. Conceit, the ruling passion, is as strong in the dozen lines her advertisement occupies, as it were possible it could be made appear in that limited space. In the immediate vicinity of this advertisement I find another, intimating that “A French governess is wanted. No English lady need apply.” Here is stupidity. What *English* lady would think of applying when a *French* one was wanted. Farther down the column, I observe that a gardener

and his wife are wanted. The latter must not be under forty-five years of age, and there must be no "encumbrance." Encumbrance, it may be right to mention, here means children; and, to make assurance doubly sure against any future encumbrance, it is expressly stipulated that the wife be forty-five years of age. Here are prudence and economy combined,—blended, it may be, with somewhat of the Malthusian philosophy. What comes next? "Mr. Morgan has removed from 42, Davies-street, to 24, Baker-street!" Behold the aristocratic disposition! Theophrastus would have sought no better proof of Mr. Morgan being a man of a proud and haughty mind. He is a surgeon, but he is ashamed of his profession; and yet he is so poor, that he must inform his patients of the place to which he has removed, lest they should not take the trouble to inquire, and he be consequently deprived of the privilege of *bleeding* them. I use the word in a double sense. His pride will not allow him to convey the intimation in the courteous terms becoming his dependent condition. It would be a sad shock to his imaginary dignity to use the words, "Beggars leave respectfully to announce," &c. "M. C. wants a place as housemaid, where a footman is kept!" The plain English of this is, that Mary wants a husband,

not a place. However, she will accept the latter, to pave the way for the former; but she will take care that no situation "suit" her where the footman is married. Immediately below the notification of the housemaid, is another to the effect, that "A respectable young woman, aged thirty, wants a situation as cook!" Here we have the proverbial reluctance of a single female to acknowledge her real age after she has passed her twenty-fifth year. Molly is forty years of age, though she sets herself down as only thirty. I am perfectly certain, that if I knew any one who had been acquainted with her for the last ten years,—that person would say, if appealed to on the subject, as Fontenelle did in the case of the French lady, under similar circumstances,—that he could not deny she was thirty, having constantly heard her say so for the last ten years. And yet, observe, she calls herself "young." Yes, but who ever heard an unmarried female admit the applicability of the term "old" to her. Next comes "a good cook" in quest of a situation. She is "a woman of sober habits!" As she mentions no other good quality but that of her sobriety, it is as clear as any proposition in Euclid, that she is a confirmed tippler—a frequenter of the gin-palaces, and in all probability a native of Ireland.

Some one has got a capital set of chambers to let in Furnival's Inn; "for particulars apply at the porter's lodge!" It is manifest as the noon-day sun, that the advertiser is a parsimonious man. He will not even give the "particulars in general," as an Irishman would say, because it would put him to two or three shillings more expense. However, let him take his own way of it. He will find in the end, that he is one of the penny wise, pound foolish gentry. Had he stated something regarding his set of chambers, the chances were some one might have inquired after them; but who will trouble themselves to go and interrogate the porter on the subject? "Andrews and Co. have just published a Guide to persons commencing House-keeping; to be had gratis, at their Complete Furnishing House, Finsbury Square." Here the ingenious and the cunning are blended in equal proportions. "The Guide" means nothing more than a recommendatory list of the advertisers' own articles. Not only does "the Guide" recommend no article which they have not for sale, but you may stake your existence on it, that it strongly recommends as indispensable to a properly furnished house, *every* article which they have to dispose of. See, again, in the very next advertisement, or "ad." as the

printers call them, the pompous and inflated address of the empiric. He cares not for pecuniary reward—not he; he is actuated by the noblest and most disinterested motives in announcing to you that he has for forty, or some other very lengthened term of years, been the means of annually restoring to life and happiness so many thousand human beings, when on the very brink of the grave, and when given up by all other physicians. It is from sheer humanity that he forces, if he can, his medicine down your throat, provided you will not be prevailed on to swallow it of your own accord. And there is no disease which he cannot cure. He undertakes to do everything short of restoring animation after the vital spark has fled. To throw you off your guard more completely as to his real character, he is sure to denounce all other professors of the healing art as “heartless pretenders.” He thus traffics in humanity. He does not kill you by violent means in order that he may rob you; the law in that case would reach him; but without a compunctious visiting he will trifle with your life, and quietly administer his poison, till he has sent you to your grave, in order that he may extract a few pounds from you. Do you see that advertisement at the top of the second column, headed, “An Appeal to

the Charitable and Humane," and containing a long detail of the calamities to which the advertiser has been subject? Take care, if you are your own friend, of your pockets. It is a thousand to one but it is either from Miss Zouch herself, or some one of the same class of persons.

But the enumeration of the various exhibitions of human nature, as given in the advertising columns of a London newspaper, were an endless task. To be sure, men often endeavour to throw a veil, by means of their advertisements, over their real characters; but the thing is so transparent that no man of the slightest discernment can be misled by it. The simple only are deceived. The man of penetration who will undertake the task of carefully perusing the advertising columns of a double sheet of 'The Times,' or 'The Morning Herald,' will, as already observed, get, as his reward, such an insight into human nature as he will look for in vain in the works of the most distinguished philosophers of whom the world can boast.

CHAPTER V.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS—PARLIAMENTARY REPORTING.

Influence of the reporters—Fairness and accuracy of their reports—Number of reporters, and their arrangements—Their literary qualifications—Distinguished persons, who have been, or are reporters—The regularity which obtains among reporters—Reporting more a mechanical than an intellectual art—Is at times a most arduous profession—Verbatim reports not judicious in the generality of cases—Anecdotes connected with the gallery.

THE Parliamentary Reporting establishments of the daily press has been jocularly called "The Fourth Estate." The joke is one of those in which there is much more truth than is generally supposed. The influence which the parliamentary reporters exercise on public opinion, is incalculably great. Everything is left to their own discretion. They receive no instructions

from the proprietors or editors of the different journals with which they are connected, as to what is to be reported, and what not; and when their reports are completed they are handed to the compositors, without the alteration of a single word, or anything in the shape of enlargement or abridgement being suggested by the editors. It is clear, therefore, that their power to influence public opinion is very great. Happily, however, the power which the reporters thus possess is almost invariably exercised in the right way. They never allow private partialities or private prejudices to interfere with their discharge of a public duty. They always take care to proportion the length of their reports to the space which the speaker fills in the public eye, and to the importance, or otherwise, of the subject on which he addresses the House. And their tact and judgment in this respect are remarkable. They know well who are the most influential speakers, and what is the measure of importance which the public attach to the question discussed.

It is true that complaints are often made of their not reporting certain speeches at greater length; but a little inquiry will always discover that these complaints proceed either directly from the particular members themselves, or in-

directly through some of their most intimate friends.

Cobbett, when a member of the House, used to heap his choicest epithets of abuse on the devoted heads of the reporters, because they did not report every word which fell from him in committees. Dr. Bowring, towards the end of last session, evinced a disposition to snarl at them, for the same reason. Of all men in the world the Doctor should be the last to complain of the reporters; for they have certainly, on all occasions, given as much of his speeches as those speeches were worth.

Were the reporters not to exercise a sound discretion as to what speeches they ought to report and what not, and as to the relative length at which the speeches they do report ought to be given,—the mass of verbiage and nonsense which would daily appear in the morning papers, would, in the first place, make their readers turn away with disgust from the parliamentary reports; and, in the second, cause them to give up the papers themselves. This view of the matter has been abundantly verified by experience. A recent confirmation of it has been furnished by the establishment of the ‘Mirror of Parliament.’ That journal, if so it may be called, was started five or six years ago for the

avowed purpose of supplying what the original proprietors conceived a desideratum in the reports of the proceedings in Parliament, namely, a verbatim account of everything spoken by hon. members. And what has been the result of the experiment? Confessedly a very serious loss to the parties who embarked their capital in the speculation. The public never felt the least disposition to read more lengthened reports of parliamentary eloquence than those furnished in the daily papers: and consequently the circulation of the 'Mirror of Parliament' has been, from the first, almost exclusively confined to hon. members themselves, and a few public institutions, which of necessity makes it very limited.

I believe that from first to last the money lost in this undertaking does not fall much short of 7,000*l.*, though the work has only been in existence about seven years. A considerable portion of the amount has come out of the pockets of Mr. Alderman Winchester, late Lord Mayor. He was one of the earliest proprietors. When he "backed out" of the concern, Mr. Gye, one of the proprietors of Vauxhall Gardens, engaged to carry on the publication; but having lost a good deal of money by it, he also took the first opportunity of disposing of the property to other parties. It is now understood to be in the hands

of several Members of Parliament, of whom Mr. Tennyson D'Eyncourt, the Member for Lambeth, is said to be the leading proprietor.

Had the idea of giving verbatim reports of every speech delivered in either House of Parliament, been a good one—had the public desired more copious reports than were given in the daily papers, the success of the 'Mirror of Parliament' must have been complete; for never was any plan more ably executed. To procure the services of the most competent reporters the most liberal remuneration was given. For what is called a "turn" of three-quarters of an hour a guinea was, for a long time, allowed; and, as two or three turns were, on an average, taken every night by each gentleman of the establishment, the reporters made from ten to fifteen guineas per week. On some occasions, I understand, some of them have made as much as twenty guineas in one week. Of late the losses on the publication have been so great, that the remuneration for a turn has been reduced to half a guinea. My own impression is that both the public and the proprietors of newspapers would be gainers by a curtailment of the length at which the reports of the proceedings in Parliament are now given. It is notorious that thousands of people, who have neither leisure

nor inclination to wade through six or twelve columns of prosing speeches, content themselves with the "summaries" * which are given by some of the gentlemen connected with the respective newspapers; so that the space devoted to the reports of the proceedings is altogether lost to them. If, however, more abridged reports were given,—excepting in those cases where the surpassing popularity of the speaker, or the absorbing interest of the subject, would justify greater copiousness,—every reader would have recourse to the reports themselves, instead of trusting to the summaries, which must necessarily be very meagre in their information.

A judicious curtailment of the speeches of hon. members would be attended with beneficial consequences to the country. Were the different journals to lay it down as a rule, to give only the points of a speech, and carefully to exclude all extraneous matter and mere verbiage,

The practice of giving a summary of the proceedings in both Houses of Parliament is one of recent introduction into the newspapers; but it is certainly one of the greatest improvements which could have been made. It is, perhaps, next to the leading article, the most attractive feature in the daily journals. I believe, but am not sure, that 'The Morning Herald' was the first to set the example.

hon. members would at once be deprived of their strongest inducement to make lengthened harangues; for their greatest ambition is to "shine" in the papers of the following morning; and most of them—we mean the fourth and fifth rate speakers—foolishly suppose that there can be no greater proof of the ability of a speaker, than the length of his speech. In the proposed case of giving condensed reports, they would at once come to the resolution of strictly confining themselves to the subject under consideration; and the necessary consequence would be, that more time and attention would be devoted to the real business of the country,—which suffers, to an extent of which those unacquainted with the proceedings in Parliament can have no conception, from the existing practice of making such lengthened speeches.

We often hear of the advantages of a division of labour. There never was a more striking illustration of this than is furnished in the case of parliamentary reporting. When Mr. Perry, late proprietor of 'The Morning Chronicle,' commenced his career as a reporter, which was about the year 1780, the morning papers had only one reporter each. He had to remain in the House during the whole of the proceedings, and to give an account of them—a mere outline

of course—from the beginning to the end. What aggravated the fatigue and difficulty of the task, was the circumstance of not being allowed to take any notes in the gallery. Reporters were then obliged to trust wholly to memory. The entire number of parliamentary reporters now on the metropolitan newspaper press, is about eighty. Upwards of sixty of the number are on the morning papers, and the remainder on the evening. The parliamentary reporting *corps* of the leading morning papers, varies from twelve to fifteen. Each reporter takes a turn of three-quarters of an hour's duration. The moment his time has expired, he quits the gallery, his place being taken by another, walks down to the office of the paper for which he is engaged, where he extends his notes in a legible hand, and then transfers the manuscript, which is on small slips, written only on one side,—to the printer. The printer distributes the slips among the compositors. The writing only on one side, facilitates the labour of the compositors, who, when five or six of them are employed on the same reporter's copy, always put his manuscript into types as fast as he can get it ready. When the reporter who succeeded the first gentleman has been on duty his three-quarters of an hour, he is relieved by some of his colleagues,

and he also goes directly to the office to write out his copy in a perfect hand. In this way the thing goes on alphabetically the whole night, until all the reporters on the different establishments have severally had their "turns,"—unless the House should chance to rise before the number is exhausted. It is but very seldom that any of the reporters have two turns on the same night. They only have so, either when two or three of them are absent from ill health, or on other business, or when both Houses sit for some considerable time. In that case the reporters severally extend the duration of their turns, in either House, to an hour,—otherwise they would be required to take a second turn before they had written out the first. This sometimes happens even with the hour turns. It so happens, either when the speaker or the subject has been so important as to render a copious report desirable; or when the reporter's notes, which is pretty often the case, are so confused as to prevent his reading them with ease.

When a reporter begins extending his notes for the compositor, he writes at the commencement of his first slip his own name and the name of the colleague whom he succeeds, in this way—"Hammond follows Richards," or whatever else the names of the parties chance

to be. When he finishes his turn, he writes in the same way at the end of his slip the name of the gentleman who follows him, together with his own. The object of this is to enable the printer to arrange the copy given him by the various reporters in its proper order. But for this regulation, the speeches of the different members would be thrown into confusion, and awkward transpositions of the several parts of the same member's speech would also occasionally occur.

When a reporter takes copious notes of any speech, it usually requires five times the time to extend those notes in a readable hand, which it occupied in taking them. Supposing, for instance, that a reporter has a turn of an hour, it will take fully five hours hard incessant labour, to extend his notes for the printer. The notes which a good reporter will take in three-quarters of an hour, usually fill, when extended, about two columns of 'The Times.' In the case of Lord Stanley, and some other honourable members, who speak with much rapidity, the notes so taken would, when written out at full length, occupy two columns and a half of 'The Times.'

Many of the reporters write with much rapidity. It is considered a great effort to write a

column of 'The Times' in two hours and a half; but instances have been known of its being done in two hours. Mr. Serjeant Spankie was one of the most rapid writers ever known on the press. When a reporter on 'The Morning Chronicle,' in Mr. Perry's time, he, on one occasion, wrote a column in an hour. To be sure, the paper was then much smaller in size than it now is, and the type much larger than that now used, but the disproportion was not so great as not to entitle the effort of the learned gentleman to be regarded as the most successful one at rapid writing, with which I am acquainted. The next most successful, perhaps, was that of the late Mr. William Godwin, junior, who, when a reporter five or six years ago on 'The Morning Chronicle,' wrote a column of the then size of the paper, in an hour and three-quarters. It is to be observed, that in the cases to which I refer, there was not only the mere manual exercise of writing, but also the reading of the notes.

The accuracy and elegance with which parliamentary speeches are generally given, are truly wonderful, considering the disadvantages under which the reporters labour. In the last House of Commons they had to contend against the inconvenience of being every two or three

minutes disturbed by "strangers" speaking in the gallery; and very often with that of being jostled about by them when coming in or going out. In the present House they labour under the disadvantage of not hearing the members distinctly when they speak from particular parts of the House. But, perhaps, the crowning disadvantage is that of the shortness of the time allowed them to prepare their reports. They must be drawn out whenever the reporter quits the gallery: the compositors are all impatient for copy: he has no time to lose in retouching and polishing his style. That the reports should, therefore, be executed with so much fidelity and elegance, proves, not only that the gentlemen who report our parliamentary proceedings possess a refined literary taste, but that they have acquired a great facility in composition.

In fact, the great body of the reporters have enjoyed the advantages of a university education; and many of them belong to the learned professions. Several of those at present in the gallery have been educated for the Church of England, the Church of Scotland, and the Church of Rome. Some of them have been regularly ordained, and have only been induced to turn their attention to reporting, because

they have no immediate prospect of obtaining a respectable living in the churches to which they respectively belong. Among the reporters are several physicians and surgeons; while a very large proportion of them are either Barristers-at-Law, or young men studying for the bar.

Some of the reporters at present in the gallery are well known in the literary world. Mr. O'Dwyer, of 'The Morning Herald,' has written several works which have been well received by the public. Mr. Charles Dickens, the author of 'Sketches by Boz,' and 'The Pickwick Club,' is a reporter on the establishment of 'The Morning Chronicle.' I may here be permitted to remark, that Mr. Dickens is one of the most promising literary young men of the present day. For an exquisite perception of the humorous, he certainly has no superior among contemporary writers. Mr. Hazlitt, son of the late celebrated William Hazlitt, who has just published the 'Life and Correspondence of his Father,' is also a reporter on 'The Morning Chronicle.'

Among the reporters of a previous period are to be numbered some of the most distinguished men which the country has produced. Dr. Johnson was among the earliest reporters of the debates

in Parliament. He was anything, according to his own admission, but a fair reporter. He says, that in reporting the debates in Parliament, he always "took care that the Whig rascals should not have the best of the argument." This is tantamount to saying, that he purposely weakened the arguments of the Whigs, and improved those of the Tories,—which argued a great want of principle. It is fortunate the Doctor did not attempt to write the history of his country: a pretty concealment, and colouring, and mutilation of facts, we should, in that case, have had of it. The lexicographer's reports appear to have been very laboured. There is about them all the pomposity which we see in all the works which have emanated from his pen. He preserves none of the peculiarities in the style of the different speakers he reported; but makes them all speak alike. In other words, the Doctor makes them all speak as he himself was accustomed to write. He reports the speeches of Lord Lyttleton, Mr. Pulteney; Lord Chatham, Horace Walpole, and other eminent men, in such a way as if all their speeches had proceeded from the mouth of one person,—though everybody knows that they thought and expressed themselves as differently from each other as it was possible for men to do.

Many of the best known authors in contemporary literature have also been parliamentary reporters. Among the number may be mentioned the late Sir James Macintosh, Allan Cunningham, Mr. S. C. Hall, editor of 'The New Monthly,' and Mr. Jerdan, the editor of 'The Literary Gazette.' Of persons holding important offices, or who are distinguished at the English bar, that have been in the gallery, I may name Mr. Justice Dowling, of New South Wales; Sir John Campbell, the Attorney General; Mr. Stevens, one of the Masters in Chancery; Mr. Serjeant Spankie, and Mr. Sydney Taylor. Almost all the editors of the daily papers have been reporters. Mr. Barnes, of 'The Times;' Mr. Black, of 'The Morning Chronicle;' Mr. Biddleston, of 'The Morning Post;' Mr. Anderson, of 'The Morning Advertiser;' and Mr. Stevens, of 'The Public Ledger,'* have been in the gallery. Mr. Sydney Taylor, of 'The Morning Herald,' I have already mentioned as having been a reporter. Almost all the sub-editors of the daily papers have also been reporters. Mr. Bacon, of 'The Times;' Mr. Haines, of 'The Herald;' Mr. Fraser, of 'The Chronicle;' Mr. Francis, of 'The Post;'

* Since this was written it has changed into 'The Constitutional.'

and Mr. Harwood, of 'The Ledger,' are among the number. Of the gentlemen connected with the evening papers, who have been reporters, it is unnecessary to speak.

I may, however, mention that there are at present in the gallery some near relations of eminent literary men. I have already stated that the son of Mr. Hazlitt is a reporter for 'The Morning Chronicle.' Mr. Leigh Hunt's son, though absent for some time past, may also be considered as one of the corps. He made his *début* in that capacity in the session of 1835, on the establishment of 'The True Sun.' But last and greatest of all, Mr. Byron, a cousin of Lord Byron, is a reporter on 'The Times' newspaper.

It is generally supposed that a parliamentary reporter must necessarily write short-hand. This is a mistake. Some years ago not more than about a fourth part of the reporters used short hand: of late the number has increased, and now, perhaps, one-third of them use it. On 'The Times' and 'Herald' there are gentlemen who cannot write a word in short hand, and yet are considered the most elegant reporters in the gallery. There is a far greater proportion of short-hand reporters on 'The Morning Chronicle' establishment, than on any

other. Indeed, I believe that, with two exceptions, all the reporters on that journal are practised short-hand writers.

The great advantage of stenography over what is called long hand, in the usual mode of writing, is, that it enables the reporter to follow the speaker so closely as to give verbatim what he says. In the case of Sir Robert Peel, Lord Lyndhurst, and other singularly correct speakers, this is of course a very great matter. It is a very inconvenient mode, however, of taking down the speeches of members who speak incorrectly, because short-hand writers are so much in the habit of taking down the words actually used, and giving the speeches as spoken, that unless the errors of diction are very glaring indeed, they seldom think of improving the style. On the other hand, the reporter who takes down the speeches in long-hand can only, as may well be conceived, catch the most important words in a sentence, and sometimes only the meaning or idea, with perhaps half-a-dozen of the words. He is consequently obliged to finish the imperfect sentence himself, or clothe the idea in his own phraseology. In doing this he, of course, endeavours to make the style as correct and elegant as possible. Hence second or third-rate speakers are most fortunate when they get

a good long-hand reporter to take down their speeches.

Nothing can exceed the regularity with which the machinery of reporting is carried on in both Houses of Parliament. Though, as before mentioned, the reporters follow each other every three quarters of an hour, it is very rarely indeed that any one has to remain longer on duty than his own "turn" in consequence of his successor not making his appearance in the gallery at the proper time. When such a circumstance does occur, it will almost invariably be found to be either owing to the unexpected illness of the party, or to his being sent to report the proceedings of some public meeting. The discipline, if it may be so termed, which is kept up among the members of the gallery, solely from a sense of honour among themselves, is as perfect as it were possible for anything of the kind to be. So smoothly do matters go on with them, that neither the editor nor the proprietors of the papers to which they respectively belong, ever hear, from one end of the session to the other, anything of their arrangements as to time, or other things.

Reporting is more of a mechanical than of an intellectual art. It is true that a person to be a good reporter must, as before hinted, be well

informed, and possess considerable facility of composition; but beyond this nothing of a strictly intellectual kind is needed. Originality or vigor of mind have nothing to do with the matter. What more is wanted, is quickness in hearing, and the mechanical power of writing with rapidity. In proof of what I have said, it is worthy of being mentioned, that some of the great men whose names I have already given as having been in the gallery thirty or forty years ago, were very poor reporters; while some of their colleagues were very excellent ones, though they never wrote an original thing in their lives. It is the same still. And I refer, in further proof of my position, to the case of Cowper, the poet, who was so very indifferent a reporter as clerk of the House of Lords, that he was induced to throw the situation up in despair, and was very near throwing himself away, besides. Sir Walter Scott was another instance. He, it is well known, when clerk of the Court of Session in Edinburgh, had the greatest difficulty in the world in giving a report of its proceedings, though nothing more than a mere outline of those proceedings was wanted.

Parliamentary reporting is at times a most arduous profession, and at others it is comparatively light. This, of course, depends entirely

on the importance, or otherwise, of the questions discussed. When what is called a heavy debate occurs, and it is adjourned for three or four nights in succession—as was lately the case three or four times on the Church Appropriation question,—reporting is then, perhaps, the most laborious and fatiguing work in which a man can engage.

The sessions as a whole, however, have been much lighter the last two or three years than they formerly were. One thing which has materially lessened the laboriousness of the reporters' duties, is the adjournment of the House, except in very unusual cases, at half-past twelve. Formerly the sittings were generally prolonged till three o'clock; sometimes later. The reporters are indebted to Mr. Brotherton, the member for Salford, for the early adjournment of the House, as it has, in almost all cases, been on his motion it has taken place. Nor are the reporters the only parties benefited by this new arrangement of Mr. Brotherton; the nation are also gainers by it; for legislation after half-past twelve was always mismanaged under the former system. Many of the members who were best acquainted with the subjects to be brought under consideration, preferred the gambling-house, or Almacks, or their bottle of wine, with some

boon companion, in the hotel or at home,—to the drudgery of examining the details of measures affecting the best interests of the nation; while those that remained were not in all cases conversant with the particular subjects, or were anxious to hurry through, that they might get home to their beds. Mr. Brotherton therefore deserves well of the country for the beneficial change he has introduced.

The salaries of the reporters, as I have already mentioned, in another part of the work, vary, on the morning papers, from three to five guineas per week. On the leading journals they are, with few exceptions, five guineas. Some of the reporters are only employed during the sitting of parliament. When it rises, they have nothing more to do with the journal for which they report. They are re-engaged at the beginning of the following session. An engagement of this kind is called a sessional one. The majority of reporters, however, are engaged annually; but many of them have only reduced salaries during the recess.

By far the greatest number of the gentlemen at present in the gallery, are Irishmen. Formerly three-fourths of them were so. The first great preponderance of Irishmen over Englishmen and Scotchmen united, took place in the time of

Sheridan. That accomplished wit and orator was the means of getting many of his countrymen engagements on the newspapers of his day, and they, very naturally, took every means in their power to get their friends into situations in the gallery when vacancies occurred; or when the demand for more lengthened reports required an increased reporting establishment. In this way the majority of gentlemen in the gallery from the sister island has been kept up. The number of Scotch reporters is small. It is only seven out of nearly eighty, including the reporters from the evening papers. Some of the gentlemen at present in the gallery have been there for a very long period. One gentleman on 'The Times,' another on 'The Morning Chronicle,' and two on 'The Morning Advertiser,' were severally reporters in the time of Fox, Sheridan, and Pitt. One gentleman has been in the gallery, without the intermission of a single session, for more than thirty-four years.

Complaints are occasionally made by members, of errors in the reports of their speeches. Considering the circumstances under which those reports are prepared, it would be no wonder though inaccuracies were of frequent occurrence. They are, however, remarkably rare; and were

the public aware of the facts of the case when complaints are made, it would be found that in most instances the errors which are affiliated by honourable members on reporters, are the progeny of those members themselves. It is worthy of remark, that it will almost invariably be found that the members who complain of inaccurately reported speeches are men of fourth or fifth rate talents as public speakers: it is a very unusual thing for the best speakers to complain of the reports of their speeches; their only surprise is, that they should be reported with so much elegance and accuracy.

Complaints are also occasionally made by members, that their speeches are not reported *verbatim*. Pretty speeches, in that case, would some of their orations appear! The plan of giving *verbatim* reports was once tried by Dr. Stoddart, now Sir John Stoddart, when he conducted 'The New Times.' The result of the experiment was such as ought to prevent any one calling for *verbatim* reports in future. The members made downright fools of themselves, and set the public a laughing from one end of the country to the other. Lord Castlereagh exhibited himself as "*standing prostrate* at the foot of Majesty," and as "walking forward with his back turned on himself." Sir Frederick

Flood, one of the Irish members, and a great stickler for *verbatim* reports, appeared one morning as having on the previous evening enlightened and delighted the House with the following profound philosophy and brilliant eloquence:—"Mr. Spaker,—As I was coming down to this House to perform my duty to the country and ould Ireland, I was brutally attacked, Sir, by a mob, Mr. Spaker, of ragamuffins, Sir. If, Sir, any honourable gintlemin is to be assaulted, Mr. Spaker, by such a parcel of spalpeens, Sir, as were after attacking me, Mr. Spaker, then I say, Mr. Spaker, that if you do not, Mr. Spaker, be after protecting gintlemin; like myself, Sir, we cannot be after coming to the House of Parliament at all at all, Mr. Spaker. And, Sir, may I be after axing you, Sir, what, Sir, would become, Sir, of the bisness of the country, Mr. Spaker, in such a case, Mr. Spaker? Will you, Sir, be after answering myself that question, Mr. Spaker? It's myself that would like an answer, Sir, to the question, Sir, as soon as convanient, Sir, which I have asked you, Mr. Spaker."*

* Sir Frederick was a singularly eccentric man. He was quite delighted when any one asked a frank from him, and whether the party applying for it was a person moving in the same sphere of society as himself, or

This proved a complete extinguisher to Sir Frederick Flood's *penchant* for *verbatim* reporting. He went, the day on which his oration appeared, to the editors of all the morning papers, and said he would thereafter leave his speeches to "the discretion of the reporters." Even Dr. Bowring, who, as before mentioned, is the greatest advocate at present for *verbatim* reports, occasionally condescends to speak nonsense. A few evenings before the close of last session, he assured the House that a certain measure had "not received the sanction of the judgment of the eye of public opinion." It is but justice, however, to the honourable member to add, that he usually speaks with sufficient accuracy.

Some amusing circumstances occasionally oc-

one of the most ragged of his country's peasantry, he was sure to address him as follows :—" Was it a frank you said? Sure then, it's myself will have very grate pleasure in giving a frank to a gintlemin like yourself who asks it in such a genteel-like way. I'm delighted, Sir, to have it in my power to give a frank to a man who has so much of the manners of a gintlemin. Would you be kind enough, Sir, to be after telling me what's the address of your letter?" The epistle was then franked, when Sir Frederick presented it to the party with a low bow, as if he were the obliged instead of the obliging party.

cur in connexion with the gallery. I have already mentioned that the most indifferent speakers are a good deal in the habit of complaining that their speeches are not correctly reported. The late Mr. Richard Martin, member for Galway, was one of the number. Mr. Martin—or Dick Martin, as he was called in the House—though a very humane man, especially to the brute creation,* had a great deal of eccentricity about him. Having on one occasion said something so very ludicrous as to convulse the House with laughter, Mr. O'D——, a gentleman who was then, as he still is, a reporter for one of the morning papers, underlined the passage, and the compositors of course printed it in italics. The circumstance afforded infinite amusement to the whole town on the day on which it appeared, and the honourable gentleman was chafed beyond measure, not only for the ludicrousness of the speech itself, but for its being reported in italics. “Allow me to congratulate you,” said one of his honourable friends next morning, before he had seen any of the papers, “Allow me to congratulate you on your new discovery in the art of oratory.”

* The honourable member was the author of the well-known measure for the suppression of cruelty to animals.

"On the what?" said Dick, looking quite amazed.

"Why, did you not speak in a manner different from any one else last night?" added the other.

"Me!" said the member for Galway. "And faith, but it's myself would like to know what you mane," continued he, getting a little out of temper.

"Mean!" said the other, "can you possibly be ignorant that you spoke one part of your speech last night in italics?"

"Spoke in italics!" observed Dick, knitting his brow, and drawing himself back in consequence of the tempest of indignation which was now gathering in his breast: "spoke in italics! Do you mane, Sir, to be after insulting me?" demanded the friend of four-footed animals.

"Look at 'The Morning ———,' and then say whether I have not spoken the truth," said Dick's friend, handing him a copy of the paper in question.

"Thunder and lightaing!" exclaimed the hon. gentleman, turning back with horror at the report of his speech; "thunder and lightning! And sure enough the villain of a reporter has made myself spake in italics! I will be after punishing the rascal this very evening."

Mr. Martin, by some means or other, contrived to find out the gentleman who reported his speech. When the House met in the evening, the hon. member made it his first work to visit the gallery, to take the "reporter," as he always called him, to task. The latter chanced to be in the reporter's room at the time.

"Are you the gentleman who reported my speech in 'The Morning ——,' this morning?"

"I had that honour," said Mr. O'D——, with infinite *nonchalance*.

"Honour, Sir!—was it honour you called it, to report me in such a way? 'Pon my word, Sir, I have never seen such consummate effrontery ever since I was a Member of Parlimint. What, Sir, have you to say for yourself for treating me in this way?" The hon. gentleman seemed almost bursting with rage as he spoke.

"In *what* way?" inquired the reporter, with the same *sang froid* as before.

"Why, Sir, by making me spake in italics, to be sure!" The hon. gentleman laid an emphasis on the word italics which afforded no bad imitation of the report of a musket.

"Mr. Martin," said the reporter, "Mr. Martin——"

"Don't be after spaking to me, Sir," inter-

rupted Mr. Martin, "You have insulted me, Sir, and I will bring——"

"Sir," interposed Mr. O'D——, "Sir, if you have any ground of complaint, you know your remedy. Here is my card."

Mr. O'D—— here pulled his card-case from his pocket and presented his card to the hon. gentleman. The latter looked first at the card and then at the reporter, as if utterly confounded; and, without taking the card out of Mr. O'D——'s hand, or uttering a word, he hurried down stairs to the House, and, almost out of breath from the conjoined effects of the anger which he felt and the haste with which he had run down stairs,—said, without waiting till the business before the House was disposed of, that he had to call the attention of Mr. Speaker and the House to one of the grossest insults ever offered to a Member of Parliament. "Sir," said the hon. gentleman, addressing the Speaker, "Sir, you and hon. Members must be aware that I had the honour of addressing this House last night. (Ironical cries of "Hear, hear.") Well, Sir, my speech is most villanously reported in 'The Morning ——' of this morning. (Suppressed titters of laughter were heard in all parts of the House.) But, Mr. Spaker, it is not of the inaccurate reporting that I so much

complain, as of the circumstance of the reporter having made me spake in italics. (Roars of laughter, which continued for some time.) I appeal to you, Sir, and to those hon. Mimbbers who heard me, whether I spoke in italics. (Renewed bursts of laughter from all parts of the House.) You know, Mr. Spaker, and so does every gintlemin in this House, that I never spake in italics, at all at all. (Shouts of laughter.) But, Sir, allow me to say, that this, bad as it is, is not the worst of the matter. Will you belave it, Sir?—will any hon. Mimber in this House belave it—that when I went to the reporter to ask for an explanation, he told me, with the most perfect coolness, that if I felt myself aggrieved, I knew my remedy, at the same time handing me his card, Sir? The short and long of it is, Sir, that this reporter wants to fight a duel with me.” Peals of laughter, such as were never before or have been since heard within the walls of Parliament, followed the conclusion of Mr. Martin’s speech. When these had in some measure subsided, he moved that Mr. O’D—— be called to the bar of the House for having committed a breach of the privileges of the House; but there being no one to second the motion, it of course fell to the ground.

In the last House the reporters’ room was

immediately adjoining the gallery for the public. The reporters were in consequence everlastingly annoyed by "strangers" asking the way to it. On one occasion, in the session of 1834, a farmer-looking person, the very *beau ideal*, I can fancy, of one of Cobbett's "clodpoles," after having been told the way into the gallery by one of the reporters, inquired whether he should stand or sit when he went in. "What you must do," said the reporter, who had been a good deal annoyed by "strangers" a little before, "what you must do is constantly to bow as low as possible to the Speaker, whom you will see in the chair, at the other end, and when he observes you, and makes a nod, you may then sit down."

The poor simple countryman did as he was desired. On entering the gallery he bowed as low and unremittingly to the Speaker as if a Chinese mandarin, to the great amusement of the other "strangers," who wondered what it "was all about;" but still no nod of recognition from the man, as he called him, with the "big wig." The poor fellow did not, in parliamentary phraseology, "catch the Speaker's eye." At length, one of the officers, observing the stranger paying his obeisance to Mr. Speaker, ordered him to be seated; an order with which, though given in a very surly manner, he very promptly and cheerfully complied.

About five-and-thirty years ago, when only one sentence of a speech was given, on an average, every five or six minutes, and when the reporters had to sit for many hours at a time,—they were often at a loss to know what to do with themselves. On one occasion, when labouring under an attack of *ennui*, and also under the effects of poteen, Jack Finnarty, a well-known reporter of that period,—yawned out “Mr. Speaker, will you favour us with a song?” A roar of laughter followed from all parts of the house. One of the officers immediately repaired to the gallery, and inquired who the offender was. Jack Finnarty, without opening his mouth, pointed to a Quaker, of very diminutive stature, who was sitting in the front seat. The officer immediately seized the unoffending little man by the breast of his collarless coat, and without condescending to give a why or wherefore, dragged him down stairs, and transferred him to the care of the sergeant-at-arms. The latter, after keeping him in safe custody during the night, and compelling him to pay nearly 30*l.* for his lodgings, set him at liberty on the following day.

About the same time, the debate, which was about English labourers, being one evening unusually dull, Jack Finnarty, who had but a short

time before been imported from Tipperary, said to the only other reporter in the gallery at the time, that he felt very drowsy, and that he would be after taking a little bit of a nap, if he would tell him, when he awoke, anything which might take place. The other agreed; and Jack, in a moment, was fast locked in the arms of Morpheus. An hour elapsed, and after half-a-dozen yawns Jack opened his eyes.

"Has anything happened?" was his first question to his friend.

"To be sure there has," said the other, whose name was Morgan O'Sullivan.

"Has there, by the powers!" exclaimed Jack, pricking up his ears in the plenitude of his anxiety to learn what it was.

"Yes, Jack, and very important too."

"By Jasus, then, and why don't you be after telling it me at once? What was it about?"

"About the virtue of the Irish potato, Jack."

"Was it the Irish potato you said, Morgan?"

"The Irish potato; and a most eloquent speech it was."

"Thunder and lightning, then, and why don't you tell it me?"

"I'll read it from my note book, Jack, and you'll take it down as I go on," said Morgan.

"Och, it's myself, sure, that's ready at any

time to write what any Mamber says about our praties. Are you ready to begin?"

"Quite ready," answered Morgan.

"Now then," said Jack, with an energy which strangely contrasted with the previous languor of his manner. "Now then, Morgan, my boy."

Morgan, affecting to read from his note book, commenced thus:—"The honourable Mamber said, that if"—

"Och, be aisy a little bit," interrupted Jack; "*who* was the honourable Mamber?"

Morgan, hesitating for a moment—"Was it his name you asked? Sure it was Mr Wilberforce."

"Mr. Wilberforce Och, very well then."

Morgan resumed. "Mr. Wilberforce said, that it always appeared to him beyond all question, that the great cause why the Irish labourers were, as a body, so much stronger and capable of enduring so much greater physical fatigue, than the English, was the surpassing virtues of their potato. And he"—

"Morgan, my dear fellow," shouted Jack at the mention of the Irish potato, his countenance lighting up with ecstasy as he spoke, "Morgan, my dear fellow, this is so important that we must give it in the first person."

"Do you think so?" said Morgan.

"Throth, and I do;" answered Jack.

"Very well," said the other.

Morgan than resumed. "And I have no doubt," continued Mr. Wilberforce, "that had it been my lot to be born and reared in"—

"Did the member say *reared*?" interrupted Jack exultingly, evidently associating the word with the growth of potatoes in his "own blessed country."

"He said '*reared*,'" observed the other, who then resumed:—"Had it been my lot to be born and reared in Ireland, where my food would have principally consisted of the potato,—that most nutritious and salubrious root,—instead of being the poor, infirm, shrivelled, and stunted* creature you, Sir, and honourable gentlemen, now behold me,—I would have been a tall, stout, athletic man, and able to carry an enormous weight."

Here Jack Finnarty observed, looking his friend eagerly in the face,—“Faith, Morgan, and that's what I call thrue eloquence! Go on.”

“I hold that root to be invaluable; and the man who first cultivated it in Ireland, I regard as a benefactor of the first magnitude to his species. And my decided opinion is, that never until we

* Mr. Wilberforce's personal appearance was exactly what it is here described to have been.

grow potatoes in England, in sufficient quantities to feed all our labourers, will those labourers be so able-bodied a class as the Irish. ('Hear, hear!' from both sides of the House.)"

"Well, by St. Patrick, but that bates everything," observed Jack, on finishing his notes. "That's rare philosophy. And the other Members cried 'Hear, hear!' did they?"

"The other members cried 'Hear, hear!' answered Morgan.

In a quarter of an hour afterwards the House rose. Morgan went away direct to the office of the paper for which he was employed; while Jack, in perfect ecstasies at the eulogium which had been pronounced on the virtue of the potatoes of "ould Ireland," ran in breathless haste to a public-house, where the reporters who should have been on duty for the other morning papers were assembled.* He read over his notes to them, which they copied verbatim, and not being at the time in the best possible condition for judging of the probability of Mr. Wilberforce delivering such a speech, they repaired to their

* At this time it was no uncommon thing for all the reporters, except one, absenting themselves from the gallery for hours at a time,—that one engaging to tell them anything which had happened, on their return.

respective offices, and actually gave a copy of it into the hands of the printer. Next morning it appeared in all the papers, except the one with which Morgan O'Sullivan was connected. The sensation and surprise it created in town, exceeded everything. Had it only appeared in one or two of the papers, persons of ordinary intelligence must at once have concluded that there was some mistake about the matter. But its appearing in all of the journals except one, and that one so very obscure, that scarcely anybody knew whether the speech was in it or not,—forced, as it were, people to the conclusion that it must have been actually spoken. The inference was plain. Everybody, while regretting that the necessity should exist, saw that no other course was left but to put Mr. Wilberforce at once into a strait-jacket, and provide him with a keeper. In the evening the House met as usual, and Mr. Wilberforce, on the Speaker taking the chair, rose and begged the indulgence of the House for one moment to a matter which concerned it, as well as himself, personally. "Every honourable member," he observed, "has doubtless read the speech which I am represented as having made on the previous night. With the permission of the House I will read it." (Here the honourable member read

the speech amidst deafening roars of laughter.) "I can assure hon. members that no one could have read this speech with more surprise than I myself did this morning when I found the paper on my breakfast-table. For myself, personally, I care but little about it, though if I were capable of uttering such nonsense as is here put into my mouth, it is high time that, instead of being a member of this House, I were an inmate of some lunatic asylum. It is for the dignity of this House that I feel concerned; for if honourable members were capable of listening to such nonsense, supposing me capable of giving expression to it, it were much more appropriate to call this a theatre for the performance of farces, than a place for the legislative deliberations of the representatives of the nation."

It was proposed by some members to call the printers of the different papers in which the speech appeared, to the bar of the House, for a breach of privilege; but the matter was eventually allowed to drop.

CHAPTER VI.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE—THE QUARTERLY REVIEWS.

General Remarks—The Quarterly Review—The London and Westminster Review—The Foreign Quarterly Review—The British and Foreign Review—The Dublin Review.

WHETHER our literature generally has advanced or retrograded since the beginning of the present century, is a question which I am not now called on to discuss. It is one, I doubt not, on which a difference of opinion prevails; but it must be admitted, on all hands, that during the period referred to our periodical literature has undergone a change as beneficial as it is extensive. The periodical literature of the last century is, when compared with ours, hardly deserving the name. It was a very rare circumstance for any author of eminence to contribute, even any-

mously, to the periodicals of the eighteenth century. I am not aware that any one of the few who may have done so, ever did it openly. The case is different now. Perhaps there is not, at this moment, a single individual of any distinction in our current literature, who has not enriched our reviews and magazines by occasional articles. Many of our most gifted and successful literati, it is well known, are regular contributors to our periodical literature. I could mention the names of Campbell, Marryat, Southey, and a hundred others, among our own sex? And are not the names of Lady Morgan, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Miss Landon, &c., in the female world, known as well by their articles in periodicals, as by their larger and detached works.

The great improvement which has taken place of late years in the character of our periodicals, is chiefly to be ascribed to the practice which has been introduced of paying for contributions. Dr. Johnson once observed, that none but a blockhead would think of writing, unless he were paid for his labour. There is more truth in the observation than has been usually supposed. It will generally be found that persons of talent will not rack their brains for nothing. If first-rate matter is to be procured, a corresponding price must be paid for it.

The late Mr. Constable, of Edinburgh, was the first to introduce the practice of paying for contributions to magazines and reviews in Scotland; and to Mr. Murray, I believe, belongs the credit of having done the same in England. The rate at which periodical literature is usually paid for will be adverted to when I come to speak of the leading periodicals of the metropolis. In the meantime I may mention that Mr. Murray and Mr. Colburn are, and always have been, two most liberal rewarders of approved contributors to their periodicals.

In regard again to the number and circulation of our present periodicals, we are still farther before our ancestors of the last century, than in the character of their literature. I am convinced that for every literary journal which existed forty or fifty years ago, there are now ten or twelve. The difference in circulation is still more in our favour. The highest circulation which periodicals before the present century possessed could not have exceeded 2,000 copies. There is reason to believe that the circulation of the 'Monthly Review,' by far the most respectable and talented of the periodicals of the last century, did not exceed that number. This, in many cases, would be no circulation at all at the present time. What the actual circulation of the

leading periodicals is, will be seen when I refer to the various journals in detail.

It has been objected to the prevalence of periodical literature among us, that it has generated a taste for light or superficial reading, to the neglect of works containing solid information and of established reputation. The assumption that standard works are neglected at the present day, is altogether groundless. They are, on the contrary, purchased and read to a much greater extent than ever. Ask a bookseller—the best possible authority in such a case—how the fact stands, and he will tell you at once, that the demand for the works of Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, Addison, Hume, Gibbon, Johnson, Robertson, &c, has kept pace with the increased demand for periodical literature. But why put the question to any one, when we have the evidence of our own ears and eyes on the subject? Are not new editions, in every variety of form, and at every price, announced every day, of the works of the authors I have mentioned? And do we not find those works in every house we have occasion to visit? Better proof still—do we not find them in the heads of almost every one with whom we happen to converse?

So far from periodical literature, when, like

ours, of a respectable character, exciting an injurious influence on works of merit, it must, in the nature of things, produce a quite contrary effect. It is one of the leading objects of almost every leading journal, and it is the only one of many, to bring before the public those works which display the greatest talent, and to consign to oblivion those which are worthless. It will hardly be disputed that those journalists who discharge their duty in this respect with judgment and impartiality, are most effective auxiliaries in the cause of general literature. That there are some periodicals, which, being the property, are prostituted to serve the purposes, of particular individuals, is not to be denied. The cases of this kind, however, are comparatively few. In the majority of cases, our periodicals are conducted on most honourable principles.

It is an acknowledged fact, that, but for the assistance of our periodicals, many of the most talented authors which this country has produced, would never have been known to public fame, but would, like the violet of the wilderness, have

" Been born to blush unseen,

And waste their fragrance in the desert air.

Even the most stupendous literary work to

which the creative powers of human genius ever gave birth—‘The Paradise Lost’ of Milton—was suffered for many years to linger in obscurity, until Addison, in his periodical ‘Spectator,’ pointed out its innumerable and matchless beauties. There is nothing impossible in the supposition, that but for the recommendatory criticism of Addison, the ‘Paradise Lost’ would never have had the moderate fortune of reaching even a second edition: indeed, its very existence might have been unknown at the present day.

In more modern times, the instances are innumerable, in which our greatest authors owe their deserved popularity entirely to the influence of our periodical literature. I could name many instances of writers themselves being perfectly conscious, and willing to acknowledge, that but for the assistance which periodical literature has extended to them, their names and their works would have been equally unknown. There are others, again, among the popular authors of the present time who, in consequence of other adventitious circumstances, would, perhaps, have attained to a certain degree of eminence without the aids of periodical literature, but who are, nevertheless, indebted to it for the far greater portion of their fame. The

novels of Sir Walter Scott, for example, might have been read and admired to a certain extent, had there been no periodical in existence during the term of his literary career; but I appeal to those who are acquainted with the literary fortunes of that singular man, whether, in such a case, his works would have attained a tenth part of the circulation of which they can boast, or himself a tenth part of the laurels which were weaved around his brow. The same observations apply with equal truth to many others of our most popular authors.

There is another sense in which our periodicals have been of signal benefit to literature in general. I allude to the facilities they afford to men of genius for developing their talents. I referred in a previous chapter to the just observation of Quintilian, that the greatest geniuses often lie concealed. There is infinitely less chance of this now than when the observation was originally made. Periodical literature, in the sense in which the terms are now generally understood, was then wholly unknown. The person who then published—if the word be applicable to the written works of Quintilian's time—must have done so at so enormous an expense, as to frighten most men from becoming authors. The greatest geniuses must consequently, in many

instances, have passed through life unnoticed and unknown. The case is quite otherwise now. Any man, however humble his station in life, possessed of literary talents of a superior order, has abundant opportunities furnished him of benefiting himself and gratifying the world, by displaying his abilities in the pages of our magazines and reviews. They are open to him, without subjecting him to any trouble or expense. Nor is this all. Should he feel that diffidence, which is usually the accompaniment of genius, and personally shrink from the public gaze, he can publish his articles anonymously, and thus ascertain what the public opinion is regarding his writings, without any one knowing whose those writings are.

Such are some of the advantages of periodical literature. Let me now glance at the leading metropolitan journals of the present time.

The QUARTERLY REVIEW first appeared in 1809. It was started rather as a political opponent to the 'Edinburgh Review,' than as a bookseller's speculation. It soon raised itself to distinction. Toryism was then the lord of the ascendant in all parts of the country, as well as in the councils of the King, and the Tories naturally hailed the appearance of an organ conducted on the same plan, and published at the

same intervals of time, as the great Leviathan of the north. The talent, too, embarked in the outset in 'The Quarterly,' was of an order and variety which could scarcely fail to attract attention to it. The late Mr. Gifford, a gentleman well known in the literary world, and especially for the remorseless severity with which he was accustomed to deal with his political opponents, was entrusted with the editorial management of 'The Quarterly.' The salt and pepper which had been so visible in most of Mr. Gifford's previous productions, were soon perceived in the articles of that journal. He wrote largely for the work himself, applying the lash with a merciless force to all who chanced to incur his displeasure. The contributors, for the most part, followed the example of the editor; and, consequently, the new periodical became the terror of the leading authors of the period, especially of those whose politics wore a liberal hue.

Mr. Gifford had chiefly brought himself into notice as a critic by his articles in 'The Anti-Jacobin Review,' in the management of which he had been associated with Mr. Canning. The latter gentleman and several of the other most distinguished contributors to 'The Anti-Jacobin,' furnished articles for the new organ of Toryism.

Mr. Canning often wrote for 'The Quarterly' during the editorial dynasty of Mr. Gifford. It was a singular coincidence that after being so long associated together in literary pursuits there should have been so short an interval of time between their respective deaths.

Mr. Gifford was not only the first editor of 'The Quarterly,' but to him belonged the honour of originating the idea. He proposed the thing to the publisher of 'The Monthly Review;' but the latter would not for a moment entertain the proposal, thinking there was not the slightest chance of success. Mr. Gifford then made the proposal to Mr Murray, at that time a bookseller of no great note in Fleet-street, and he at once went into Mr. Gifford's views. The arrangement was soon come to between the parties. The sum which Mr. Murray stipulated to pay Mr. Gifford for his editorial labour, was 200*l.* per annum; but the amount was progressively raised, till it at last reached 900*l.* Mr. Gifford was as disinterested as Mr. Murray was liberal, and often returned part of his salary—which, however, Mr. Murray invariably refused to receive—saying, that he could not think of accepting a sum so much beyond what Mr. Murray had engaged to give.

In a few years after the publication of the first number, 'The Quarterly Review' raised

itself to the highest rank in the periodical literature of the country. Previous to that time 'The Monthly Review' was the leading London periodical; but 'The Quarterly' at once overtopped it, and even aspired at disputing the palm of superiority with 'The Edinburgh' itself. The latter, however, was, generally admitted, as it still is, even by political opponents, to display a vigour and a brilliancy in its articles to which its young rival could make no pretensions; still less could it in point of circulation, great as was the circulation to which it speedily attained, compare with its contemporary of the modern Athens. The circulation of the latter was at this time between 18,000 and 20,000 copies, while that of 'The Quarterly' was not a third of that number.

Among the contributors to 'The Quarterly' in its early days, were Sir, then Mr. Walter Scott, and Dr. Southey. The latter still continues to enrich its pages. Sir Walter actually, in one instance, reviewed several of his own novels. This was in one of the volumes for 1816. The Waverley novels were then beginning to attract universal attention; and Sir Walter essentially aided in extending their popularity by the long and elaborate review to which I allude. None of his critics dealt out

their praises of the works of the unknown author with a more liberal hand, than he did himself. It is true, he pointed out some things which he called blemishes in the works, but this only served to give greater effect to the commendation he so liberally bestowed on their general merits. Besides, the way in which the thing was done displayed great dexterity, and proved Sir Walter to be much more of a man of the world than most people gave him credit for. The portions of his works which he faintly condemned were precisely those which possessed the greatest merit. And as he took care to give various extracts by way of illustrating the view he professed to take of those works, people had an opportunity of seeing at once the injustice of the slight censure with which he visited them. Whether Mr. Gifford, the editor of 'The Quarterly,' was aware that the author and reviewer were one and the same person, is not known. If he was aware of the circumstance, he committed a gross breach of faith in permitting Sir Walter to be the reviewer of his own works, and the trumpeter of his own fame. Thousands were induced to read the Waverley novels who had not read them before—for they were then only beginning to make a sensation in the literary world—in consequence of so very

eulogistic a notice of them in one of the leading periodicals of the day: would they have done so had they known that all the praise proceeded from the author himself? Open egotism is universally condemned, and properly; for it is one of the most unbecoming qualities in any one's character. Cobbett was the most inveterate egotist of the present century; but his egotism, and all egotism of the same kind, is quite harmless, inasmuch as when we see one openly praising himself, we can estimate his commendation at its proper worth. In such a case as that of Sir Walter Scott, the thing is altogether different. The reader goes carefully through the review under the impression that the article is penned by some independent and disinterested party, and that every word of praise which is awarded springs from the most perfect impartiality. Sir Walter, therefore, was guilty of practising a gross imposition on the public in the instance to which I have referred. Let us only suppose that the practice of authors reviewing their own works were become general,—what in such a case would be the condition of our periodical literature? Could anything be more degraded? The very name of review would in such a case inspire feelings of disgust in every person of honourable mind. Sir Walter's friends have

given a singular display of their respect for his memory, in republishing in a late volume of his miscellaneous works the article in question, as one of the many contributions he furnished to our periodical literature. That was one of the few instances which occurred in the course of his literary career in which he betrayed a want of true nobleness of character; and his friends have shown a striking deficiency of judgment in making the circumstance known to the world.

I know there is an impression abroad that it is quite a common thing for authors to review their own works. I may be pardoned for digressing for a moment while I state that the impression is altogether unfounded. My acquaintance with periodical literature generally, and especially with that of London, enables me to speak on this point in the most positive terms. Authors as a body, and the great majority of the editors of our periodicals, are men of too high a sense of honour to be guilty of such conduct. Two instances only of an author reviewing his own works, have come to my knowledge out of nearly a thousand reviews which I have known to be furnished to the London press.

To return to 'The Quarterly.' It continued gradually, sometimes very gradually I admit, to

increase in circulation up to the time of Mr. Gifford's death. That event took place in 1827. The circulation of 'The Quarterly' was then understood to be about 7,000. It is now about 9,000. Mr. Gifford resigned the editorship of 'The Quarterly,' owing to ill health, two years before his death, and was succeeded by Dr. Southey, the Poet Laureate, who had previously, for many years, been one of the most extensive contributors: he was, I may add, also one of the ablest, or at any rate, of the most popular writers engaged for it. The character of the journal did not suffer under his editorial dynasty. If there were in detached numbers too much matter bearing on the subject of polemical theology, that fault was more than atoned for by the great improvement which was visible in the general temper with which the articles were written. The singular asperity which characterized 'The Quarterly' when under Mr. Gifford's control, gave place to moderation of feeling, though neither the political principles of the work nor the freedom and fearlessness of its literary criticisms, were compromised in the slightest measure.

Dr. Southey did not long sway the editorial sceptre of 'The Quarterly.' He resigned, after retaining the office for a few years. His suc-

cessor was Mr. Lockhart, son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, through whose influence it chiefly was that he was appointed to the situation. Mr. Lockhart is still the editor of 'The Quarterly.' He is favourably known as the author of 'Valerius,' 'Adam Blair,' 'Reginald Dalton,' and various other works of fiction, with a 'Life of Burns' in 'Constable's Miscellany.' He was also the author of many of 'The Noctes Ambrosianæ,' which appeared some years ago in 'Blackwood's Magazine.'

Mr. Murray was again fortunate in his choice of an editor for 'The Quarterly.' The appointment of Mr. Lockhart, as a matter of course secured the good wishes and friendly services of Sir Walter Scott towards that work, to a degree that it had not before possessed. The very name of being conducted by the son-in-law of the author of the 'Waverley Novels,' was also in its favour. Its hold on the public mind continued steadily to deepen, and its circulation to increase. The connexion of Dr. Southey with the work did not cease with his relinquishment of the editorial office. He continued a frequent contributor to it for years afterwards: he still furnishes articles for its pages, though not so often. All the other leading contributors, also, who had sustained the reputation and upheld

the fortunes of 'The Quarterly,' during the Post Laureate's editorship, continued to co-operate with Mr. Lockhart. In fact, scarcely any difference in the tone and character of 'The Quarterly' was perceptible on the accession of the latter gentleman to its editorial management. I question if the most attentive and intelligent of its readers would ever have discovered, from an examination of its pages, that a change in the editorship had taken place.

Mr. Lockhart's salary for conducting 'The Quarterly' is said to be 1,400*l.* per annum, which was the sum Mr. Jeffrey received for editing 'The Edinburgh Review' when in the zenith of its glory. For some time after Mr. Lockhart's assumption of the editorial office, he wrote very largely for it: of late, contributions from his own pen have been less frequent. He never furnishes any of the political articles which appear in 'The Quarterly;' nor are the papers, with few exceptions, indeed, which are drawn up in the form of elaborate essays or treatises,—be the subject what it may,—the productions of his pen. His articles usually relate to strictly literary matters, and are generally distinguishable from those of his contributors, by the number of extracts from the work reviewed, with which he intersperses his own observations. His late notice

of William's 'Pencilings by the Way,' is a fair sample of his usual mode of reviewing. He is often very severe, but scarcely ever coarse. As a critic, he knows no private friendship. He will overpower you with his hospitality and kindnesses in his own house, and in the very next number of 'The Quarterly' make melancholy havoc with your literary character. A marked instance of this occurred a short time since in the case of a Frenchman of distinguished reputation in his own country. As Monsieur had every reason to believe a work which he had just then finished would be noticed in 'The Quarterly,' and as he trembled at the very idea of its being "cut up," he thought the best way to guard against such a calamity would be to procure letters of introduction to Mr. Lockhart, and come over to London to make his friendship. He did so; and, to his ineffable delight, was received by 'The Quarterly' critic with every mark of the most cordial friendship. They dined and "drank wine" together day after day during the Frenchman's stay in London. In the course of their conversation Mr. Lockhart mentioned that an elaborate notice had been drawn up of his guest's work, but did not throw out any hint as to the strain in which it was written; of course the latter did not put

the question whether it was favourable or otherwise; that would have been to a certain extent an infringement of the rules of good breeding. He assumed, however, that the review would be commendatory, from the marked attentions which the editor of 'The Quarterly' paid him. At last the hour of departure from the hospitable abode of Mr. Lockhart arrived, and away the Frenchman went back to Paris, in raptures at the thought of the English popularity which the forthcoming number of 'The Quarterly' was to confer on him. On reaching Paris, he mentioned the circumstance to all his friends. Judge then of his horror, when, in less than a fortnight afterwards, 'The Quarterly' contained an article on his book, which, as a specimen of literary butchery, has scarcely ever been equalled.

The articles in 'The Quarterly' are almost all the productions of a limited circle of contributors. Dr. Southey, as I have already mentioned, still furnishes an occasional article. Those on controversial theology, and on history, are mostly from his pen. One of the best articles, perhaps, which ever appeared in 'The Quarterly,' was that on 'The Incursion of the Moors into Spain,' some years ago, by the Poet Laureate. He rarely meddles with politics: he seldom did so even when editor. Captain Basil

Hall is a stated contributor to 'The Quarterly.' The articles which he furnishes chiefly relate to works of travels, voyages, &c. On some occasions he has written a political article. He wrote one about two years ago pointing out the evil consequences which might be expected to result from the Reform Bill,—which attracted a good deal of attention at the time. The articles on the late voyages of discovery to the Arctic Regions, which have appeared in 'The Quarterly,' emanated from the pen of Mr. Barrow, well known from his 'Tour through Iceland,' his 'Tour through Ireland,' &c. Mr. John Croker, late Member of Parliament for Aldeburgh, is the principal contributor of the political articles. Occasionally, however, other persons of great talents and influence among the Tory party, volunteer an article of this description. The masterly and very elaborate paper which appeared in 'The Quarterly' in opposition to the Reform Bill, at the moment that bill was in the crisis of its agony, was understood to have been written by the late Lord Dudley and Ward. Few articles in any periodical have ever excited greater interest than did that able paper. And such was the importance attached to it by those of the Tory party who were in the secret of its being about to appear,

that the number of 'The Quarterly' containing it, was published some weeks before the usual time solely on its account. Sir Francis Head is, or rather was, before he quitted the country for Canada, another of its occasional contributors. The article which appeared about twelve months since on the Poor Laws, and which excited a good deal of interest at the time, chiefly from the quaint manner in which it was written, was from his pen. Mr. Milman, the author of the 'Fall of Jerusalem,' and other successful poems, is a pretty frequent contributor. The notice of Von Raumer's 'History of the Hohenstufen,' which appeared in it some time ago, was written by him. Mr. Justice Coleridge, nephew of the late S. T. Coleridge, was a frequent contributor before he was raised to the bench two years ago; and his pen has been recognised in its pages on more than one occasion since. Mr. Henry Taylor, author of 'The Statesman' and other works, contributes to 'The Quarterly' with some frequency; but perhaps the most voluminous writer for it of late is Mr. Hayward, editor of 'The Law Magazine.' The various articles of a gastronomical character which have recently appeared in it, are the productions of his pen. He gets his information on culinary matters from a celebrated French cook. Mr. Broderip,

the police magistrate, is, I have reason to believe, the author of the amusing article in the July number, on the 'Zoological Gardens.'

There is no fixed rate of remuneration for contributions to 'The Quarterly,' but the average terms given are not surpassed in the case of any periodical in this country. The rate varies with the character of the article and the literary reputation of the writer. Dr. Southey* has, in many instances, received fifty guineas for an article under thirty pages; and Sir Walter Scott received still more liberal remuneration for any contributions he furnished. The average rate of payment is twenty guineas for a sheet, which consists, in an octavo work like 'The Quarterly,' of sixteen pages. This is also the price paid by 'The Edinburgh Review' to its ordinary contributors. When, however, the latter periodical was the property of the late Mr. Constable, of Edinburgh, he used to give enormous sums for what were considered "crack articles." Sir James Mackintosh got, on one occasion, the princely sum of one hundred guineas for an

* I have heard it said that Dr. Southey has a regular salary of two hundred guineas a-year from Mr. Murray, on the understanding that he furnish at least one article for each number. I am not able either to confirm or contradict this statement.

article of about forty pages in extent, on the "Partitions of Poland." Mr. Gifford kept a note-book, in which he entered the names of the writers of the various articles, and the sums the writers usually received for those articles, during the sixteen years he conducted 'The Quarterly.' It was hoped that this curious piece of information would have been made public after Mr. Gifford's death; but it was found that he had left positive written instructions to his executors, to destroy the manuscript.

To conduct such a work as 'The Quarterly' with judgment and ability, is a task of no ordinary difficulty. Even though the editor himself were not to write a line for it, the intercourse he must have with contributors, both personally and by means of correspondence; the interviews he must have with other parties on the business of the work; and the quantity of manuscript he has to read through with the greatest care, coupled with the alterations he is often obliged to make,—were enough of themselves to occupy a man's entire attention. Mr. Gifford often mentioned to his friends that the duties of his office as editor of 'The Quarterly,' were of so arduous and multifarious a nature, as scarcely to leave him a moment's time for other objects. Mr. Lockhart, I believe, also finds his hands

sufficiently full; he has not written any separate work since his assumption of the office of editor; and it is well known among his private friends, that it is to the claims 'The Quarterly' has on his time and attention, that the public are to ascribe the long delay in the publication of his promised life of Sir Walter Scott.

THE LONDON AND WESTMINSTER REVIEW is the next of the London Quarterlies, which claims my attention. This periodical is the result of a junction of two works—'The Westminster' and 'The London.' 'The Westminster' was started in 1824, by a number of gentlemen calling themselves Utilitarians. They were, in other words, the advocates of the Benthamite system of philosophy. They held substantially the same views as that distinguished man, both in politics and in civil and criminal jurisprudence. He himself took an active interest in the fortunes of 'The Westminster Review,' until a very short time before his death. Its chief contributors, as well as founders, were the late Mr. James Mill, author of 'The History of British India,' &c., Mr. Mill's son, Mr. Francis Place, Mr. Bentham, Mr. Southwood Smith, and others. Its political views were thoroughly Radical, which, at the time of its starting, were chiefly confined to the lower classes of society. This

necessarily operated against the success of the undertaking. The dictatorial and petulant tone, too, which it assumed in dealing with an opponent, was very injurious to it. I do not know what was the exact amount of its circulation during any part of the first six years of its existence; but I have been told it never sold twelve hundred copies. Its circulation, I know, was very limited; and during the years 1827 and 1828, it had fallen, instead of rising, very considerably. It was, in short, after an experiment of nearly six years, regarded by the parties most deeply interested in it, as "a hopeless undertaking," and it was understood, after the appearance of the nineteenth number, if I remember right, to be extinct; at all events, the usual time for the appearance of the next number arrived and passed, and the subscribers called in vain for the publication of the work. Shortly after, however, some new arrangement as to the proprietorship was entered into; and great exertions were made by the new parties interested, to raise 'The Westminster' from its fallen condition. Mr. Bentham's money was liberally expended in advertising the work, now in a great measure his property, throughout the country. The effort was, in a very great degree, successful. 'The Westminster' started all at

once into a new existence; in the course of a few months, it attained a circulation of upwards of 2,000 copies. And it well deserved it; for it continued for some time to display great talent. In 1831 the circulation, I believe, was not much short of 3,000. What contributed essentially to this rise, was the very excited state of the public mind at the time, on the subject of Reform, in conjunction with the circumstance of the majority of the people having suddenly "advanced" to the extreme political opinions of 'The Westminster.' 'The Edinburgh Review' was now looked on as lagging behind the spirit of the age, though even it had made a visible "onward" movement. Colonel Thompson, now Member for Hull, was, at this time, part proprietor of 'The Westminster,' and one of its ablest and most extensive contributors. The well-known articles on the 'Corn Laws,' 'West India Slavery,'* and several on 'Free Trade,' which appeared at this time, were from his pen. The very quaintness of the style in which they were written, served to attract attention to them.

* The article on 'West India Slavery,' which appeared in one of the volumes for 1830, was represented, and I think justly, by the Anti-Slavery Society, as one of the most acute and conclusively reasoned articles ever contained in any periodical.

Mr. Mill also continued to be a frequent contributor. The celebrated article on 'The Ballot,' which appeared in one of the numbers for 1831, was his. That article produced, perhaps, a greater effect on the public mind than any other article which ever appeared in any periodical. The question of the best way to secure the greatest independence in the exercise of the elective franchise, about to be conferred on so large a portion of them, occupied all men's thoughts; and the article, copious extracts from which were given in the newspapers in all parts of the country, made converts by thousands. Before its appearance, the vote by ballot had been advocated only by the very lowest classes of Radicals; in the short space of six months afterwards, the necessity of the ballot to purity of election, formed one of the resolutions passed at almost every meeting in favour of reform held throughout the country. The article in question had the further effect of adding several hundred subscribers to 'The Westminster.' Mr. Mill, the younger, was the author of the review of Dr. Whatley's 'Logic,' and of many other able articles. Mr. Bentham occasionally contributed at this time. His involved and disjointed yet nervous style, at once distinguished his productions from those of other writers. Mr.

Roebuck, the member for Bath, was another contributor to 'The Westminster' at this time. Other parties furnished occasional articles. One very learned paper, which appeared about this period, on 'Egyptian Notation,' was by Dr. James Browne, of Edinburgh; and the article on 'Scotch Reform,'—a very imperfect one, by the way, though the interest attaching to the subject at the time invested it with some importance,—was by Mr. Weir, then an advocate in Edinburgh, and a contributor to 'Tait's Magazine,' and now editor of 'The Glasgow Argus,' a newspaper published twice a week. Mr. Merle, about that time editor of 'The Courier,' furnished the articles on the newspaper press, which appeared in three consecutive numbers. One was on the London Daily Press, a second on the Weekly Press, and the third on the Provincial Press. The articles bearing on medical subjects were almost all written by Dr. Southwood Smith. Dr. Bowring, who was part proprietor, was the principal editor at this time. He also contributed pretty extensively to its pages. In 1832 and 1833 Dr. Bowring spent a great part of his time on the continent, being one of the persons appointed by government to procure information as to the mode of keeping the government accounts of France and Bel-

gham. He was consequently unable to pay any attention to his duties as editor of 'The Westminster,' and therefore delegated them to his co-editor, Colonel Thompson. Dr. Bowring, however, still retained his interest in 'The Westminster' as proprietor: indeed, he was now the principal proprietor; Jeremy Bentham having at his death, a short time before, bequeathed his share of that periodical to the Doctor. Colonel Thompson continued to conduct the work, but the excitement in the public mind on the subject of Reform having in a very great measure subsided, it now began, in 1833, to fall rapidly off in circulation. In the hope of recovering its lost ground, or, at any rate, of preventing a further decrease in its numbers, the expedient of reducing the price from six to four shillings, was resorted to, in 1834. It did not answer the purpose; not only did it fail to recover the lost circulation, but it did not prevent its farther fall. It continued to go steadily down until the beginning of the present year, when it was said to be as low as about 1,000 copies. At all events, it had become so reduced in circulation, as to suggest the propriety of discontinuing it as a separate publication. A junction was accordingly effected with 'The London Review,' in February, or at any rate in time

to let the newly-married pair appear publicly as "one and indivisible," in the month of April. No work of a similar kind was ever perhaps got up at less expense, than 'The Westminster Review.' Several of the contributors would never accept of any pecuniary remuneration for their contributions. The late Mr. Mill and his son were among the number. There were others who had no personal interest in the thing, who furnished some of its best articles. What between the contributions of these, and the articles which the proprietors themselves furnished, it was supposed that not more than one-half of the matter was, on an average, paid for. And even those writers who were remunerated, did not receive high terms. Sixteen guineas the sheet were the highest; ten guineas were more frequently the rate of payment for every sixteen pages of letter-press.

THE LONDON REVIEW had been started about twelve months before by Sir William Molesworth, member for the eastern division of Cornwall. Sir William is a gentleman of large fortune, and of decidedly Liberal principles. He is one, moreover, so thoroughly devoted to his political opinions, as to be prepared on any occasion to make great pecuniary sacrifices for them. He at once advanced the handsome sum

of 3,000*l.* to establish 'The London Review.' The ground it took was that of entire exemption from party; it was really independent in the broadest acceptation of the term. Its avowed political principles were household suffrage, short parliaments, and the vote by ballot. Its success did not by any means answer the expectations of the proprietor. There were several good articles in every number, but, as a whole, the work wanted spirit and energy. One peculiarity of the work was the affixing the initials of every writer to the article he furnished, so as to do away in a great measure with the anonymous, and to give it a greater weight of character. 'The London' continued to linger on for five numbers, when the junction took place with 'The Westminster.' Its *bona fide* circulation never exceeded three or four hundred. Mr. Thomas Falconer, a solicitor, and brother-in-law to Mr. Roebuck, the member for Bath, was the editor: Mr. Roebuck was a regular contributor; so was Mr. Charles Buller, M.P. for Liskeard. Mr. Albany Fonblanque, of 'The Examiner,' had one of the articles in the first number ascribed to him. The Rev. Mr. Fox, the Unitarian minister of Finsbury-street chapel, furnished one or more papers for the first two or three numbers. Mr. Mill, the younger, son

of Mr. James Mill, the author of the 'History of British India,' wrote several articles of great ability for 'The London.' The one on the 'State of Philosophy in England'—one of the most masterly I have seen in any periodical—was by him. Sir William Molesworth himself also contributed some of its best papers. Mr. Robertson furnished the one on 'Martin and Montague's Lives of Lord Bacon,' which appeared in the fourth number, and that on 'Shakspeare' in the last number. There were several other occasional contributors, but none of them of much rank in the literature of the day.

The union with 'The Westminster' has certainly improved 'The London;' for it is 'The London' rather than 'The Westminster' that is continued,—Sir William Molesworth having purchased the copyright of the latter, and entrusted the management of the "wedded works" to the editor of 'The London.' The circulation of 'The London and Westminster Review' is now very respectable—it is about 1,500; and as it is the only quarterly organ of thoroughly Liberal principles, it ought, conducted as it is with considerable tact and talent, to succeed. Most of the contributors to 'The London,' in its state of single blessedness, continue to fur-

nish articles to it since its union with 'The Westminster.' Mr. Hicks and Mr. Harris are two new contributors. Mr. Charles Buller gets more copious in his contributions. He had two in the July number, to say nothing of one which was "rejected." Mr. Buller writes for some other periodicals: his accepted articles are, taken in the aggregate, in the ratio of two to one to the rejected,—which after all is not so bad. I should be sorry, though by no means committing myself with its political principles, to see the spirited proprietor defeated in his views through want of adequate support from those whose opinions 'The London and Westminster' represents, and whose interests it advocates. Some of the contributors furnish their articles gratuitously. The usual rate of remuneration, when they are paid for, is sixteen guineas per sheet.

THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW was started in 1827. A similar work had been meditated by some of the same parties for some years previously, and so far back as 1823 a prospectus had been published of a periodical, to be conducted on the same plan, under the title of 'The European Review;' circumstances, however, occurred to prevent the latter work making its appearance. 'The Foreign Quarterly' was

started by the foreign booksellers, Messrs. Treuttel and Wurtz; and the editorial management was confided to Mr. Gillies, son of Lord Gillies, one of the judges of the Court of Session, and to Mr. James Fraser, author of 'Travels in Persia,' &c. Seldom has any periodical started under more favourable auspices than did 'The Foreign Quarterly.' The plan was quite new, and the field to be explored was rich and ample. The contributors, too, were for the most part men of distinguished talents, Sir Walter Scott, Dr. Southey, Mr. Thomas Carlyle, and others, were among the number. The article in the second number, on the 'Works of Hoffman,' was by Sir Walter Scott. Southey, if I remember rightly, had two very elaborate articles—one of them on 'Spain'—in the first number. 'The Foreign Quarterly,' under these favourable circumstances, rose at once to a good circulation. By the time the third number appeared, the circulation exceeded 1,500. But on the publication of that number, the work was injured through a dispute among the editors and proprietors, Mr. Gillies, the principal editor, resided in Edinburgh, and Mr. Fraser was to act in London as assistant or sub-editor. Mr. Cochrane, a gentleman, favourably known for his intimate

acquaintance with continental literature, but who had not then written anything to bring himself into notice, was at that time the leading manager in the house of the proprietors and publishers. He interfered with the literary duties of Mr. Fraser, and the consequence was a quarrel which ended in the secession of Mr. Fraser. Mr. Cochrane, whose conduct had been approved of by the proprietors, was appointed Mr. Fraser's successor, and the future numbers of 'The Foreign Quarterly' appeared chiefly under the editorship of Mr. Cochrane,—Mr. Gillies, from his residence in Edinburgh and other circumstances, being unable to take any other part in the matter beyond the furnishing several articles of his own, and getting some of his personal friends to contribute to its pages. Mr. Fraser immediately started another periodical in opposition to 'The Foreign Quarterly.' It was published by Black, Young, and Young, of Tavistock-street, under the title of 'The Foreign Review.' Its price was cheaper than that of its opponent; the price of each number of 'The Foreign Quarterly' being seven shillings and sixpence, while that of the new work was only six shillings. In every other respect the works were as similar as can be imagined. A violent dispute, as to the circumstances under which Mr

Fraser had quitted 'The Foreign Quarterly,' was carried on in both periodicals for some time, which had the effect of injuring both. Mr. Fraser took with him some of the ablest contributors to 'The Foreign Quarterly.' Among these were Southey and Carlyle. The new publication, however, never reached a large circulation, though it was ably conducted, owing to the circumstance of there not being room for two conducted on precisely the same plan and published at the same intervals of time. It was regularly published, however, as far as the tenth number, making five volumes, when it was incorporated with the very work in opposition to which it was started. 'The Foreign Quarterly' gained both in circulation and character by the junction. The price was reduced from seven shillings and sixpence to six shillings, the price at which 'The Foreign Review' had been published. Mr. Cochran was now the principal editor; but as he had gone to Edinburgh to conduct 'The Caledonian Mercury' newspaper, which he did for two or three years, he got some literary gentleman to assist him in London. His salary for conducting 'The Foreign Quarterly' was 200*l.* per annum, with the understanding that it should increase with the increased success of the work. It never, however, got the length of a circula-

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tion of 1,800 copies, and Mr. Cochrane got no increase in his salary. A change took place soon after this in the partnership of the house by which 'The Foreign Quarterly' was published; instead of the name of the firm being Treutzel, Wurtz, and Co. it was now Richter and Co. In 1884, the firm failed; but Mr. Cochrane continued the publication of 'The Foreign Quarterly' as usual. Soon after this, however, a misunderstanding occurred between him and the assignees of Richter and Co., the consequence of which was his secession from 'The Foreign Quarterly,' and his starting another work in opposition to it, and on precisely the same plan,—under the title of 'Cochrane's Foreign Quarterly Review.' It only reached two numbers. Who the present editor of 'The Foreign Quarterly' is, I do not know. It is still, as it always has been, a very readable work. Of late it has not shown anything like commanding talent, nor have any of its articles created what is called a sensation. Of all those which have appeared in it from the first, those which have attracted most attention, were two on the affairs of Greece, which were published, I think, in the tenth and twelfth numbers. They contained a great deal of most important information, relative to European affairs generally at that time. As the information

to which I refer was of a kind which could have been supposed accessible to no one but the foreign ministers of the various European courts, the general impression was that some one must have obtained it, and written the articles, by an abuse of the confidence of Lord Palmerston. Such was not the fact. The articles were written by the late Mr. Murray, at that time editor of the foreign department of 'The Times,' and the information he made use of was communicated to him from foreign courts.

Some of the most readable articles in 'The Foreign Quarterly,' when in its best days, were on 'Danish Poetry,' 'Russian Poetry,' &c., and were from the pen of Dr. Bowring, who is, perhaps, more conversant with these topics than any other person of the present time.

I do not know the exact amount of the present circulation of 'The Foreign Quarterly;' but this I know, that it is nothing to what it was. From all I can learn, it is considerably under 1,200. It ought to be much higher; but the changes which have taken place in the editorship and proprietorship, have operated greatly against it. The usual rate at which contributors are paid, varies from ten to sixteen guineas per sheet. It takes little part in politics: when it does, its principles are mode-

mainly Liberal. It confines itself to notices of works published in foreign countries.

THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN REVIEW is of recent date. It was started in the beginning of 1835. It belongs to Mr. Beaumont, the member for Northumberland, a gentleman of large fortune—about 100,000*l.* a year—and of great moral worth, both in his public and private capacity. One of the leading objects Mr. Beaumont had in view in the establishment of the 'British and Foreign Review,' was that of advocating the cause of Poland against its oppressors, whether by Russia avowedly and positively, or by other European Powers clandestinely and permissively. Mr. Beaumont is one of the most sincere and ardent friends of which poor Poland can boast in this country. His zeal on its behalf is only equalled by that of Lord Dudley Stuart. That of Mr. Cutlar Fergusson, and other persons I could name, seems to have vanished with their appointment to office. For most of the able articles on the Polish question, which have appeared in 'The British and Foreign Review,' we are indebted to the pen of Mr. Beaumont himself. Lord Brougham contributed two, if not three, articles to the first number. Those on 'Taxes on Knowledge,' and on 'Corporation Reform,' were written by his Lordship: Since

then he has not written anything, either for this or any other periodical, with the exception of a short paper, about twelve months since, for 'The Edinburgh Review,' on 'The State of Parties.' The later contributors to 'The British and Foreign' are not, with very few exceptions, known. Mr. Charles Buller, the member for Liskeard, has furnished various papers. Some of its articles relative to Turkey and Turkish affairs, are understood to have been written by Mr. Urquhart, the gentleman to whom the public are indebted for 'The Portfolio,' which lately excited so much interest in the political world. Mr. Sergeant Talfourd wrote the article in the April number on 'The Chancellorship,' and Mr. Shiel wrote a paper in the same number on another legal question. To the latter gentleman the public are also indebted for the vigorous article in the July number 'On Ireland.' The first editor of 'The British and Foreign Review,' was Mr. Young, a young gentleman, a member of the English Bar. His connexion with it ceased, for some reason with which I am unacquainted, before the appearance of the second number. His successor had also but a short tenure of office. He was supplanted, or resigned—I do not know which—before the publication of the July number of the

present year. Mr. John Kemble, a gentleman of considerable celebrity as an Anglo-Saxon scholar, was appointed to the vacant editorial chair, which he still occupies. Mr. Kemble, however, is not much more, practically, than a sub-editor, as Mr. Beaumont himself takes an active part in the management of the work. The 'British and Foreign Review' pays for contributions at the rate of twenty guineas per sheet, while, in some cases, as high as twenty-four have been given. The plan is excellent; and there have been several masterly articles in every number. But there always have been at least as many of a heavy kind. Its typographical appearance is against it. The "leading" of the pages of a 'Quarterly' is a thing we are so unaccustomed to, that it is unpleasant to the eye. The paper, too, owing to its unusually bluish colour, tends to give the work a dull appearance. It would look much better if it had something of a yellow tinge, similar to that on which 'The Quarterly Review' is printed. The circulation is fair for a beginning. Of the first number, in order that the work might be fairly brought under the notice of the public, 4,000 copies were printed. It is cheaper than the other Quarterlies, the price being only four shillings: it does not, however, contain so much

matter. In politics it is, like Mr. Beaumont, the proprietor, decidedly Liberal and strictly independent.

THE DUBLIN REVIEW is of still more recent origin than the 'British and Foreign.' The first number appeared in April last. One of the principal purposes for which it was started, was that of advocating Roman Catholic principles. It is the accredited quarterly organ of that body, and is avowedly conducted by three well-known gentlemen belonging to it, namely, Mr. O'Connell, Dr. Wiseman, and Mr. McQuin, author of 'A Voyage up the Danube.' As it is yet so young, little can be said as to its merits. The two numbers which have appeared are highly respectable; but there is nothing brilliant in them. They are interesting and instructive, rather than profound or masterly. One great fault of the first number, was the appropriation of too much space to Roman Catholic topics. The effect was to give the work a decidedly theological complexion, which the projectors never meant it should have. 'The Dublin Review,' according to the prospectus, is intended to be essentially a literary and political journal. The second number has less of a sectarian tinge, though still too much. The class of political principles with which 'The Dublin

Review' identifies itself, will be at once inferred from the names of the ostensible conductors. They are Liberal, in the most liberal sense of the word. It advocates household suffrage, short parliaments, and the vote by ballot. Its circulation is already great. I question if the maiden number of any of its quarterly contemporaries was equally successful in the first instance. Several thousand copies of it, I am assured, were sold within two or three days of its publication. A large circulation, indeed, altogether irrespective of its merits, was to have been expected. The name of Daniel O'Connell being advertised all over the country, as one of the editors, afforded a guarantee of itself for an extensive circulation, especially in Ireland. That country, in fact, is likely to be the chief scene of its success, as it is not only got up under the auspices of one whose name is more than a household word there, but strenuously supports the religion of the great majority of the people, and devotes itself in a special manner to the discussion of purely Irish questions. A sum of 3,000*l.* was, I understand, placed in the publisher's hands, in order that it might be carried on with effect, before the appearance of the first number.

I have thus spoken of the five metropolitan

Quarterlies. The leading periodicals of this class make a point of always having as many articles on hand as would enable them to issue a number at less than a fortnight's notice. It will be recollected that during the time of the passing of the Reform Bill, two numbers of 'The Quarterly' appeared at an interval of less than a month. People not in the secret wondered how the matter could be prepared for it so soon. The articles, with the exception of the one on Reform, which was of course brought down to as late a time as the publication of the number would allow, were all cut and dry beforehand. The fact of having always so much matter more than is requisite for the current number, on hand, accounts for the apparent delay which often takes place in the notice of a particular book. The notice will sometimes not appear for nine or twelve months after it is written.

CHAPTER VII.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE—THE MONTHLIES.

The Gentleman's Magazine—The Monthly Review—
The Monthly Magazine—The Eclectic Review—
The New Monthly Magazine—Fraser's Magazine—
The Metropolitan Magazine—The Monthly Repository—
The Lady's Magazine—The Court Magazine—
The Asiatic Journal—Alexander's East India
Magazine —United Service Journal.

THE Monthly Periodicals, including those of a religious character, are much more numerous than the Quarterlies. The oldest of them are also of much greater antiquity. At what time monthly periodicals were first introduced, is a point I cannot settle. It must, however, be considerably upwards of a century; for THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, which still exists, can boast of an age exceeding 100 years. It was esta-

lished in 1733. It was for a long time a very popular periodical, and had a much larger circulation, until the end of the last century, than any of its contemporaries. Its circulation is still comparatively good. It is upwards of 1,200 copies. Amidst the great and numerous vicissitudes, as regards the plan of management, which other periodicals have undergone, 'The Gentleman's' has held on in essentially the same course ever since its commencement. You meet with the same "Sylvanus Urban" in 1836, as its readers did a hundred years ago. He is still the personage whom young aspirants, in their first attempts at authorship, are so anxious to propitiate. His worshippers are many in number. Numerous are the youths who have afterwards risen to great literary distinction, whom "Sylvanus Urban" has been the means of introducing to public notice. And he still flourishes amidst all the vigour of youth—for, no doubt, he is destined to a more than Methusalen age—to do the same kind offices to the rising race of embryo geniuses. Well do I recollect the profound respect and warm affection with which, some quarter of a century ago, I used to regard "Mr. Urban." What a happy man, thought I, must he be, when all his correspondents—a numerous race

they certainly were in those days—address him in terms of such marked attachment and becoming humility! “Sylvanus” was at that time a prodigious favourite of mine. The *Gent.*, as for brevity’s sake they call the Magazine in Paternoster-Row,—the *Gent.* had really “a constant reader in me.” I, indeed, deemed it a “valuable Magazine.” Do I esteem it the less now? I am sure I have said nothing of the kind. Let me not be told that my attachment to, or respect for, so venerable a ‘Gentleman’ have in the slightest degree abated, because I have not of late been able to cultivate his acquaintance to the same extent as formerly. That is Fate’s fault, not mine. Circumstances over which I had no control, have compelled me to share my attention to my aged friend, with modern upstarts. Still I have never, at any time of my life, altogether forgotten the *Gentleman* with whom I formed my first acquaintance; need I say I never will, until all my earthly remembrances are consigned, with myself, to the narrow house? Antiquities, biographies, obituaries, criticisms, &c. &c., form still the principal characteristics of ‘The Gentleman’s Magazine.’ In these respects it stands unrivalled. Its pages are always full of deeply-interesting and varied matter to all who are

fond of such subjects. Were it possible for any man to commit to memory its contents, since its commencement, he would be a living encyclopædia in these matters. He might, in fact, be said to know all that is known on such topics. About twelve months since 'The Gentleman's Magazine' passed into new hands; but I do not know the name of the present editor. That, however, is of little consequence, as its character remains unchanged,—which, indeed, it must continue to do if regard be had to its prosperity. Its circulation, properly speaking, is not of a popular nature; in other words, one does not so often meet with it in the common walks of life as he does other periodicals which have not half its circulation. Its subscribers are, for the most part, retired antiquarians and aged literary gentlemen, living in various parts of the country. By them it is not only read and admired, but almost idolized. Formerly the price was half-a-crown; now it is three shillings and sixpence.

Next in point of antiquity among our metropolitan Monthlies, comes 'THE MONTHLY REVIEW.' It is now drawing towards its hundredth year. It was established in 1749. It was the first of the kind. At least, in my inquiries into the literature of the last two centu-

ries, I can find no periodical conducted on a similar plan. It soon raised itself into a fair circulation, though the originators, at the time of starting it, appear to have had serious misgivings as to its success. They looked on it as altogether an experiment. It was established by Mr. Griffith, in whose hands it remained, conducted by himself, for nearly forty years. On his decease it became the property of his son, who continued both proprietor and editor till he was obliged to retire from the concern, owing to ill health, in 1825. The period during which 'The Monthly Review' thus continued in the hands of the father and the son, was seventy-six years—a circumstance which has no parallel in the annals of literary property, and very few instances in those of any other description of property. There is something so touchingly interesting in the farewell address of the younger Mr. Griffith, at the close of the last volume of 1824, that I cannot forbear giving the following passage from it:—"He has," he says, "been allowed a heart to love literary employment as a sacred trust and calling, and the ambition to hope that the exercise of it was honourable to him and useful to the public; but while that public must be left to judge of his labours, (now exerted during no short term of years,) he himself has

always regretted his own 'unequal steps,' and his adverse fate with regard to health remains to be intruded, for one moment, on his readers. With pain, then, he states, that he is at length obliged to yield to the goadings of perpetual ailment, (at this moment disabling him,) and the dictates of reiterated medical admonition: that under such warnings he must emancipate himself from the literary toil and anxiety which have hitherto been his sole end and aim; and that, with the commencement of volume one hundred and seven of the new series, 'The Monthly Review' will become the property of others. In thus relinquishing a station, in which he endeavoured to do what might be public good, he may be permitted to indulge the presumption that some good *has been done*, and that, hitherto, this octogenarian work has been found the steady and independent advocate of the general interests of literature, of moral virtue, of political freedom, and of religious liberty,—unawed by the threatening aspect of 'the worst of times,' and unseduced by the allurements of peace and pleasure, which it has been alike its fortune to witness in its protracted career. * * * * *

For himself, he seeks repose and leisure to court the smiles of Hygeia, or resignation to endure

her innumerable frown, until the moment shall arrive when he must feel how true it is

'It will not profit thee that thou hast tried
To scale the ærial vault, and hast e'er run in mind
The great, great globe itself, when mind expires.'

"Denied the enviable and rare lot of his father throughout life, he now prays only for a share of the blessing which attended him at its close, in his tranquillity, his retrospect, and his prospect."

During most of the long period in which 'The Monthly Review' was in the hands of Mr. Griffith, who instituted the work, and the son who succeeded him on his death, it was Socinian in its theology. Since the latter gentleman relinquished its management, it has not identified itself in any marked manner with any religious party whatever.

'The Monthly Review' gives an admirably connected view of the literature of Great Britain for nearly a century past. Nothing could exceed the excellence of its plan; and it has been ably executed. Smollett, Goldsmith, Johnson, Sterne, Hume, Hawkesworth, and almost all the great men who flourished in the latter half of the last century, contributed largely to its pages. A copy of the work from its com-

ment was sold in the course of last year, by Mr. Evans, the auctioneer, which contained the names and the articles of the leading contributors to it. I myself bought, a few years ago, the copy of it, from the commencement down to the close of 1824, making one hundred and ninety-two volumes,—which belonged to the celebrated Dr. Samuel Parr, and I expected, as that learned though eccentric man was in the habit of making remarks on the margins of most of his books, that there would have been notes relative to the authors of the most important articles in 'The Review.' In this, however, on examining the work, I was disappointed: pencil remarks of any kind are very few, and none of them relate to the authorship of the articles.

'The Monthly Review' was the first periodical to introduce that philosophical tone of discussion which is now universally adopted by the higher class of reviews. To the late Mr. William Taylor, of Norwich, a man of considerable note among the literary characters of the end of the last century, belongs the credit of first giving a philosophical character to our periodical criticism by the example he set in 'The Monthly Review.'

On going through 'The Monthly Review,' I have been often amused with the erroneous es-

timates which the writers often formed of the merits of the works they noticed. Many authors whose names are as unknown to us as to the inhabitants of Timbuctoo, were represented in 'The Monthly Review' of sixty or seventy years ago, as geniuses of the first magnitude; and a popularity wide as the civilized world, and lasting as time itself, was confidently predicted to them. Others, again, who were uncereceremoniously and at once consigned to utter and everlasting oblivion, are now, and will continue to be for generations to come, popular in no ordinary degree.

It is now exactly thirty years since the circulation of 'The Monthly Review' began to decrease. In 1806 appeared its unfortunate review of the poems of the late amiable Henry Kirke White. The contemptuous opinion expressed of that young man's intellect, as well as his poems, formed one of the many false judgments to which I have alluded. The review of his poems contributed, in no small measure, to hurry the ingenious author to a premature grave; for it is well known, not only from his own recorded expression that he considered it "an instrument in the hand of Satan to drive him to despair," but from the testimony of his friends, that it constantly preyed on his spirits during

every moment of his short remaining life. But 'The Monthly Review' soon found that the blow it struck Kirke White, and from the effects of which he never recovered, recoiled on itself. The harshness and injustice of its treatment of the gifted, though poor and unprotected, young man, were no sooner brought before the public, than they were seen and condemned. A strong feeling against the work was excited everywhere, and its circulation immediately began to suffer to a very great extent. The establishment of 'The Quarterly Review' in 1809, and the establishment of so many other periodicals since then, have contributed largely to diminish the circulation of 'The Monthly.' Its circulation is now limited, but very select. It is still conducted with taste and talent: the plan, as I have already said, is admirable, and were a publisher of capital and enterprise to undertake the concern, I have no doubt he would soon make it an excellent property. I am satisfied there is much more scope for it now than there has been for the last quarter of a century. Who the gentlemen are who conduct it, and contribute to its pages, I do not know. It is published by Mr. Henderson, of the Old Bailey, who, if I mistake not, is also the proprietor. Some years ago the price of each number was raised from

half-a-crown to three shillings and sixpence. This was an injudicious step, after it had been published for nearly eighty years at the former price, and above all, at a time when the circulation was declining.

Taking the periodicals in the order of their respective ages, 'The Monthly Magazine' next claims attention. It was established in the year 1786; so that it has now attained the good old age of forty years. I do not know by whom it was started; but it came soon after into the hands of Sir Richard Phillips, the author, or rather compiler, of 'A Million of Facts,' and various other scientific and statistical works. The character of 'The Monthly,' during the long period—nearly thirty years—it was in Sir Richard's hands, was much more statistical and scientific than literary. It was a medium for asking and answering all sorts of questions bearing on science or on matters of fact. Its circulation, while it was the property and under the editorial control of Sir Richard, was very considerable. It was upwards of 1200. Circumstances, however, occurred some ten or eleven years ago, to render it necessary that he should part with it. It then passed into the hands of Tory proprietors, who not only altogether changed its character otherwise, but made

it the vehicle of their own political sentiments. It thus suffered in two ways from the change in the proprietorship: those who chiefly read it before for its Liberal politics discontinued it now that it had become fiercely Toryish; while those who formerly took it in for its science and its statistics, were equally dissatisfied with the purely literary character it assumed. Betwixt these two classes of readers, the circulation soon fell off to 700 or 800. In 1826 or 1827, Dr. Croly, the author of several popular works of fiction, undertook the editorial duties of 'The Monthly;' and while under his control it became one of the most furious advocates of Toryism to be found either among the literary journals or newspapers, in any part of the country. It aspired, to use its own phraseology, at being considered the 'Blackwood of the South.' That was a distinction, however, which it never acquired. Still it must be admitted, that it was conducted with great ability, though, for the reasons I have mentioned, the talent it displayed served only to write it down instead of raising its circulation. It is true that some new patrons of the Magazine were procured by its advocacy of Tory principles; but these bore a miserable proportion to those it had lost by the change. Who were the proprietors at this time, I am not

quite certain. I have heard various parties named as being proprietors: some of them I know were so; but others of them, I believe, never had any pecuniary interest in it. Dr. Croly's salary is said to have been two hundred guineas per annum. Contributions were then paid for at different rates,—some getting ten guineas and others only five guineas per sheet. It was also advertised very largely, and every possible exertion, though, as I have said, unsuccessfully, was made to get it up. The consequence was a very serious loss to the proprietors. It continued under Dr. Croly's management for two or three years, when it again changed hands. Who then got it, or what was the price paid for it, are matters with which I am unacquainted. On this change it as suddenly recurred to its former Liberal principles as it had apostatized from them when it came into the possession of the previous Tory proprietors. This was another blow to it; for the Tory readers—the word 'Conservative' had not then begun to be used—who had been attracted to it through the personal influence or talents of Dr. Croly, immediately gave it up. In a few months, therefore, the circulation had fallen to 600. The proprietors then got tired of 'The Monthly,' and sold it to Captain Holland for 300*l*. Captain Holland con-

tinued proprietor, himself also conducting the work, until the autumn of 1835. It then passed into the hands of Mr. Cornish, author of 'The Songs of the Loire,' and compiler of 'The Gentleman's Book,' 'My Daughter's Book,' 'The Book of the Million,' 'The Volume of the Affections,' &c. While in Captain Holland's hands 'The Monthly' was conducted with much good taste. It was one of the most readable of the metropolitan periodicals; but as no money was spent on advertising it, and very little in the shape of paying for contributions, it slowly fell off in circulation. Mr. Peter Gaskill, author of 'Old Maids,' 'Old Bachelors,' 'Plebeians and Patricians,' and several valuable statistical works, succeeded Captain Holland in March 1835, as editor of 'The Monthly,' but he only conducted it till the following August. It is generally known that in the hands of the editor who succeeded Mr. Gaskill, 'The Monthly' suffered in circulation, and to a still greater extent in character. Mr. Cornish disposed of the copyright to Mr. Thoms, of Warwick Square, in March of the present year. It is still in Mr. Thoms's hands. It again changed its editorship in August last. In whose hands the management is at present vested, I cannot say. I believe that it has not any regular

editor, in the sense in which the term is usually understood. A great many of the most distinguished men of the age have at one time or other enriched the pages of 'The Monthly' with their contributions. Among these may be mentioned Mr. Galt, James and Horace Smith. Albany Fonblanque, Allan Cunningham, Sir Egerton Brydges, Sheridan Knowles, &c. &c. When under Captain Holland's management Mr. Francis Place used to contribute political and other articles to it.

THE ECLECTIC REVIEW is conducted on essentially the same plan as 'The Monthly Review.' It is a work of long standing, and has always been remarkable for the talent and learning with which it has been edited. For many years, it could boast of the names of Robert Hall, John Foster, and James Montgomery, among those of its stated contributors; and its pages are still enriched by contributions from the most distinguished writers belonging to the Dissenting interest, of the present day. Dr. J. Pye Smith very truly stated, some time ago, that 'The Eclectic Review,' contains articles which, if they appeared in 'The Edinburgh' or 'Quarterly' Reviews, would produce a sensation in the literary world. Having always identified itself with the cause of Dissent, its circu-

lation is chiefly among the Dissenters. It is to be regretted it should not find its way into general circulation; for never did periodical better deserve it. It ought at any rate to be extensively read by the friends of Liberal principles; for its advocacy of those principles is equally characterized by earnestness, perseverance, boldness, and ability. Mr. Josiah Conder, as already remarked in a previous chapter, is, and has been for many years, the editor of 'The Eclectic Review.' A more honest or fearless asserter of his principles, than Mr. Conder, whether as a Dissenter in religion, or as a Liberal in politics, does not exist; and were the claims of 'The Eclectic' only brought fairly before the public, it could not fail to command an extensive circulation.

'The Eclectic Review' is partly a religious, partly a literary publication. I never knew a work in which there was a happier union of literature and religion. Every successive number affords a practical refutation of the charge that has sometimes been brought against evangelical principles,—namely, that they are incompatible with a relish for, or cultivation of, the more refined branches of literature. It is difficult, indeed, to say whether the merits of 'The Eclectic' be greatest, considered as a literary or

as a religious periodical. I have often thought that, were the graces of literature more frequently blended with vital piety, the interests of religion would be greatly promoted by the union. 'The Eclectic' is published at two-and-sixpence a number.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE started into a large circulation soon after its appearance. It could hardly have been otherwise with a name so distinguished for its editor as that of Thomas Campbell, and with a proprietor so enterprising, and so liberal in his remuneration of contributors, as Mr. Colburn. Mr. Colburn's opinion was, that the best way to ensure the success of 'The New Monthly' was to procure the best contributions, whatever should be the price, and then to expend a large sum in bringing its merits before the public. The event showed he was right. Though it only started in 1814, it had attained a circulation of upwards of 6,000 in 1822. Mr. Campbell received the princely salary of 600*l.* for conducting it; and assuredly never was money more easily earned. His office was quite a sinecure during the last few years he filled it. He wrote scarcely anything himself; nor did he trouble himself much about the articles which were sent for insertion by contributors. The duty of deciding or

the admission or rejection of these was delegated in the majority of cases to the sub-editor, Mr. Cyrus Redding, author of "The History of "Wines," &c.; for the performance of which, and other sub-editorial duties, he received a salary of 250*l.* a year. When Mr. Campbell did undertake to decide as to whether a particular article should be inserted or rejected, he did not make the task a burdensome one. The moment he chanced—even though in the very first page, and consequently before he could have any accurate idea of the character of the article; the moment he chanced to meet with a single phrase which he thought in bad taste, he ceased reading any further, but at once tossed the manuscript into the box appropriated for the reception of "rejected articles." If, again, he went through three or four pages of the manuscript, and it pleased him so far, he proceeded no further, but ordered the article for insertion.

Mr. Campbell and Mr. Colburn differed with each other in 1831, and the result was the secession of the former from 'The New Monthly.' What the ground of dispute was, is not known. I have heard it confidently stated it was because Mr. Colburn insisted, contrary to Mr. Campbell's wish, to have portraits of eminent literary characters in the Magazine. It has also been

stated, that the true ground was that of Mr. Colburn's proposing to reduce Mr. Campbell's salary from 600*l.* to 400*l.* It were no wonder, though Mr. Colburn had made such a proposal, considering the little labour Mr. Campbell performed for his salary. If this was the cause of the dispute, the only matter of surprise is that Mr. Colburn did not make the proposal much sooner. But whatever may have been the differences between proprietor and editor, the result was what I have stated. Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer, author of "Eugene Aram," &c. was appointed Mr. Campbell's successor, at a salary, if I am correctly informed, of 400*l.* a year, and Mr. S. C. Hall soon after succeeded Mr. Cyrus Redding as sub-editor. Mr. Bulwer was for some time sufficiently attentive in the discharge of his editorial duties; but what he possessed in diligence was neutralized by his want of judgment or tact. 'The New Monthly' had always been distinguished for its light and amusing literature, and scarcely ever devoted its pages to political discussions: even when an article of a political complexion had been admitted into it, it was never more than moderately Liberal. Mr. Bulwer, however, all at once made the magazine an organ of the most ultra Radicalism. The consequences of this inju-

ditions were soon felt; numbers who had taken the magazine from the commencement threw it up; while the Radicals were too poor to make up for the falling-off, by purchasing a three-and-sixpenny periodical. Had it been published at sixpence per number, possibly Mr. Bulwer's policy might have been sound; the gain in subscribers might have exceeded the loss. 'The New Monthly' continued falling in circulation under Mr. Bulwer's Radical management: it suffered also from his neglect; for though active at first, he began to grow so remiss in his editorial duties, that Mr. Colburn sometimes did not see him above once or twice—and then only for a few minutes—for several successive weeks. The fact was, that Mr. Bulwer was at that time, as he still is, a Member of Parliament; and betwixt his attendance at St. Stephen's, and the time he occupied in the writing of his novels, he had not many spare hours to devote to the editing of the magazine. The only ground of complaint against him was, that he did not, under these circumstances, resign an office which he could not fulfil creditably to himself and advantageously to his employer. At the end of the session of 1833, Mr. Bulwer one day waited on Mr. Colburn, and mentioned that he intended visiting the continent for a few months for the

benefit of his health, but that he would take care that the interests of 'The New Monthly' should be attended to in his absence,—with which view he would appoint a deputy. To this Mr. Colburn objected, saying that if Mr. Bulwer did not fulfil the duties of the editorial office in his own person, it would be necessary that some other gentleman should be appointed, who would. Mr. Bulwer, as a matter of course, took the hint and resigned at once. Mr. S. C. Hall was chosen his successor, and the management of the magazine has been intrusted to Mr. Hall ever since. I have not heard what his salary is. 'The New Monthly' has been better conducted by him than it was by his predecessor. Its circulation, though nothing to what it once was, is still good. It is much higher than that of any of the other metropolitan monthlies.

To enumerate the names of those who have from first to last contributed to 'The New Monthly,' would be to mention almost every name of note in modern literature. Under Campbell's dynasty, Lady and Sir Charles Morgan were constant contributors. Mr. Shiel furnished the various articles which appeared at the same time, respecting Irish public characters and Irish affairs. Thomas Moore likewise often lent a helping hand. Both the Smiths,—Harcourt

and James,—the celebrated authors of the “Rejected Addresses,” have written times without number for it. Theodore Hook has also been, and still is, one of its most frequent correspondents. Galt has furnished an occasional article; so has Allan Cunningham. The article on Sir Walter Scott, which appeared in 1832, was by Allan. The poetical department was ‘many a time and oft’ graced by the tender and beautiful effusions of the late Mrs. Hemans’ muse. The leading contributors at present are Mrs. S. C. Hall, Miss Landon, Mr. Grattan, author of “Highways and Byeways,” James Smith, Theodore Hook, the author of “Paul Pry,” Leigh Hunt, &c. &c. Thomas Campbell may be considered a constant contributor until his “Letters from the South” shall have been completed.

I have already alluded to the liberality of Mr. Colburn’s remuneration for accepted contributions. I am told he never offers less than ten guineas per sheet; but the usual rate is sixteen. In many instances he has given as high as twenty guineas. Sir Charles and Lady Morgan never were offered less. I believe Campbell has the same sum—some think a higher one—for his “Letters from the South.”

FRASER’S MAGAZINE, or ‘*Regina*,’ as it sometimes facetiously calls itself, was commenced in

1830. I never knew a magazine of its class come so suddenly before the public mind. There was hardly anything of that flourish of trumpets, in the shape of prospectuses and advertisements, which usually ushers a new periodical of any pretensions to learning and ability, into existence. Once, however, that 'Regina' made her appearance there were no lack of advertisements to announce her birth. But what served most to attract attention to the new magazine, were the wit and pungency of its articles. The originators of the work seemed to be at once the happiest and most ill-natured rogues in Christendom. They abused everybody, and laughed at everybody. The political articles were equally remarkable for their ultra-Toryism and for the pungency and ability with which they were written; while the reviews of books, which were always in the form of leading articles, must have inflicted more agony on the hapless authors doomed to encounter their lash, than would have been caused by "the stings of a thousand scorpions." Even the very first number of 'Fraser's Magazine' attracted very general attention. By the time three or four numbers made their appearance, it was regarded as an established periodical. The same qualities have characterised its articles ever since.

Mr. Fraser, the present proprietor and publisher of 'Regina' was not the originator of the work. It was another gentleman of the same name, an attorney by profession, and possessing a considerable sum of money. He proposed the thing to another publishing house in the City, on the condition that they would take a share in the work; and it was only when that house declined to engage in the speculation, that he made an arrangement with Mr. James Fraser, of Regent-street. After it had been some time carried on as the joint property of the Messrs. Fraser—I am not aware there was any other proprietor—the originator of the magazine disposed of his interest in it to the present proprietor. A great deal of money has been spent in bringing its merits fairly before the public, and all that enterprise and spirit on the part of the publisher could do for it, has been done. Nor has it been done in vain; for it now boasts of a circulation little short of 1,500 copies.

'Fraser's Magazine' has one feature which distinguishes it from all the other periodicals of its class. I refer to its gallery of literary portraits. The likenesses are generally good; and the portraits are undoubtedly the best which have yet been executed in their peculiar style. The artist is Mr. Forrester, though he assumes the

name of Crowquill. Each of these portraits costs Fraser ten guineas. They are always accompanied by a page of letter press respecting the individual whose likeness is given.

‘Fraser’s’ contributors are numerous and talented. They are a little literary republic of themselves. I am satisfied there is no other periodical whose contributors are better acquainted with each other, or who are more united in principle and purpose. They are quite a harmonious body; it would do Robert Owen’s heart good to see them: they all play into each other’s hands, and all feel a personal interest in the fortunes of the magazine. They are a happy brotherhood, living in a world of their own, and pitying and despising and abusing every one who lives in “the world we call ours;” namely, the world which is beyond the confines of their snug little planet. I can have no personal inducement to speak favourably of the literary colony who love and worship ‘Regina,’ and bask in the sunshine of her smiles. My two last works were somewhat roughly handled by “her Majesty,” and possibly this one may fare still worse. There will be no harm though it should; but there is no use in denying it—‘Fraser’s’ contributors are a set of choice spirits, learned, clever, and witty.

Mr. Fraser himself is the editor; but in every case of difficulty which occurs respecting the course he should pursue in the conduct of the Magazine, he consults his friend, Dr. Maginn, who is a very extensive contributor to its pages. The late James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, was a frequent writer for it. Even after the tremendous "butchery," as he himself called it, which Mr. Lockhart gave him two years ago, in 'Regina,' in consequence of the Shepherd's "Recollections of Sir Walter Scott,"—he continued to send contributions to it until the day of his death. Never was a literary man so punished, as was poor Hogg by that article of Lockhart's. I saw a letter which "James" wrote to a friend in London soon after the article appeared, in which he sadly complained of the severity of Lockhart, but said he acquitted Mr. Fraser of all blame in the matter, and would be as friendly to the magazine as ever. The late Rev. Edward Irving, too—a man of whom, notwithstanding all his errors of judgment, the world was not worthy; who was the worst used man of the present day, in his life, and to whose character justice has not been done since his death,—Mr. Irving, in whom were united an order of intellect, an ardour of benevolence, and a childlike simplicity of manners, I

have never witnessed in any other man, contributed with considerable frequency to 'Fraser's Magazine.' Galt also, while in London, was a most liberal contributor to 'Fraser.' The leading men among "ourselves" at present, are Mr. Fraser himself, Mr. Crofton Croker, Mr. Mahoney, author of the 'Father Prout Papers,' Mr. Bankes, *alias* 'Morgan O'Rattler,' Mr. Heraud, author of the 'Descent into Hell,' Dr. Maginn, and two or three others.

Fraser pays liberally for his articles, his usual rate of remuneration being sixteen guineas per sheet. Let me, however, warn all literary men against "cudgelling their brains" for an article to it in the hope of getting the sixteen guineas. If they do indulge the hope, the event will prove that it is a vain one. Everything inserted must come from themselves. Though Moore, Campbell, Bulwer, &c. the most distinguished names, in short, in modern literature, were to send articles in cart-loads, not one of them would be inserted,—even though instead of expecting to be paid for them, they were to pay any price for their admission.

THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE was established in 1831. It was got up in opposition to 'The New Monthly.' Messrs. Cochrane, Pickersgill, and Co. were the proprietors, and Mr.

Thomas Campbell, who had just quitted 'The New Monthly,' was the editor. Mr. Campbell's salary was 800*l.* a year, exclusive of payment for the articles he wrote, at the rate of sixteen guineas per sheet. In the true spirit of opposition to the periodical with whose destinies he had been so long entrusted, he put forth all his strength in the first few numbers of 'The Metropolitan,'—writing much more both in the shape of poetry and prose, than, to use a favourite phrase of Sir Robert Peel's, "was his wont" when he presided at the helm of Mr. Colburn's periodical. He soon, however, got wearied—for he is constitutionally an indolent man—and began to sleep over 'The Metropolitan,' as he had done for so many years over 'The New Monthly.' He had, however, a number of excellent contributors, and betwixt their articles, and his own name in the literary world, the work soon acquired no inconsiderable share of circulation. The sale of the first number was betwixt 400 and 500. It rose, before the work had been twelve months in existence, to a circulation of 1,000 odd copies. The proprietors having by that time got into difficulties, the copyright was sold to Captain Marryat for upwards of 500*l.* The captain had no sooner got the magazine into his possession, than he set to work in right earnest to

raise its character and increase its circulation, still higher. He soon did both. In the course of ten or twelve months he increased the circulation to about 1,200; and now it is said to exceed 1,500 copies. Captain Marryat, assisted by Mr. Howard, the author of 'Rattlin the Reefar,' not only then edited the work, as he does now, but was a most constant and extensive contributor. Every successive number contained several articles from his own pen. He was a host in himself. His novels of 'Jacob Faithful,' 'Peter Simple,' 'Japhet in Search of a Father,' &c. severally appeared, in the first instance, as a consecutive series of articles, in 'The Metropolitan,' and were copied from it when about to be published as separate works. These could not fail to attract attention to 'The Metropolitan,' and extend the number of its subscribers and readers. But besides himself there were, and still are, several constant contributors to the work, whose names are well known in the literary world. Some of them prefixed their names to their respective articles: others—and they were the greatest number—preferred writing anonymously. I know no periodical in which the literary notices are written with greater taste than in 'The Metropolitan.' They are from the pen of Mr. Howard, the sub-

editor, who is also an extensive and talented contributor of general articles.

In regard to "getting up," as the publishers phrase it, 'The Metropolitan' may be referred to as a model for all other periodicals. It is printed with great typographical taste and accuracy. There is, really, a peculiar pleasure in seeing oneself in its beautiful pages. I speak this from experience, having contributed some articles to it.

As Captain Marryat and the gentleman who assists him, write so much for it themselves, the expenses of conducting 'The Metropolitan' are not so great as those of most of its contemporaries. Besides, I believe, Captain Marryat gets more gratuitous articles for his work than any other editor of the higher class of magazines. He has, too, a number of contributors who are content with a moderate remuneration for their papers. In some cases—I could mention them, were I at liberty to do so—he has given as high as ten guineas a sheet; but his usual rate of pay is five guineas per sheet.

'The Metropolitan' is conducted with taste and talent. There is always a great deal of readable matter in it, usually very varied in its character. The poetry and the prose are min-

gled together in suitable proportions. Mrs. Crawford and Mrs. Abdy have furnished numerous beautiful pieces of a poetical nature to its pages.

'The Metropolitan,' very wisely, shuns the very appearance of politics. It formerly did deal a little in political commodities, but experience has taught it that the less frequently it introduces political matters into its pages, the better. Anything of a political complexion which has appeared in 'The Metropolitan,' has borne the impress of moderate Conservatism. It never, however, betrayed any violent political bias. The gallant gentleman who conducts it, is himself a moderate Conservative; his opinions are pretty much the same as were those of the late Mr. Canning, in the latter part of that Right Honourable gentleman's illustrious career.

I have already said that 'The Metropolitan' has gradually increased in circulation ever since it came into Captain Marryat's hands. I have reason to believe it is still "on the advance," as they say of railways, and other joint-stock shares, when they are going in the right direction. Captain Marryat's contributions alone, even supposing all the others were "Balaam," as

editors, printers, and others usually designate articles of inferior merit, or of no merit at all,—ought to keep up its circulation.

THE MONTHLY REPOSITORY was originally and for many years, a religious rather than a literary periodical. It was the organ of the Unitarian persuasion, and was conducted with learning and ability. Some years ago it came into the hands of the Rev. W. J. Fox, the Unitarian minister of South Street Chapel, Finsbury. After it had been some time in his possession, he divested it entirely of its theological character, and made it a purely literary and political journal. This was three or four years ago, and ever since that time it has sustained its new character. The politics of 'The Monthly Repository' are ultra-Liberal. It identifies itself with the most zealous of the Movement party. It was very popular about two years ago, partly because of the decided liberality of its politics, and partly because of the great zeal, talent, and eloquence with which they were advocated. Mr. Fox himself wrote largely for it. And some of the articles which proceeded from his pen contained passages, which, for the purity and fervour of their eloquence, have seldom been equalled in modern times. Others of the papers which appeared from time to time in 'The Monthly

Repository, were characterised by profound philosophy, and by great powers of reasoning. But though the magazine was admired by all who read it, and was perhaps more liberally and generally praised by the newspapers than any of its contemporaries, it never reached a large circulation. When at its highest, the sale never exceeded a thousand copies. The cause of this appears to me to be obvious; it was too refined in character for those to whom it chiefly addressed itself. Its politics, as I have already remarked, were liberal in the broadest acceptance of the term; they were ultra-Radical, if not Republican. They were only shared to any extent by the lower or working classes, a body whose intellectual cultivation is necessarily so imperfect as to incapacitate them for appreciating the lofty eloquence and profound philosophy which characterised the articles in which their interests were advocated. The style of the articles in *'Cleave's Police Gazette,'* or *'Hetherington's Twopenny Dispatch,'* was the only style which had any chance of "hitting the taste" of those whose sentiments *'The Monthly Repository'* expressed.

Among the leading contributors to *'The Monthly Repository'* during the time it was conducted by Mr. Fox, were Mrs. Leman Grim-

stone, a lady of great talent, and the authoress of 'Woman's Love,' and one or two other novels; Miss Martineau, the celebrated writer on political economy; Mr. Elliot, the author of 'The Corn Law Rhymes;' Mr. Hearne, the author of 'The Exposition of the False Medium,' and 'Junius Redivivus,' son-in-law, I believe, of Mr. Francis Place, of Charing Cross.

Mr. John Mill, son of Mr. James Mill, author of 'The History of British India,' the same young gentleman I have already mentioned as one of the stated writers for the late 'Westminster Review,' and for the present 'London and Westminster Review,' is an occasional contributor to 'The Monthly Repository.' He wrote the series of articles which appeared in it a year or two since, under the title of 'Dialogues between Sophocles and Plato,' which excited considerable interest among scholars, and were regarded as the most masterly things of the kind which had appeared in modern times. Mr. Peacock, the author of 'Crotchet Castle,' 'Headlong Hall,' and some other novels, is also an occasional writer for the 'Repository.' The article in the August number, entitled 'Royal Suitors,' which excited some interest, and displayed a great deal of excellent wit, was from his pen.

For upwards of twelve months the circulation

of 'The Monthly Repository,' like most of its contemporaries, had been gradually diminishing. To recover it, if possible, the expedient of reducing the price from one shilling-and-sixpence to one shilling, without any diminution in the quantity of matter, was resorted to. It was soon found that the step was an injudicious one. The magazine did not gain above fifty subscribers by it; which, of course, was nothing compared with so great a reduction in price. This was in the beginning of the present year. In July, Mr. Fox relinquished the editorship of the work, still retaining, however, a pecuniary interest in it. His successor is Mr. Hearne, the author, as just stated, of 'The Exposition of the False Medium.' How it will be conducted in his hands, it is impossible yet to say, only two numbers having appeared under his auspices, at the time I write this chapter of my work. When it came into his possession, it had a circulation of about 800. It has never been a gaining concern; neither has any loss been incurred by it, as almost all the articles which have appeared in it of late years, have been furnished gratuitously, the contributors being men who write for the sake of their principles rather than from a mere love of money. The change in the editorship will be regretted by most of

its readers, were it only because the 'fine Roman hand' of Mr. Fox cannot now be expected to be so often seen in it.

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE AND MUSEUM is a periodical of great antiquity. It was established so far back as 1755. It is consequently now in its eighty-first year. Its literature is not of the highest class: it often wants power; but it is generally readable and amusing. Mr. Galt used to contribute pretty frequently to its pages; so did Mrs. Hoffman; the author of 'The Puritan's Grave;' and two or three other writers of some celebrity. Most of the articles are furnished gratuitously. For others, a small rate of remuneration is allowed. It was the first among the Lady's Magazines to pay for contributions. Fifteen or sixteen years ago, it occasionally offered a prize of five guineas for the best essays on particular subjects, — such as 'Marriage,' &c. without regard to the length. For accepted articles from chance contributors, who insisted on payment, the terms allowed were at the rate of four guineas per sheet for poetry, and three guineas and a-half for prose. Whether the same scale of remuneration be still adhered to, I have not the means of knowing. The circulation is not large. The magazine gives engravings, but they are not of the first-rate

character. Its circulation is principally among dress-makers, to whom its plates of fashions are a strong recommendation. It is curious, that though apparently a Lady's Magazine, its editors have for many years been gentlemen. For some time after the junction of the 'Museum' with it in 1831, it was conducted by Mr. Hodges, a barrister in Paper Buildings, and a personal friend and strenuous supporter of the late Mr. St. John Long, whose rubbing system made so much noise five or six years ago. Mr. Hodges quitted the concern in 1834, and was succeeded by Mr. Scott. The latter gentleman quitted it in 1835. Who his successor is, I do not know. The terms allowed Mr. Scott were moderate enough, being only three guineas per month. The magazine is published at two shillings and sixpence per number.

THE COURT MAGAZINE was started four years since by Messrs. Churton and Bull. Mr. Bull having seceded from the firm in 1834, the magazine became the property of Mr. Churton. It was conducted for some years by the celebrated Mrs. Norton; but she quitted it in consequence of some misunderstanding with Mr. Churton, towards the close of 1834. Who the successor of that lady is, I have not the means of knowing; but the general impression is, that

that successor is a gentleman. Mr. Patmore, who for some years conducted Mr. Colburn's 'Court Journal,' was for some time supposed to be the editor; but Mr. Churton has positively denied the statement which some one had privately made to that effect. Mrs. Norton had the handsome salary of 300*l.* a-year for editing 'The Court Magazine.' For this sum all that was expected of her was, that she should, in addition to deciding on those articles submitted to her for insertion, contribute herself at the rate of a sheet of matter for each number. The terms of remuneration to contributors varied considerably. Some "crack" writers got, in a few instances, as high as ten guineas per sheet; but the average rate of remuneration did not exceed five guineas per sheet. The plates in 'The Court Magazine' are executed in the very first style of excellence. As works of art they have never been exceeded. Each number is enriched by a portrait of some female member of the aristocracy. The series already published comprises the leading beauties of Great Britain and Ireland. The literature of the magazine is passably good; it is perhaps better than that of any other of the previous Ladies Magazines, or of those which are still published, but it is inferior to the literature of 'The New Monthly,' 'The

Metropolitan, 'The Monthly, or 'Fraser's Magazine.' It has always been distinguished for the taste and elegance of its typographical appearance. Every exertion has been made to bring it into notice; an immense sum of money has been expended on it in the article of advertisements alone; but it has never reached a paying price. The circulation never exceeded 1,500, and it is now considerably under that number. Formerly it was published at three-and-sixpence; but Mr. Churton, in the hope of increasing the circulation, reduced the price at the commencement of the present year, to half-a-crown. I fear the event has not answered his expectations; the magazine has not, if I am correctly informed, been increased a score of copies by the reduction. The list of contributors, including those which have, at one time or another, enriched its pages, contains the names of many of the most popular writers of the present day. Altogether, the taste and spirit, and money, which have been expended on 'The Court Magazine,' ought to have commanded greater success than it has yet had the fortune to meet with.

The above are the leading monthly periodicals. There are various others which, being devoted to particular subjects, cannot with pro-

priety be classed among the purely literary journals. The best known among these last are 'The Asiatic Journal,' 'Alexander's East India Magazine,' and 'The United Service Journal.'

THE ASIATIC JOURNAL is an old-established and highly respectable periodical. Of late years it has greatly improved in the character of its contents, as well as in the manner of its getting up. It now contains very agreeable and learned articles on oriental literature, which of themselves would be sufficient to give a reputation to the magazine. Numerous interesting papers, illustrative of Indian society, opinions, manners, &c., have also lately appeared in it. Miss Roberts' late popular work in three volumes, 'Indian Sketches,' originally appeared in 'The Asiatic Journal.' About one-half of the magazine is regularly devoted to intelligence from India and China. For some of the best articles, written by popular writers, Messrs. Parbury, Allen and Co. the proprietors, give ten guineas per sheet; that was the sum which Miss Roberts got for the sketches to which I have just alluded; and though the copyright became the property of the proprietors on their appearance in the magazine, they handsomely gave her a further sum when publishing the series in a detached

form. Its circulation is not high: it is about 800; but it fluctuates less, perhaps, than that of any other magazine. The politics of 'The Asiatic' are Conservative, but not violently so; it has always been a strenuous supporter of the East India Company. Its price is half-a-crown.

ALEXANDER'S EAST INDIA MAGAZINE was started five or six years ago, soon after Mr. Buckingham's 'Oriental Herald' ceased. Its politics are the same as were those of the last-mentioned journal; but it lacks the taste and talent with which that journal was conducted. 'Alexander's Magazine' has waged a constant warfare, ever since its establishment, with all abuses in the administration of India affairs. These it has denounced in no sparing terms; in some cases the exposures have been effectual. It also used to have one or two leading articles on home politics, in which case the principles with which it identified itself were those of the ultra-Radical school. These papers were always more remarkable for the energy and boldness of their tone, than for correct composition. Of late 'Alexander's Magazine' has almost exclusively consisted of selected matter, chiefly from the eastern periodicals and newspapers. It is very indifferently got up; the type, the paper, and what printers call the presswork, are equally

bad. Its circulation is limited; it is under 500. The price, like that of 'The Asiatic Journal,' is two shillings-and-sixpence.

THE UNITED SERVICE JOURNAL was established in 1829. It is the property of Mr. Colburn, to whose enterprising habits as a publisher, it owes much of its success. It is an excellent property; the circulation is not much under 2,500. It is well conducted, but it scarcely ever contains any articles of a purely literary character. How such a mass of original matter, highly interesting to the two services, is collected by the editor, month after month, is surprising. Almost every paper in it must, if an unprofessional person like myself may form an opinion on the subject, be read with zest by professional men. It is conducted, and has been since its commencement, by a gentleman holding an office in the Admiralty, which enables him to procure much valuable information for its pages. Accepted contributions are paid for at a liberal rate. It hardly ever offers less than ten guineas per sheet; in some cases it gives more. Its politics are decidedly Conservative. The principal editor is assisted in the discharge of the less important duties of his office by another gentleman. It is very popular among the members of both services. Even those who

disapprove of its politics read it for the vast quantity of interesting professional matter it contains. It is unnecessary to say that its contributors belong almost exclusively to the two services. The use of technical terms, which occur with greater or less frequency in almost every paper, are of themselves sufficient evidence of this. It is published at three shillings and sixpence.

CHAPTER VIII

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.—THE WEEKLY JOURNALS.

The Literary Gazette—The Athenæum—The Mirror—
The Penny Magazine—The Saturday Magazine—
General Observations.

THE Weekly Periodicals next claim our attention. Among these THE LITERARY GAZETTE is the oldest established. It started in 1816 on a plan entirely new: it is still conducted on substantially the same plan. It has had a host of followers; but almost all of them have long since died, and are now forgotten. Mr. Jerdan was editor at the commencement: he is so still, and is likely to continue, from the interest he has in the property, until he quits the world of letters. The original proprietors were Mr. Colburn, Mr. Valpy, and Messrs. Longman and Co. Soon after its commencement it was agreed

among the proprietors to present Mr. Jerdan with a share in the work, as a proof of their sense of his successful exertions in establishing it: that share Mr. Jerdan, I believe, still retains. He is also said by some to have 1,000*l.*, and by others 800*l.* a year, for the editorship, independently of the profits which his share of the work produces. The profits at one time were very large: they averaged 5,000*l.* per annum: they are still very considerable. Mr. Valpy is not, if I am correctly informed, a shareholder now: the principal present proprietors are Messrs. Longman and Co. The financial part of the business is managed by them. Contributors receive a written order for the amount of their remuneration from Mr. Jerdan on Messrs. Longman and Co., who immediately pay it. The terms are most liberal. I am not sure whether they be in every case so ample, but I know instances in which literary men have received as high as one guinea per column, or twenty-four guineas per sheet. And it is to be observed that the columns of 'The Gazette' are by no means capacious, or absorbing of matter. The circulation of this journal was for many years upwards of 5,000 per week. Particular numbers—that for example which contained the 'Key to Almack's' in the form of a review—have commanded a sale of

7,000. Its stated circulation is still large, though I cannot give the exact amount. It is still as just stated a good property, the size not being large, the price high, and the advertisements numerous and well paid for. The price of the stamped impression is nine pence, that of the unstamped eight pence.

Mr. Jerdan, by means of 'The Literary Gazette,' has helped on many an author to fame and profit. He was the first to bring into notice the claims of Miss Landon—then known only as L. E. L.—as a poetess; and much of the success of her after-publications is to be ascribed to his exertions on her behalf. Mr. Robert Montgomery, the author of 'The Omnipresence of the Deity,' would never have obtained the celebrity he did,—now fast dying away, I admit,—but for the kindly offices of Mr. Jerdan. I am afraid that Mr. Robert Montgomery did not afterwards make Mr. Jerdan a very grateful return. I could mention many other instances in which Mr. Jerdan, in his zeal to bring those whom he considered deserving persons into notice, merged the critic in the man;* but that were unnecessary,

* In thus doing what I consider but justice to Mr. Jerdan, I may mention that I have no personal inducement to say anything in his favour; for in speaking of my last work, "Random Recollections of the House of

as most of them are well known to the literary world.

Some works, which afterwards acquired considerable popularity, have originally appeared in 'The Literary Gazette.' 'Wine and Walnuts,' 'Sketches of Society,' &c., are among the number.

'The Literary Gazette' devotes a considerable portion of its space to abridged reports of the proceedings of learned and scientific societies. Indeed it has always evinced a lively interest in all matters pertaining to science. When the meeting of the British Association took place two or three years since at Edinburgh, Mr. Jerdan went down to it himself for the purpose of giving as good an account as possible of the proceedings. The fine arts, too, have due attention paid to them in the columns of 'The Literary Gazette.'

Considerable outcry has been raised against 'The Literary Gazette,' on the alleged ground of its want of independence. I think the charge is unjust. This I know, that out of every five of the books published by Mr. Colburn, one of the proprietors, three if not four have been most

Lords," he exceeded the limits of temperate criticism. Such considerations, however, would never prevent me from rendering justice to any one.

liberally condemned. If Mr. Jerdan fails in the independence of his critical character; if he be influenced at all to give favourable notices in particular instances, he does so unconsciously from a feeling of friendship towards the authors, rather than from compliance with the express solicitations or understood wishes of any publishing house.

THE ATHENÆUM is the only other journal published at present on the plan of 'The Literary Gazette.' Let me not be understood as implying that 'The Athenæum' is an imitation of its contemporary. Nothing could be more unjust; for it has several features of great importance, peculiar to itself. To these I shall have occasion to refer presently. 'The Athenæum' was established, five or six years ago, by Mr. Buckingham. It started with a good circulation, and promised well for some time; but Mr. Buckingham, who never could let well alone, changed the interval of publication from eight days to half a week. In other words, instead of being published only once a week, he resolved on making the experiment of publishing twice a week. The change turned out like all Mr. Buckingham's other changes — 'The Athenæum' was well nigh ruined by it. Mr. Buckingham saw the error of the step in a few weeks

after it was taken, and vainly endeavoured to remedy it by recurring to the publication of only one number weekly. The circulation, however, continued to fall so rapidly, that but for the opportune interference of Mr. Dilke, who purchased the copyright, the publication must soon have become extinct. When 'The Athenæum' came into Mr. Dilke's hands, the sale was, I am assured, under 400 copies. The decided improvement, however, which he at once made both in the literary matter and the typographical appearance of the work, coupled with his spirited exertions to bring it fairly before the public, soon doubled the circulation of 'The Athenæum;' and what he had thus so well begun, he speedily completed, by reducing the price one half, namely, from eightpence to fourpence. This step was followed by an immense increase in the circulation of the work: within three months after the reduction of the price, I am told that it had reached a sale of 3,000. Mr. Dilke took the right way to extend the circulation of 'The Athenæum.' First, as already hinted, he procured the best literary matter, regardless of price; then he "got it up" in a very superior manner; and, to crown all, he advertised it in all parts of the country, and appointed agents in the leading towns throughout the kingdom. For

the favourable reception his journal met with from the public, he showed his gratitude by afterwards increasing the quantity, without any deterioration of the quality, of the matter. A still further increase of circulation was the consequence; and that he followed up by procuring, at an expenditure of upwards of 1,000*l*. an historical account of the literature of the leading countries in Europe. The various histories were written by the most distinguished literary natives of the respective countries. They were all published in the shape of supplements, or in that of double numbers, without any additional charge to the subscribers. This was in the beginning of last year, and the series of articles extended through a great part of the volume. As was to be expected, this liberal expenditure of money, combined with the quality of the matter, and the remarkable cheapness of the price, served to give another impulse to 'The Athenæum' on its onward course of reputation, and of profit to the proprietors. It now, I am informed, can boast of a circulation of between 5,000 and 6,000 copies. On various occasions, 'The Athenæum' has published engravings, maps, plans, views, &c., illustrative of matters occupying a prominent share of public attention at the time. In fine, 'The Athe-

næum' has been conducted with a degree of spirit and enterprise unparalleled, I believe, in the history of periodical literature.

Of its literary character, I have yet said but little. It is at once able and impartial. It boasts of the stated contributions of many of the most distinguished writers of the present day. Allan Cunningham had, for a considerable time, an engagement to furnish a certain quantity of matter for it every week. The interesting and lengthened memoir of Sir Walter Scott, which appeared in its columns immediately on the death of that eminent individual, was from Allan's pen; so was the view of English literature since the middle of the last century down to the present time, which was given in several of its consecutive numbers, in 1834, and which made a good deal of noise in the literary world at the time. It devotes a considerable proportion of its space to scientific subjects, and gives reports of the proceedings at the meetings of the leading learned and scientific societies. It is thoroughly independent in its reviews. No publisher has any interest in it, or control over it. Even all considerations of private friendship are laid aside in the reviewing of books. I could myself mention many striking instances of this; but that might be a breach of confidence; though

not certainly of editorial confidence; for I have never had the honour of meeting with the gentleman who conducts 'The Athenæum.' Let it suffice to say, in general terms, that it consists with my knowledge, that on various occasions the works of some of the leading contributors have met with severe condemnation in 'The Athenæum;' and that some of those contributors have admitted in my hearing, that they could not, by any means they could resort to, induce the editor to give a favourable notice of any work, to oblige a particular friend.

'The Athenæum' is incomparably the cheapest periodical, considering the quality of the matter, ever published in this or any other country. Its double numbers, published at fourpence, contain as much matter as is contained in one of the ordinary octavo volumes published at half a guinea. It is beautifully and accurately printed. From first to last, upwards of 7,000*l.* have been expended on it: it is now an excellent property, clearing a handsome sum, after allowing ample interest for the capital embarked in it.

The rate of remuneration which it allows for literary matter is high. It is never less than ten guineas per sheet, while in many cases it is sixteen.

A shoal of works, on the same plan as 'The Literary Gazette' and 'Athenæum' have started of late years, but they all soon died. In 1832, Mr. Cochrane began a periodical of the kind, under the name of 'The Literary Guardian,' which lived some four or six months. In 1834, came 'Bell's Weekly Magazine,' at the "low price" of twopence. It soon quitted the world: three months, if I remember right, was the term of its existence. Next we had 'The Literary Times,' which was ushered into being amidst the greatest possible flourish of trumpets and pomp of circumstance. In the second or third number the editor, Mr. F. Bailey, author of 'The Clergyman in Debt,' celebrated, by anticipation, the third centenary of 'The Literary Times' existence: in little more than four months it "died and made no sign." A celebrated auctioneer was one of the proprietors; and he, with his brethren in adversity, lost a large sum of money by the speculation. Last of all came 'Fraser's Literary Chronicle,' a publication started by Mr. Fraser, who was, as previously mentioned, one of the leading parties with whom 'Fraser's Magazine' originated. It vainly hoped to bring itself into notice, as 'The Literary Gazette' justly remarked in noticing the first number, by the trenchant manner in

which its reviews were written. It used the literary tomahawk without any regard to truth or justice, and without evincing one spark of mercy. Copies innumerable were circulated gratis in all parts of the country, in the hope of attracting attention. Of one impression alone nearly 1,000 copies were forwarded gratuitously to the leading towns throughout the kingdom. Still the thing did not take; the *bona fide* circulation never exceeded a few hundreds. It lingered for six months, and then made its exit. A large sum of money was lost by the speculation.

The other weeklies of any popularity are, 'The Mirror,' 'The Penny Magazine,' and 'The Saturday Magazine.'

THE MIRROR has been fifteen or sixteen years in existence. It is the property of Mr. Limbird, well known for his popular edition of the works of the most celebrated novelists. Mr. Limbird is also understood to be the editor of 'The Mirror.' The circulation of this periodical was at one time very great. I have heard it stated, and I have no reason to question the accuracy of the statement, at 15,000 copies. It certainly was to be seen everywhere. It was amazingly popular, but not more so than it deserved; for it has always been conducted with

excellent taste. Lord Brougham, when Mr. Brougham, paid it some high compliments in his place in the House of Commons, nine or ten years ago. The great number of periodicals conducted on a similar plan, and which were published at the same price (twopence) ten or twelve years ago, necessarily affected its circulation to a very great extent. It is a singular fact, that every one of its opponents of the class to which I refer—and their name was Legion—have long since gone to Shakspeare's—

“Undiscover'd country,

From whose bourne no traveller returns.”

But unfortunately for ‘The Mirror,’ they were succeeded by ‘Chambers’ Journal,’ which has a London circulation of nearly 10,000; ‘The Penny Magazine;’ ‘The Saturday Magazine,’ &c., which, of course, being all cheaper, some of them by one-half, have prevented its recovering its former circulation. Of late, however, notwithstanding all the disadvantages under which it has had to labour, ‘The Mirror’ has been gradually regaining its lost subscribers. I do not know what is the present amount of its sale, but I know it is very considerable. The work consists partly of selections, and partly of original matter. I have never met with a more readable periodical.

THE PENNY MAGAZINE, as every one knows, was established some years since under the auspices of the 'Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.' Its sale, ever since its commencement, has been altogether unprecedented in the history of literature, either in this or any other country. For some time its weekly circulation verged on 200,000 copies. Within the last two years it has fallen off considerably; but is still very great. Even now, I am given to understand, it is not much less than 140,000. The name of the Society under whose auspices it was ushered into the world, and whose sanction it still receives, was doubtless a very powerful recommendation to it in the minds of most men; but the judgment displayed in its selected matter, and the care with which its original articles were prepared on its first appearance—and it possesses the same merits still—could not fail to attract attention, especially when published at the previously unheard-of price of one penny. Then there were its engravings, at once numerous and excellent: these were not only pleasant to the eye, but were most useful auxiliaries to the complete illustration of the subjects to which the letter-press related.

Though 'The Penny Magazine' is ostensibly published under the superintendence of the

Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, they have nothing whatever to do with the conducting it. It is the exclusive property of Mr. Charles Knight, who allows the Society a certain percentage—a very small one—on the number of copies sold. Mr. Knight is the editor as well as the proprietor of 'The Penny Magazine.' The rate at which he pays for contributions is perhaps the highest in the history of periodical literature. He gives 1*l.* 15*s.* for each page. If a plate is given to illustrate the article, Mr. Knight allows the contributor for it also, even when his own artist has to "adapt it," as it is called, at the same rate as for letter-press. A friend of my own, who some time ago gave Mr. Knight a very large engraving, executed by a third party, to illustrate an article which that friend had in the Magazine, received 1*l.* 15*s.* for it, though it had to be brought down by Mr. Knight's artist, so as to come within the size of a page of the Magazine. It is a most lucrative property. Three years ago the profits were supposed to be 10,000*l.* a year: they cannot be less than 7,000*l.* now.

THE SATURDAY MAGAZINE is got up on the same plan, and is published at the same price, as 'The Penny Magazine.' The only difference is, that 'The Saturday Magazine' is avowedly

a religious, as well as a literary periodical. It was started soon after 'The Penny Magazine,' under the auspices of a committee of gentlemen belonging to the Church of England, with whose concurrence it is still published. The profits, had there been any, were to be applied to religious and charitable purposes. As yet, however, the circulation has not exceeded 60,000 copies, which is barely a paying number. The rate of remuneration for articles is one guinea per page. This periodical is got up with much care, and is always readable. It is a matter of surprise that it has not been more successful.

I have thus glanced at the leading metropolitan periodicals in the various ranks of literature, beginning at the highest price, and descending to the lowest. Every one who has paid any attention to the subject must have been struck with the great difference between the character of our present periodical literature and that of the last century. The papers which raised the Spectators, and Tatlers, and Guardians, and Ramblers of the eighteenth century, into circulation, would not find admission into our periodicals. Supposing that Addison, and Steele, and Johnson, were all to rise from their graves, and offer themselves anonymously as contributors

to the magazines and reviews of 1836, not one of their articles would be accepted. The most worthless periodical in existence, grounding its claims to public patronage on its original matter, would unceremoniously consign their "papers," as articles in those days were called, to the flames.

There is another circumstance connected with the periodical literature of the present day, which I mention principally for the encouragement of those young aspirants after literary fame who are so apt to be disheartened when their articles are rejected. I allude to the circumstance of so much stress being laid by the generality of the conductors of periodicals on the contributor being personally, or by reputation, known to them. There are many editors who make a point of not taking the trouble to examine any articles which may be sent them by unknown correspondents. If they would only, when returning the articles, mention the fact, it would save the inexperienced writer a world of mortification, because he then would know that the rejection of his paper had nothing whatever to do with its merits or demerits; but they usually lead him to infer from the note which accompanies it, that it is rejected solely because it is deemed unworthy of insertion. The probability is, that he becomes so dis-

heartened as to abjure literature altogether. If young men of talent could only contrive to get their articles forwarded to respectable journals by means of some individual well known to the editor either personally or by name, they would have an infinitely better chance of succeeding. I am confident that had Sir Walter Scott himself, when at the height of his fame, forwarded anonymously a dozen articles to as many of the periodicals, ten out of the twelve would have been rejected. Mr. Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh, mentions an instance in which Sir Walter, before he was known to fame, sent an article to a weekly periodical of the *Modern Athens*, with the initials "W. S." attached to it, which was rejected as unworthy of publication.

I could mention instances in which the circumstance of not knowing the writer has led editors to reject articles of the first-rate merit. Let one very remarkable one suffice. The series of papers which appeared some years ago in '*Blackwood's Magazine*,' under the general title of '*The Diary of a Physician*,' and which excited so much interest at the time, were first offered to the proprietor of one of our London periodicals: the author was unknown to him as a writer: he did, however, "look at" the articles. And what does the reader suppose was his opi-

nion of their merits? He pronounced them to be "pure trash," and returned them accordingly to the author. They were then sent to 'Blackwood's Magazine,' where they met with a very different reception. Let me here state, while thus incidentally alluding to this series of papers, that the author is Mr. Warren, an English barrister, and son of Dr. Warren, whose differences with the Wesleyan Methodists have lately made so much noise.

As one who has had some experience in the conducting of periodicals, I would advise those who are ambitious of writing for magazines, to pay as much attention to the penmanship of their articles as possible. The indisposition naturally felt by editors to examine articles sent by unknown persons, is greatly increased when the hand-writing is difficult to read. If the article be legibly written, and be at the same time good, there is a chance that if the editor once "looks into it," as the phrase is, he will be insensibly led on to read it through, and probably decide on its insertion.

The editor of a magazine of reputation has no enviable berth. He is everlastingly pestered with nonsensical articles from persons quite inexperienced in composition, almost all of whom are his "constant readers." When a paper is

sent, your magazine contributor is one of the most humble and obsequious personages in the world. The magazine is a "valuable" or "excellent" one; and his letter to you is honey all over. You are surprised and delighted to find such a devoted friend and admirer in one of whom you know nothing, and who knows equally little of you. Reject his article, or delay an answer to it for some time, though he has written to you once or twice asking one, and then see what sort of a personage you have to deal with. All his former adulation gives place to the most liberal abuse; his contempt for yourself and your "valuable magazine" is equally supreme. His friendship is succeeded by the most bitter enmity; he only now wishes he saw your bones broiling on the gridiron which poor old Cobbett destined for himself in the event of his predictions about the credit and currency of the country not being fulfilled.

Those only whom Fate has doomed to be the editor of a magazine, can have any idea of the miseries which that personage endures from testy correspondents. Some of them expect an answer as to whether their articles are to be accepted or rejected in a couple of days, though from the interminable length of the contribution, and the hieroglyphic character of the penman-

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